SIXE COVRT Comedies.

Often Presented and Acted *before Queene* ELIZABETH, by the Children of her Maiesties Chappell, and the Children of Paules.

Witten

By the onely Rare Poet of that Time, The Witie, Comicall, *Facetiously-Quicke and* vnparalelld:

IOHN LILLY, Master *of Arts.*

Decies Repetita placebunt.

LONDON

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TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE *RICHARD LVMLEY*, Viscount LVMLEY of WATERFORD.

My Noble Lord:

IT can be no dishonor, to listen to this Poets Musike, whose Tunes alighted in the Eares of a great and euer-famous Queene: his Inuention, was so curiously strung, that *Elizaes* Court held his notes in Admiration.

Light Ayres are now in faſhion; And theſe being not ſad, fit the ſeaſon, though perchance not ſute ſo well with your more ſerious Contemplations.

The ſpring is at hand, and therefore I preſent you a Lilly, growing in a Groue of Lawrels. For this Poet, ſat at the *Sunnes* Table: *Apollo* gaue him a wreath of his owne *Bayes*; without ſnatching. The *Lyre* he played on, had no borrowed ſtrings.

I am (my LORD) no executor, yet I preſume to diſtribute the Goods of the Dead: Their value beeing no way anſwerable to thoſe Debts of dutie and affection,

in

in which I ſtand obliged to your Lordſhip. The greateſt treaſure our Poet left behind him, are theſe ſix ingots of refined inuention: richer than Gold. Were they Diamonds they are now yours. Accept them (Noble Lord) in part; and Mee

Your Lordſhips

euer Obliged and

Denoted

Ed. Blount.

To the Reader.

Reader, I haue (for the loue I beare to Posteritie) dig'd vp the Graue of a Rare and Excellent Poet, whom Queene Elizabeth *then heard, Graced, and Rewarded. These Papers of his, lay like dead Lawrels in a Churchyard; But I haue gathered the scattered branches vp, and by a Charme (gotten from* Apollo) *made them greene againe, and set them vp as Epitaphes to his Memory.*

A sinne it were to suffer these

Rare

Rare Monuments of wit, to lye couered in Dust, and a ſhame, ſuch conceipted Comedies, ſhould be Acted by none but wormes. Obliuion *ſhall not ſo trample on a ſonne of the* Muſes; *And ſuch a ſonne, as they called their Darling. Our Nation are in his debt, for a new Engliſh which hee taught them.* Ephues *and his England began firſt, that language: All our Ladies were then his Schollers; And that Beautie in Court, which could not Parley.* Euphueiſme, *was as litle regarded; as ſhee which now there, ſpeakes not French.*

Theſe his playes Crown'd him with applauſe, and the Spectators with pleaſure. Thou canſt not repent

repent the Reading of them ouer: when Old **Iohn Lilly**, *is merry with thee in thy Chamber, Thou ſhalt ſay, Few (or None) of our Poets now are ſuch witty Companions: And thanke mee, that brings him to thy Acquaintance.*

Thine. ED. BLOVNT.

The Prologue.

MOst high and happy Princesse, we must tell you a tale of the Man in the Moone, which if it seeme ridiculous for the method, or superfluous for the matter, or for the meanes incredible, for three faults we can make but one excuse. It is a tale of the Man in the Moone.

It was forbidden in olde time to dispute of Chymera, *because it was a fiction, wee hope in our times none will apply pastimes, because they are fancies; for there liueth none vnder the Sunne, that knowes what to make of the Man in the Moone. Wee present neither Comedie, nor Tragedie, nor storie, nor any thing, but that whosoeuer heareth may say this, Why here is a tale of the Man in the Moone.*

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Endimion. Eumenides.

End. I Find *Eumenides* in all things both varietie to content, and satietie to glut, sauing onely in my affections, which are so stayed, and withall so stately, that I can neither satisfie my heart with loue, nor mine eyes with wonder. My thoughts *Eumenides* are stitched to the starres, which being as high as I can see, thou maist imagine how much higher they are then I can reach.

Eume. If you bee enamored of any thing aboue the Moone, your thoughts are ridiculous, for that things immortall are not subiect to affections, if allured or enchaunted with these transitorie things vnder the Moone, you shew your selfe

 senee-

ſenceleſſe, to attribute ſuch loftie titles, to ſuch leaue trifles.

End. My loue is placed neither vnder the Moone nor aboue.

Eum. I hope you be not ſotted vpon the man in the Moone.

End. No but ſetled, either to die, or poſſeſſe the Moone herſelfe.

Eum. Is *Endimion* mad, or doe I miſtake? doe you loue the Moone *Endimion?*

End. Eumenides, the Moone.

Eum. There was neuer any ſo peeuiſh to imagine *the Moone* either capable of affection, or ſhape of a Miſtris: for as impoſſible it is to make loue fit to her humour which no man knoweth, as a coate to her forme, which *continueth not in one bigneſſe whilſt ſhe is meaſuring.* Ceaſe of *Endimion* to feed ſo much vpon fancies. That *melancholy bloud muſt be purged*, which draweth you to a dotage no leſſe miſerable then monſtrous.

End. My thoughts haue no veines, and yet vnles they be let blood, I ſhall periſh.

Eum. But they haue vanities, which being reformed, you may be reſtored.

End.

End. O faire *Cynthia*, why doe others terme thee vnconstant, whom I haue euer found vnmoueable? Iniurious time, corrupt manners, vnkind men, who finding a constancie not to be matched, in my sweet Mistris, haue christned her with the name of wauering, waxing, and waning. Is shee inconstant that keepeth a setled course, which since her first creation altereth not one minute in her mouing? There is nothing thought more admirable, or commendable in the Sea, then the ebbing and flowing, and shall the Moone, from whom the Sea taketh this vertue, be accounted fickle for encreasing and decreasing? Flowers in their buds, are nothing worth till they be blowne, nor blossomes accounted till they bee ripe fruite, and shal we then say they be changeable, for that they grow from seeds to leaues, from leaues to buds, from buds to their perfection? then, why be not twigs that become trees, children that become men, and Mornings that grow to Euenings, termed wauering, for that they continue not at one stay? I but *Cynthia*, being in her fulnesse, decayeth, as not delighting

in her greateſt beauty, or withering when ſhe ſhould be moſt honored. When malice cannot obiect any thing, folly will, making that a vice, which is the greateſt vertue. What thing (my Miſtris excepted) being in the pride of her beautie, and latter minute of her age, that waxeth young againe? Tell mee *Eumenides*, what is hee that hauing a Miſtris of ripe yeeres, and infinite vertues, great honors, and vnſpeakable beautie, but would wiſh that ſhe might grow tender againe? getting youth by yeeres, and neuer decaying beautie, by time, whoſe faire face, neither the Summers blaze can ſcorch, nor Winters blaſt chap, nor the numbring of yeeres breed altering of colours. Such is my ſweet *Cynthia*, whom time cannot touch, becauſe ſhe is diuine, nor will offend becauſe ſhee is delicate. O *Cynthia*, if thou ſhouldeſt alwayes continue at thy fulneſſe, both Gods and men would conſpire to rauiſh thee. But thou to abate the pride of our affections, doſt detract from thy perfections, thinking it ſufficient, if once in a moneth wee enioy a glimpſe of thy maieſtie, and then, to increaſe our

griefes,

griefes, thou doeſt decreaſe thy glemes, comming out of thy royall robes, wherewith thou dazeleſt our eyes, downe into thy ſwathe clowts, beguiling our eyes. And then

Eum. Stay there *Endimion*, thou that committeſt Idolatry, wilt ſtraight blaſpheme, if thou be ſuffered. *Sleepe would doe thee more good then ſpeech:* the Moone heareth thee not, or if ſhe doe, regardeth thee not.

End. Vaine *Eumenides*, whoſe thoughts neuer grow higher then the crowne of thy head. Why troubleſt thou me, hauing neither head to conceiue the cauſe of my loue, or a heart to receiue the impreſſion? follow thou thine owne fortunes, which creepe on the earth, and ſuffer mee to flie to mine, whoſe fall though it be deſperate, yet ſhall it come by darling. Farewell.

Eum. Without doubt *Endimion* is bewitched, otherwiſe in a man of ſuch rare vertues, there could not harbour a minde of ſuch extreme madneſſe. I will follow him, leaſt in this fancie of the Moone, he depriue himſelfe of the ſight of the Sunne. *Exit.*

Actus primus. Scæna secunda.

Tellus. Floscula.

Tellus. Trecherous and most periur'd *Endimion*, is *Cynthia* the sweetnesse of thy life, and the bitternesse of my death? What reuenge may be deuised so full of shame, as my thoughts are repleniſhed with malice? Tell me *Floscula* if falseneſſe in loue can possibly be punished with extremity of hate. As long as sword, fire, or poyson may be hired, no traytor to my loue shall liue vnreuenged. Were thy oathes without number, thy kisses without measure, thy sighes without end, forged to deceiue a poore credulous Virgin, whose simplicitie had beene worth thy fauour and better fortune? If the Gods sit vnequall beholders of iniuries, or laughers at Louers deceits, then let mischiefe be as well forgiuen in women, as periurie winked at in men.

Flosc. Madame, if you would compare the state of *Cynthia* with your own, and the height of *Endimion* his thoughts, with the meanneſſe of your fortune, you would rather yeeld then contend, being betweene you and her no comparison, and ra-

rather wonder then rage at the greatneſſe of his minde, being affected with a thing more then mortall.

Tellus. No compariſon *Floſcula?* and why ſo? is not my beautie diuine, whoſe bodie is decked with faire flowers, and veines are Vines, yeelding ſweet liquour to the dulleſt ſpirits, whoſe eares are Corne, to bring ſtrength, and whoſe haires are graſſe to bring abundance? Doth not Frankincenſe, and Myrrhe breath out of my noſtrils, and all the ſacrifice of the Gods, breed in my bowels? Infinite are my creatures, without which, neither thou nor *Endimion*, nor any could loue, or liue.

Floſc. But know you not faire Ladie, that *Cynthia* gouerneth all things? Your grapes would be but drie huskes, your Corne but chaffe, and all your vertues vaine, were it not *Cynthia* that preſerueth the one in the bud, & nouriſheth the other in the blade, and by her influence both cõforteth all things, & by her authority commandeth all creatures; ſuffer then *Endimion* to follow his affections, though to obtaine her be impoſſible, and let him

flatter himselfe in his owne imaginations, because they are immortall.

Tellus. Loth I am *Endimion* thou shouldest die, because I loue thee well, and that thou shouldest liue it grieueth me, because thou loueſt *Cynthia* too well. In theſe extremities what ſhall I doe? *Floſcula* no more words, I am reſolued. He ſhall neither liue, nor die.

Floſ. A ſtrange practice, if it be poſſible.

Tellus. Yes, I will entangle him in ſuch a ſweet net, that he ſhall neither find the meanes to come out, nor deſire it. All allurements of pleaſure will I caſt before his eyes, inſomuch that he ſhall ſlake that loue which hee now voweth to *Cynthia*, and burne in mine, of which hee ſeemeth careleſſe. In this languiſhing, betweene my amorous deuiſes, and his own looſe deſires, there ſhal ſuch diſſolute thoghts take foot in his head, and ouer his heart grow ro thicke a skin, that neither hope of preferment, nor feare of puniſhment, nor counſell of the wiſeſt, nor company of the worthieſt, ſhall alter his humour, nor make him once to thinke of his honour.

Floſc. A reuenge incredible, and if it may be, vnnaturall.

Tellus.

Tellus. He shall know the malice of a woman, to haue neither meane, nor end, and of a woman deluded in loue, to haue neither rule, nor reason. I can doe it, I must, I will. All his vertues will I shadow with vices, his person (ah sweet person) shall he decke with such rich Robes, as hee shall forget it is his owne person, his sharpe wit (ah wit too sharpe, that hath cut off all my ioyes) shall hee vse, in flattering of my face, and deuising Sonnets in my fauour. *The prime of his youth and pride of his time*, shall be *spent in* melancholy passions, *careleſſe behauiour, vntamed thoughts, and vnbridled affections.*

Floſc. When this is done what then, shall it continue till his death, or shall he dote for euer in this delight?

Tellus. Ah *Floſcula*, thou rendest my heart in sunder, in putting me in remembrance of the end.

Floſc. Why if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end.

Tellus. Yet suffer me to imitate *Iuno*, who would turne *Iupiters* louers to beasts on the earth, though she knew afterwards they should be Stars in heauen.

Flosc. Affection that is bred by enchantment, is like a flower that is wrought in silke, in colour and forme most like, but nothing at all in substance or sauour.

Tellus. It shall suffice me if the world talke that I am fauoured of *Endimion.*

Flosc. Well, vse your owne will, but you shall find, that *loue gotten with witchcraft, is as vnpleasant, as fish taken with medicines vnwholsome.*

Tellus. Floscula, *they that be so poore that they haue neither net nor hooke, will rather poyson dowe then pine with hunger: and she that is so oppresst with loue, that she is neither able with beautie, nor wit to obtaine her friend, will rather vse vnlawfull meanes, then try vntolerable paines.* I will doe it. *Exit.*

Flosc. Then about it. Poore *Endimion*, what traps are laid for thee, because thou honourest one that all the world wondreth at. And what plots are cast to make thee vnfortunate, that studiest of all men to be the faithfullest. *Exit.*

Actus

Actus primus. Scæna tertia.

Dares, Samias, Sir Tophas, Epiton.

Dares. Now our Masters are in loue vp to the eares, what haue we to doe, but to be in knauerie, vp to the crownes.

Samias. O that we had Sir *Tophas* that braue Squire, in the midst of our mirth, *& ecce autem*, will you see the Deuill?

Enter Sir Tophas.

Tophas. Epi.

Epi. Heere sir.

Tophas. I brook not this idle humour of loue, it tickleth not my liuer, from whence the Loue-mongers in former age seemed to inferre they should proceed.

Epi. Loue, sir, may lie in your lungs, and I thinke it doth, and that is the cause you blow, and are so pursie.

Top. Tush boy, I thinke it but some deuice of the Poet to get money.

Epi. A Poet? whats that?

Tophas. Doost thou not know what a Poet is?

Epi. No.

Top. Why foole, a Poet is as much as

one

one ſhould ſay, a Poet. But ſoft, yonder be two Wrens, ſhall I ſhoot at them?

Epi. They are two lads.

Tophas. Larkes or Wrens, I will kill them.

Epi. Larkes? are you blinde? they are two little boyes.

Top. Birds, or boyes, they are both but a pittance for my breakfaſt, therefore haue at them, for their braines muſt as it were imbroder my bolts.

Sam. Stay your courage valiant Knight, for your wiſdome is ſo wearie that it ſtayeth it ſelfe.

Dares. Why Sir *Tophas* haue you forgotten your old friends?

Top. Friends? *Nego argumentum.*

Sam. And why not friends?

Top. Becauſe *Amicitia* (as in old Annals we find) is *inter pares*, now my prettie companions, you ſhall ſee how vnequall you be to me, but I will not cut you quite off, you ſhall be my halfe friends, for reaching to my middle, ſo farre as from the ground to the waſte I will be your friend.

Dares. Learnedly. But what ſhall become

come of the rest of your bodie, from the waste to the crowne?

Top. My children *quod supra vos nihil ad vos*, you must thinke the rest immortall, because you cannot reach it.

Epi. Nay, I tell yee my Master is more then a man.

Dar. And thou lesse then a mouse.

Top. But what be you two?

Sam. I am *Samias*, page to *Endimion*.

Dar. And I *Dares*, page to *Eumenides*.

Tophas. Of what occupation are your Masters.

Dares. Occupation, you Clowne, why they are honourable, and Warriers.

Top. Then are they my ptonkises.

Dares. Thine, and why so?

Tophas. I was the first that euer deuised warre, and therefore by *Mars* himselfe giuen me for my Armes a whole Armorie, and thus I goe as you see, clothed with Artillerie, it is not Silkes (*Milke-sops*) nor Tyssues, nor the fine woolle of *Ceres*, but yron, steele, swords, flame, shot, terrour, clamour, bloud, and ruine, that rocks asleepe my thoughts, which neuer

neuer had any other cradle, but cruelties. Let me see, doe you not bleed?

Dares. Why so?

Tophas. Commonly my wordes wound.

Samias. What then doe your blowes?

Tophas. Not onely confound, but also confound.

Samias. How dareſt thou come so neere thy Maſter *Epi?* Sir *Tophas* ſpare vs.

Tophas. You ſhall liue. You *Samias* becauſe you are little, you *Dares*, becauſe you are no bigger, and both of you, becauſe you are but two; for commonly I kill by the doozen, and haue for euery particular aduerſarie, a peculiar weapon.

Samias. May we know the vſe for our better skill in warre?

Tophas. You ſhall. Heere is a bird-bolt for the vgly beaſt the Black-bird.

Dares. A cruell ſight.

Tophas. Heere is the Musket, for the vntamed, (or as the vulgar ſort terme it) the wilde Mallard.

Samias. O deſperate attempt.

Epi. Nay, my Maſter will match them.

Dares.

Dares. I if he catch them.

Tophas. Heere is a ſpeare and ſhield, and both neceſſary, the one to conquer, the other to ſubdue, or ouercome the terrible Trowt, which although he be vnder the water, yet tying a ſtring to the top of my ſpeare and an engine of Iron to the end of my line, I ouerthrow him, and then herein I put him.

Samias. O wonderfull warre: *Dares*, didſt thou euer heare ſuch a Dolt?

Dares. All the better, we ſhall haue good ſport hereafter, if wee can get leiſure.

Samias. Leiſure, I will rather looſe my Maſters ſeruice then his company, looke how he *ſtrowtes*; But what is this, call you it your ſword?

Tophas. No, it is my *Simiter*, which I by conſtruction often ſtudying to bee compendious, call my Smiter.

Dares. What, are you alſo learned ſir?

Tophas. Learned? I am all *Mars* and *Ars*.

Samias. Nay, you are all Maſſe and Aſſe.

Tophas

Tophas. Mocke you mee? You ſhall both ſuffer, yet with ſuch weapons, as you ſhall make choice of the weapon wherewith you ſhall periſh. Am I all a maſſe or lumpe, is there no proportion in me? Am I all Aſſe? is there no wit in me. *Epi*, prepare them to the ſlaughter.

Samias. I pray ſir heare vs ſpeake, wee call you Maſſe, which your learning doth well vnderſtand, is all Man, for *Masmaris* is a man. Then *As* (as you know) is a weight, and we for your vertues account you a weight.

Tophas. The Latine hath ſaued your liues, the which a world of ſiluer could not haue ranſomed. I vnderſtand you, and pardon you.

Dares. Well Sir *Tophas* wee bid you farewell, and at our next meeting, wee will be readie to doe you ſeruice.

Tophas. *Samias* I thanke you. *Dares*, I thanke you, but eſpecially I thanke you both.

Samias. Wiſely. Come, next time weele haue ſome prettie Gentlewomen with vs to walk, for without doubt with him he will be very daintie.

Dares.

Dares. Come let vs see what our Masters doe, it is high time. *Exeunt.*

Tophas. Now will I march into the field, where if I cannot encounter with my foule enemies, I will withdraw my selfe to the Riuer, and there fortifie for fish: for there resteth no minute free from fight. *Exit.*

Actus primus. Scæna quarta.

Tellus, Floscula, Dipsas.

Tellus. Behold *Floscula*, wee haue met with the Woman by chance that wee sought for by trauell; *I will breake my minde to her without ceremonie or circumstance*, least we loose that time in aduice, that should be spent in execution.

Flosc. Vse your discretion, *I will in this case, neither giue counsell nor consent*, for there cannot be a thing more monstrous, then to force affection by sorcerie, neither do I imagine any thing more impossible.

Tellus. Tush *Floscula*, in obtaining of loue, what impossibilities will I not try?

an I

and for the winning of *Endimion*, what impieties will I not practiſe? *Dipſas*, whom as many honor for age, as wonder at for cunning, liſten in few words to my tale, and anſwer in one word to the purpoſe, for that neither my burning deſire can afford long ſpeech, nor the ſhort time I haue to ſtay many delayes. Is it poſſible by herbs, ſtones, ſpels, incantation, enchantment, exorciſmes, fire, metalls, planets, or any practice to plant affection where it is not, and to ſupplant it where it is?

Dipſas. Faire Ladie, you may imagine that theſe hoſie haires are not void of experience, nor the great name that goeth of my cunning to be without cauſe. I can darken the Sunne by my skill, and remoue the Moone out of her courſe; I can reſtore youth to the aged, and make hils without bottoms, there is nothing that I cannot doe, but that onely which you would haue mee doe, and therein I differ from the Gods, that I am not able to rule hearts, for were it in my power to place affection by appointment, I would make ſuch euill appetites, ſuch inordinate

luſts,

luſts, ſuch curſed deſires, as all the world ſhould be filled both with ſuperſtitious heats, and extreme loue.

Tellus. Vnhappie *Tellus*, whoſe deſires are ſo deſperate, that they are neither to be conceiued of any creature, nor to be cured by any art.

Dipſas. This I can, breed ſlackneſſe in loue, though neuer root it out. What is he whom you loue, and what ſhee that he honoureth?

Tellus. Endimion, ſweet *Endimion* is hee that hath my heart, and *Cynthia*, too too faire *Cynthia*, the miracle of Nature, of Time, of Fortune, is the Ladie that he delights in, and dotes on euery day, and dies for ten thouſand times a day.

Dipſas. Would you haue his loue, either by abſence or ſicknes aſlaked. Would you that *Cynthia* ſhould miſtruſt him, or be iealous of him without colour?

Tellus. It is the onely thing I craue, that ſeeing my ſoue to *Endimion* vnſpotted, cannot be accepted, his truth to *Cynthia* (though it be vnſpeakable) may bee ſuſpected.

Dipſas. I will vndertake it, and ouer-

take

take him, that all his loue ſhall be doubted of, and therefore become deſperate: but this will weare out with *time*, that *treadeth all things downe but truth.*

Tellus. Let vs goe.

Dipſas. I follow.

Exeunt.

Actus ſecundus. Scæna prima.

Endimion. Tellus.

End. O Faire *Cynthia*, O vnfortunate *Endimion.* Why was not thy birth as high as thy thoughts, or her beauty leſſe then heauenly? or why are not thine honours as rare as her beauties? or thy fortunes as great as thy deſerts? Sweet *Cynthia*, how wouldſt thou be pleaſed, how poſſeſſed? will labours (patient of all extremities) obtaine thy loue? There is no Mountaine ſo ſteepe that I will not climbe, no monſter ſo cruell that I will not tame, no action ſo deſperate that I will not attempt. Deſireſt thou the paſſions of loue, the ſad and melancholy

moods

moods of perplexed minds, then not to be expressed torments of racked thoughts? Behold my sad teares, my deepe sighes, my hollow eyes, my broken sleepes, my heauie countenance. Wouldst thou haue me vowd onely to thy beautie, and consume euery minute of time in thy seruice? remember my solitarie life, almost these seuen yeares, whom haue I entertained but mine owne thoughts, and thy vertues? What company haue I vsed but contemplation? Whom haue I wondred at but thee? Nay, whom haue I not contemned, for thee? Haue I not crept to those on whom I might haue trodden, onely because thou didst shine vpon them? Haue not iniuries beene sweet to mee, if thou vouchsafest I should beare them? Haue I not spent my golden yeeres in hopes, waxing old with wishing, yet wishing nothing but thy loue. With *Tellus*, haue I dissembled, vsing her but as a cloake for mine affections, that others seeing my mangled and disordered mind, might thinke it were for one that loueth me, not for *Cynthia*, whose perfection alloweth no companion, nor comparison.

In the midſt of theſe diſtempered thoughts of mine thou art not only iealous of my truth but careleſſe, ſuſpicious, and ſecure: which ſtrange humour maketh my minde as deſperate as thy conceits are doubtfull. I am none of thoſe Wolues that barke moſt, when thou ſhineſt brighteſt. But that fiſh (thy fiſh *Cynthia* in the floud *Aranis*) which at thy waxing is as white as the driuen ſnow, and at thy wayning, as blacke as deepeſt darkneſſe. I am that *Endimion* (ſweete *Cynthia*) that haue carried my thoughts in equall ballance with my actions, being alwayes as free from imagining ill, as enterprizing; That *Endimion*, whoſe eyes neuer eſteemed any thing faire, but thy face, whoſe tongue termed nothing rare but thy vertues, and whoſe heart imagined nothing miraculous, but thy gouernment. Yea that *Endimion*, who diuorcing himſelfe from the amiableneſſe of all Ladies, the brauerie of all Courts, the company of all men, hath choſen in a ſolitarie Cell to liue, onely by feeding on thy fauour, accounting in the world (but thy ſelfe) nothing excellent, nothing immortall;

mortall; thus maiſt thou ſee euery vaine, ſinew, muſcle, and artery of my loue, in which there is no flatterie, nor deceit, error, nor art. But ſoft, here commeth *Tellus*, I muſt turne my other face to her like *Ianus*, leaſt ſhe be as ſuſpicious as *Iuno*.

Enter Tellus.

Tellus. Yonder I eſpie *Endimion*, I will ſeeme to ſuſpect nothing but ſooth him, that ſeeing I cannot *obtain the depth of his loue, I may learne the height of his diſſembling*; *Floſcula* and *Dipſas*, withdraw your ſelues out of our ſight, yet be within the hearing of our ſaluting; *How now* Endimion, *alwayes ſolitarie? no company but your owne thoughts? no friend but melancholy fancies?*

Endimion. You know (faire *Tellus*) that the ſweet remembrance of your loue, is the onely companion of my life, and thy preſence, my paradiſe, ſo that I am not alone when no bodie is with mee, and in Heauen it ſelfe when thou art with me.

Tellus. Then you loue me *Endimion.*

End. Or elſe I liue not *Tellus.*

Tellus. Is it not poſſible for you Endimion, *to diſſemble?*

End.

End. Not *Tellus*, vnleſſe I could make me a woman.

Tellus. Why, is diſſembling ioyned to their ſex inſeparable? as heate to fire, heauineſſe to earth, moyſture to water, thinneſſe to aire?

End. No, but found in their ſex, as common, as ſpots vpon Doues, Moles vpon faces, Caterpillers vpon ſweet Apples, Cobwebs vpon faire windowes.

Tellus. Doe they all diſſemble?

Endimion. All but one.

Tellus. Who is that?

End. I dare not tell. For if I ſhould ſay you, then would you imagine my flatterie to be extreme, if another, then would you thinke my loue to be but indifferent.

Tellus. You will be ſure I ſhall take no vantage of your words. But in ſooth *Endimion*, without more ceremonies, is it not *Cynthia*?

Endimion. You know *Tellus*, that of the Gods we are forbidden to diſpute, becauſe their deities come not within the compaſſe of our reaſons, and of *Cynthia* wee are allowed not to talke but to wonder, becauſe her vertues are not with-

in the reach of our capacitties.

Tellus. *Why, she is but a woman.*

End. *No more was* Venus.

Tellus. *Shee is but a virgin.*

Endimion. *No more was* Vesta.

Tellus. *Shee shall haue an end.*

Endim. *So shall the world.*

Tellus. *Is not her beautie subiect to time?*

End. *No more then time is to standing still.*

Tellus. *Wilt thou make her immortall?*

End. No, but incomparable.

Tellus. *Take heed* Endimion, *lest like the Wrastler in* Olympia, *that striuing to lift an impossible weight, catcht an incurable straine, thou by fixing thy thoughts aboue thy reach, fall into a disease without all recure?* But I see thou art now in loue with *Cynthia.*

Endim. No *Tellus*, thou knowest that the stately Cedar, whose top reacheth vnto the cloudes, neuer boweth his head to the shrubs that grow in the valley, nor Iuie that climeth vp by the Elme, can euer get hold of the beames of the Sunne; *Cynthia* I honour in all humilitie, whom none

ought, or dare aduenture to loue, whose affections are immortall, and vertues infinite. Suffer me therefore to gaze on the Moone, at whom, were it not for thy selfe, I would die with woundering.

Exeunt.

Actus secundus. Scæna secunda.

Dares, Samias, Scintilla, Fauilla.

Dares. Come *Samias*, diddest thou euer heare such a sighing, the one for *Cynthia*, the other for *Semele*, and both for moone shine in the water?

Sam. Let them sigh, and let vs sing, how say you Gentlewomen, are not our Masters too farre in loue?

Scint. Their tongues happily are dipt to the root in amorous words and sweet discourses, but I thinke their hearts are scarce tipt on the side, with constant desires.

Dares. How say you *Fauilla*, is not loue a lurcher, that taketh mens stomacks away that they cannot eate, their spleene that they cannot laugh, their hearts that they

they cannot fight, their eies that they cannot sleepe, and leaueth nothing but liuers to make nothing but Louers?

Fauil. Away peeuish boy, a rod were better vnder thy girdle, than loue in thy mouth: *it will be a forward Cocke that croweth in the shell.*

Dares. *Alas goodold Gentlewoman, how it becommeth you to be graue.*

Scint. *Fauilla* though shee be but a sparke, yet is she fire.

Fauil. And you *Scintilla* be not much more then a sparke, though you would be esteemed a flame.

Sam. It were good sport to see the fight betweene two sparkes.

Dares. Let them to it, and wee will warme vs by their words.

Scint. You are not angry *Fauilla?*

Faui. That is *Scintilla*, as you list to take it.

Sam. That, that.

Scint. *This it is to be matched with girles, who comming but yesterday from making of babies, would before to morrow be accounted Matrons.*

Fauil. *I cry your Matronship mercie;*

becauſe your Pantables be higher with corke, therefore your feet muſt needs be higher in the inſteps: you will be mine elder, becauſe you ſtand vpon a ſtoole, and I on the floore.

Sam. Good, good.

Dar. Let them leue, and ſee with what countenance they will become friends.

Scint. Nay, you thinke to be the wiſer, becauſe you meane to haue the laſt word.

Sam. Step betweene them leaſt they ſcratch. In faith Gentlewomen, ſeeing wee came out to be merry, let not your iarring marre our ieſts: be friends, how ſay you?

Scint. I am not angry, but it ſpited me to ſee how ſhort ſhe was.

Fauil. I meant nothing, till ſhe would needs croſſe me.

Dares. Then ſo let it reſt.

Scint. I am agreed.

Fauil. And I, yet I neuer tooke any thing ſo vnkindly in my life.

Scint. Tis I haue the cauſe, that neuer offered the occaſion.

Dares. Excellent and right like a woman.

Sam. A ſtrange ſight to ſee water come out of fire.

Dares. It is their propertie, to carrie in their eyes, fire and water, teares and torches, and in their mouthes, hony and gall.

Scint. You will be a good one if you liue; but what is yonder *formall fellow?*

Enter Sir Tophas.

Dares. Sir *Tophas*, ſir *Tophas*, of whom we told you: if you be good wenches make as though you loue him, and wonder at him.

Fauil. We will doe our parts.

Dares. But firſt let vs ſtand aſide, and let him vſe his garbe, for all conſiſteth in his gracing.

Tophas. Epi.

Epi. At hand ſir.

Tophas. How likeſt thou this Martiall life, where nothing but bloud beſprinkleth our boſomes? Let me ſee, be our enemies fat?

Epi. Passing fat: and I would not change this life to be a Lord, and your selfe passeth all comparison, for other Captaines kill and beate, and there is nothing you kill, but you also eate.

Tophas. I will draw out their guts out of their bellies, and teare the flesh with my teeth, so mortall is my hate, and so eager my vnstanched stomacke.

Epi. My master thinkes himselfe the valianteſt man in the world if hee kill a Wren: so warlike a thing he accompteth to take away life, though it bee from a Larke.

Tophas. *Epi.* I finde my thoughts to swell, and my spirit to take wings, in so much that I cannot continue within the compasse of so slender combates.

Fauil. This passeth.

Scint. Why, is he not mad?

Sam. No, but a little vaine glorious.

Tophas. *Epi.*

Epi. Sir.

Tophas. I will encounter that blacke and cruell enemie, that beareth rough and vntewed locks vpon his bodie, whose fire throweth downe the strongest walls,

whose

whoſe legs are as many as both ours, on whoſe head are placed moſt horrible hornes, by nature, as a defence from all harmes.

Epi. What meane you Maſter to be ſo deſperate?

Tophas, Honour inciteth me, and very hunger compelleth me.

Epi. What is that monſter?

Tophas. The Monſter *Ouis*. I haue ſaid, let thy wits worke.

Epi. I cannot imagine it; yet let mee ſee, a blacke enemie with rough lockes, it may be a ſheepe, and *Ouis* is a ſheepe: his fire ſo ſtrong, a Ram is a ſheepes fire: that being alſo an engine of war, hornes hee hath, and foure legs, ſo hath a ſheepe: without doubt this Monſter is a blacke ſheepe; Is it not a ſheepe that you meane?

Tophas. Thou haſt hit it, that Monſter will I kill and ſup with.

Sam. *Come let vs take him off.* Sir *Tophas* all haile.

Tophas. Welcome children, I ſeldome caſt mine eyes ſo low as to the crownes of your heads, and therefore pardon me that I ſpake not all this while.

Dares.

Dares. No harme done, here be faire Ladies come to wonder at your perſon, your valour, your wit, the report whereof, hath made them careleſſe of their owne honours, to glut their eyes and hearts vpon yours.

Tophas. Report cannot but iniure me, for that not knowing fully what I am, I feare ſhe hath beene a niggard in her praiſes.

Scint. No gentle Knight, Report hath beene prodigall, for ſhee hath left you no equall, nor her ſelfe credit, ſo much hath ſhe told, yet no more than we now ſee.

Dares. A good wench.

Fauil. If there remaine as much pittie toward women, as there is in you courage againſt your enemies, then ſhall wee be happy, who hearing of your perſon, came to ſee it, and ſeeing it, are now in loue with it.

Tophas. Loue mee Ladies? I eaſily beleeue it, but my tough heart receiueth no impreſſion with ſweet words. *Mars* may pierce it, *Venus* ſhall not paint on it.

Fauil. A cruell ſaying.

Sam. There's a girle.

Dares.

Dares. Will you caſt theſe Ladies away, and all for a little loue? do but ſpeak kindly.

Tophas There commeth no ſoft ſyllable within my lips, cuſtome hath made my words bloudy, and my heart barbarous: that pelting word loue, how watriſh it is in my mouth, it carrieth no ſound, hate, horror, death, are ſpeeches that nouriſh my ſpirits. I like hony but I care not for the Bees, I delight in muſique but I loue not to play on the Bagpipes, I can vouchſafe to heare the voice of women, but to touch their bodies I diſdaine it, as a thing childiſh, and fit for ſuch men as can diſgeſt nothing but milke.

Scint. A hard heart, ſhall wee die for your loue, and find no remedie.

Tophas. I haue alreadie taken a ſurfet.

Epi. Good maſter pitie them.

Tophas. Pitie them *Epi*? no I doe not thinke that this breaſt ſhall bee peſtered with ſuch a fooliſh paſſion. What is that the Gentlewoman carrieth in a chaine?

Epi. Why, it is a Squirrill.

Tophas. A Squirrill? O Gods what things are made for money.

Dares. Is not this Gentleman ouer-wise?

Fauil. I could ſtay all day with him, if I feared not to be ſhent.

Scint. Is it not poſſible to meete a-gaine.

Dares. Yes at any time.

Fauil. Then let vs haſten home.

Scint. Sir *Tophas*, the God of warre deale better with you, then you doe with the God of loue.

Fauil. Our loue wee may diſſemble, diſgeſt we cannot, but I doubt not but time will hamper you, and helpe vs.

Tophas. I defie time, who hath no in-tereſt in my heart: come *Epi.* let me to the battaile with that hideous beaſt, loue is pap and hath no relliſh in my taſte, be-cauſe it is not terrible.

Dares. Indeed *a blacke ſheepe is a pe-rilous beaſt*, but let vs in till another time.

Fauil. I ſhall long for that time.

Exeunt.

Actus

Actus secundus. Scæna tertia.

Endimion, Dipsas, Bagoas.

End. No rest *Endimion*? still vncertain how to settle thy steps by day, or thy thoughts by night? thy truth is measured by thy fortune, and thou art iudged vnfaithfull because thou art vnhappy. I will see if I can beguile my selfe with sleepe, and if no slumber will take hold in my eyes, yet will I imbrace the golden thoughts in my head, and wish to melt by musing: that as *Ebone*, which no fire can scorch, is yet consumed with sweet sauours, so my heart which cannot be bent by the hardnesse of fortune, may be bruised by amorous desires. On yonder banke neuer grew any thing but Lunary, and hereafter I will neuer haue any bed but that banke. O *Endimion*, Tellus *was faire, but what auayleth Beauty without wisdome*? Nay, *Endimion*, she was wise, but what auayleth wisdome without honour? *Shee was honorable* Endimion, *belie her not, I but how obscure is honour without fortune*? Was she not fortunate whom

whom ſo many followed? Yes, yes, but baſe is fortune without Maieſtie: thy Maieſtie *Cynthia* all the world knoweth and wondereth at, but not one in the world that can imitate it or comprehend it. No more *Endimion*, ſleepe or die; Nay die, for to ſleepe, it is impoſſible, and yet I know not how it commeth to paſſe, I feele ſuch a heauineſſe both in mine eyes and heart, that I am ſodainly benummed, yea in euery ioint: it may be wearineſſe, for when did I reſt? *it may be deepe melancholy, for when did I not ſigh?* Cynthia, I ſo, *I* ſay *Cynthia.*

He fals aſleepe.

Dipſas. Little doeſt thou know *Endimion* when thou ſhalt wake, for hadſt thou placed thy heart as lowe in loue, as thy head lieth now in ſleepe, thou mighteſt haue commanded *Tellus* whom now in ſtead of a Miſtris, thou ſhalt finde a Tombe. Theſe eies muſt *I* ſeale vp by Art, not nature, which are to be opened neither by art nor nature. Thou that laiſt downe with golden lockes, ſhalt not awake vntill they bee turned to ſiluer haires: and

that

that chin, on which ſcarcely appeareth ſoft downe, ſhall be filled with briſſels as hard as broome: thou ſhalt ſleepe out thy youth and flowring time, & become dry hay before thou kneweſt thy ſelfe greene graſſe, and readie by age to ſtep into the graue when thou wakeſt, that was youthfull in the Court when thou laidſt thee downe to ſleepe. The malice of *Tellus* hath brought this to paſſe, which if ſhee could not haue intreated of mee by faire meanes, ſhee would haue commanded by menacing, for from her gather we all our ſimples to maintaine our ſorceries. Fanne with this hemlocke ouer his face, and ſing the inchantment for ſleepe, whilſt I goe in and finiſh thoſe Ceremonies that are required in our Art: take heed yee touch not his face, for the Fanne is ſo ſeaſoned that whoſo it toucheth with a leafe ſhall preſently die, and ouer whom the winde of it breatheth, hee ſhall ſleepe for euer.

Exit.

Bagoa. Let me alone, I will be carefull. What hap hadſt thou *Endimion* to come vnder the hands of *Dipſas*. O faire *Endimion*, how it grieueth mee that that

faire

faire face muſt be turned to a withered skin, and taſte the paines of death before it feele the reward of loue. I feare *Tellus* will repent that which the heauens themſelues ſeemed to rewe, but I heare *Dipſas* comming, I dare not repine, leaſt ſhee make me pine, and rocke mee into ſuch a deepe ſleepe, that I ſhall not awake to my marriage.

Enter Dipſas.

Dipſas. How now, haue you finiſhed?

Bagoa. Yea.

Dipſas. Well then let vs in, and ſee that you doe not ſo much as whiſper that I did this, for if you doe, I will turne thy haires to Adders, and all thy teeth in thy head to tongues, come away, come away.

Exeunt.

A dumbe ſhew.

Muſique ſounds.

Three Ladies enter; one with a Knife and a looking glaſſe, who by the procure-

ment

ment of one of the other two, offers to ſtab *Endimion* as hee ſleepes, but the third wrings her hands, lamenteth, offering ſtill to preuent it, but dares not.

At laſt, the firſt Lady looking in the glaſſe, caſts downe the Knife. *Exeunt.*

Enters an ancient man with bookes with three leaues, offers the ſame twice.

Endimion refuſeth, hee readeth two and offers the third, where hee ſtands a while, and then *Endimion* offers to take it. *Exit.*

Actus tertius. Scæna prima.

Cynthia, three Lords, Tellus.

Cynth. IS the report true, that *Endimion* is ſtricken into ſuch a dead ſleepe, that nothing can either wake him or moue him?

Eum. Too true Madame, and as much to be pitied as wondred at.

Tellus. As good ſleepe and doé no harme,

harme, as wake and doe no good.

Cynth. What maketh you *Tellus* to be so short? the time was *Endimion* onely was.

Eum. It is an old saying Madame, that a waking dogge doth afarre off barke at a sleeping Lion.

Sem. It were good *Eumenides* that you tooke a nap with your friend, for your speech beginneth to be heauie.

Eum. Contrarie to your nature *Semele*, which hath beene alwayes accounted light.

Cynth. What haue wee here before my face, these vnseemely and malepart ouerthwarts? I will tame your tongues, and your thoughts, and make your speeches answerable to your duties, and your conceits fit for my dignitie, else will I banish you both my person and the world.

Eum. Pardon I humbly aske, but such is my vnspotted faith to *Endimion*, that whatsoeuer seemeth a needle to prick his finger, is a dagger to wound my heart.

Cynth. If you be so deere to him, how happeneth it you neither goe to see him, nor search for remedie for him?

Eum.

Eum. I haue ſeene him to my griefe and ſought recure with deſpaire, for that I cannot imagine who ſhould reſtore him that is the wonder to all men: your highneſſe, on whoſe hands the compaſſe of the earth is at command, (though not in poſſeſſion) may ſhew your ſelfe both worthy your ſex, your nature, and your fauour, if you redeeme that honourable *Endimion*, whoſe ripe yeares foretell rare vertues, and whoſe vnmellowed conceits promiſe ripe counſell.

Cynth. I haue had triall of *Endimion*, and conceiue greater aſſurance of his age, then I could hope of his youth.

Tellus. But timely Madame crookes that tree that will be a camocke, and yong it prickes that will be a thorne, and therefore hee that began without care to ſettle his life, it is a ſigne without amendement he will end it.

Cynth. Preſumptuous girle, I will make thy tongue an example of vnrecouerable diſpleaſure, *Corſites* carrie her to the Caſtle in the Deſert, there to remaine and weaue.

Corſ. Shall ſhee worke ſtories or poetries?

Cynthia.

Cynthia. It skilleth not which, goe to, in both, for ſhee ſhall find examples infinite in either, what puniſhment long tongues haue. *Eumenides*, if either the Southſayers in Egypt, or the Enchãters in Theſſaly, or the Philoſophers in Greece, or all the Sages of the world, can find remedie, I will procure it; therefore diſpatch with all ſpeed: you *Eumenides* into Theſſalie: You *Zontes* into Greece, (becauſe you are acquainted in Athens.) You *Pantalion* to Egypt, ſaying that *Cynthia* ſendeth, and if you will, commandeth.

Eum. On bowed knee *I* giue thankes, and with wings on my legs, *I* flie for remedie.

Zon. We are readie at your Highneſſe command, and hope to returne to your full content.

Cynth. It ſhall neuer be ſaid that *Cynthia*, whoſe mercie and goodneſſe filleth the Heauens with ioyes, and the world with maruaile, will ſuffer either *Endimion* or any to periſh, if he may be protected.

Eum. Your Maieſties words haue been alwayes deeds, and your deeds vertues.

Exeunt.

Actus

Actus tertius. Scæna ſecunda.

Corſites. Tellus.

Corſ. Heere is the Caſtle (faire *Tellus*) in which you muſt weaue, till either time end your dayes, or *Cynthia* her diſpleaſure. I am ſorrie ſo faire a face ſhould be ſubiect to ſo hard a fortune, and that the flower of beautie, which is honoured in Courts, ſhould heere wither in priſon.

Tellus. Corſites, Cynthia may reſtraine the libertie of my bodie, of my thoughts ſhee cannot, and therefore doe I eſteeme my ſelfe moſt free, though I am in greateſt bondage.

Corſ. Can you then feed on fancie, and ſubdue the malice of enuie by the ſweetneſſe of imagination.

Tellus. Corſites, there is no ſweeter Muſique to the miſerable then deſpaire, and therefore the more bitterneſſe I feele, the more ſweetneſſe I find, for ſo vaine were libertie, and ſo vnwelcome the following of higher fortune, that I chuſe rather

rather to pine in this Caſtle, then to be a Prince in any other Court.

Corſ. A humour contrary to your yeeres, and nothing agreeable to your ſex: the one commonly allured with delights, the other alwayes with ſouereignetie.

Tellus. I maruaile *Corſites* that you being a Captaine, who ſhould ſound nothing but terrour, and ſucke nothing but bloud, can find in your heart to talke ſuch ſmooth wordes, for that it agreeth not with your calling to vſe words ſo ſoft, as that of loue.

Corſ. Ladie, it were vnfit of warres to diſcourſe with women, into whoſe minds nothing can ſinke but ſmoothnes; beſides, you muſt not thinke that Souldiers be ſo rough hewne, or of ſuch knottie mettle, that beautie cannot allure, and you being beyond perfection enchant.

Tellus. Good *Corſites* talke not of loue, but let mee to my labour: the little beautie I haue, ſhall be beſtowed on my Loome, which I now meane to make my Louer.

Corſ. Let vs in, and what fauour *Corſites* can ſhew, *Tellus* ſhall command.

Tellus.

Tellus. The onely fauour I desire, is now and then to walke. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius. Scæna tertia.

Sir Tophas, and Epi.

Tophas. Epi.

Epi. Heere sir.

Tophas. Vnrigge me. Hey ho.

Epi. What's that?

Tophas. An interiection whereof some are of mourning: as *eho, vah.*

Epi. I vnderstand you not.

Tophas. Thou seest me.

Epi. I.

Tophas. Thou hearest me.

Epi. I.

Tophas. Thou feelest me.

Epi. I.

Tophas. And not vnderstand'st me?

Epi. No.

Tophas Then am I but three quarters of a Nowne Substantiue. But alas *Epi*, to tell thee the troth, I am a Nowne Adiectiue.

Epi. Why?

Tophas. Becauſe I cannot ſtand without another.

Epi. Who is that?

Tophas. *Dipſas.*

Epi. Are you in loue?

Top. No: but loue hath as it were milkt my thoughts, and drained from my heart the very ſubſtance of my accuſtomed courage; it worketh in my head like new Wine, ſo as I muſt hoope my skonce with iron, leaſt my head breake, and ſo I bewray my braines: but I pray thee firſt diſcouer mee in all parts, that I may be like a Louer, and then will I ſigh and die. Take my Gun, and giue me a gowne: *Cadant armatogæ.*

Epi. Heere.

Tophas. Take my ſword and ſhield, and giue mee beard, bruſh, and Cyſſers: *bella gerant alij, tu Pari ſemper ama.*

Epi. Will you be trim'd ſir?

Tophas. Not yet: for I feele a contention within me, whether I ſhall frame the bodkin beard or the buſh. But take my pike and giue me pen: *dicere quæ pudet, ſcribere iuſſit amor.*

Epi. I will furniſh you ſir.

Tophas. Now for my bowe and bolts, giue me inke and paper, for my Semiter a Pen-knife: for *Scalpellum, calami, atramentum, charta, libelli ſint ſemper ſtudijs arma parata meis.*

Epi. Sir, will you giue ouer warres, and play with that bable called Loue?

Tophas. Giue ouer warres? no Epi, *Militat omnis amans, & habet ſua caſtra Cupido.*

Epi. Loue hath made you very eloquent, but your face is nothing faire.

Tophas. *Non formoſus erat, ſed erat facundus Vliſſes.*

Epi. Nay, I muſt ſeeke a new Maſter if you can ſpeake nothing but Verſes.

Tophas. *Quicquid conabar dicere verſus erat.* Epi. I feele all *Ouid de arte amandi* lie as heauie at my heart as a load of logges. O what a fine thin haire hath *Dipſas*, what a pretie low forehead? What a tall and ſtately noſe? What little hollow eyes? What great and goodly lips? How harmeleſſe ſhe is being toothleſſe, her fingers fat and ſhort, adorned with long nailes like a Byttern. In how ſweet a proportion her cheekes hang

downe

downe to her breſts like dugges, and her paps to her waſte like bags. What a low ſtature ſhee is, and yet what a great foot ſhe carrieth? How thriftie muſt ſhee be in whom there is no waſte? How vertuous is ſhe like to be, ouer whom no man can be icalous?

Epi. Stay Maſter, you forget your ſelfe.

Tophas. O *Epi.* euen as a diſh melteth by the fire, ſo doth my wit increaſe by loue.

Epi. Pithily, and to the purpoſe, but what? begin you to nod?

Tophas. Good *Epi* let mee take a nap: for as ſome man may better ſteale a horſe, then another looke ouer the hedge: ſo diuers ſhall be ſleepie when they would faineſt take reſt.

He ſleeps.

Epi. Who euer ſaw ſuch a Woodcock, loue *Dipſas*? without doubt all the world will now account him valiant, that ventureth on her, whom none durſt vndertake. But heere commeth two wagges.

Enter

Enter Dares and Samias.

Sam. Thy Maſter hath ſlept his ſhare.

Dares. I thinke he doth it becauſe he would not pay me my boord wages.

Sam. It is a thing moſt ſtrange, and I thinke mine will neuer returne, ſo that we muſt both ſeeke new Maſters, for wee ſhall neuer liue by our manners.

Epi. If you want Maſters, ioyne with me and ſerue Sir *Tophas*, who muſt needs keepe more men, becauſe hee is toward mariage.

Sam. What *Epi*, where's thy Maſter?

Epi. Yonder ſleeping in loue.

Dares. Is it poſſible?

Epi. He hath taken his thoughts a hole ower, and ſaith, ſeeing it is the faſhion of the world, he will vaile bonet to beauie.

Sam. How is he attired?

Epi. Louely.

Dares. Whom loueth this amorous knight?

Epi. *Diſpas.*

Sam. That vgly creature? Why ſhe is a foole, a ſcold, fat, without faſhion, and quite without fauour.

Epi. Tuſh you be ſimple, my Maſter hath a good mariage.

Dares. Good? as how?

Epi. Why in marrying *Dipſas*, hee ſhall haue euery day twelue diſhes of meate to his dinner, though there be none but *Dipſas* with him. Foure of fleſh, foure of fiſh, foure of fruit.

Sam. As how *Epi*?

Epi. For fleſh theſe, Woodcocke, Gooſe, Byttern, and Rayle.

Dares. Indeed hee ſhall not miſſe, if *Dipſas* be there.

Epi. For fiſh theſe, Crab, Carpe, Lumpe, and Powting.

Sam. Excellent, for of my word, ſhe is both crabbiſh, lumpiſh, and carping.

Epi. For fruit theſe, Fritters, Medlers, Hartichokes, and Lady longings. Thus you ſee hee ſhall fare like a King, though he be but a begger.

Dares. Well *Epi*, dine thou with him, for I had rather faſt then ſee her face. But ſee thy Maſter is aſleepe, let vs haue a Song to wake this Amorous Knight.

Epi. Agreed.

Sam. Content.

The first Song.

Epi. HEre *ſnores* Tophas,
That Amorous Aſſe,
Who loues Dipſas,
With face ſo ſweet,
Noſe and Chinne meet.

All three. *At ſight of her each Fury skips*
And flings into her lap their whips.

Dares. *Holla, Holla in his eare.*

Sam. *The Witch ſure thruſt her fingers there.*

Epi. *Crampe him, or wring the Foole by th' Noſe.*

Dares. *Or clap ſome burning flax, to his toes.*

Sam. *What Muſique's beſt to wake him?*

Epi. *Baw wow, let Bandogs ſhake him.*

Dares. *Let Adders hiſſe in's eare.*

Sam. *Elſe Eare-wigs, wriggle there.*

Epi. *No, let him batten, when his tongue*
Once goes, A Cat is not worſe ſtrung.

All three *But if he ope nor mouth, nor eies*
He may in time ſleepe himſelfe wiſe.

Top. Sleepe is a binding of the ſences, loue a looſing.

Epi. Let vs heare him awhile.

Tophas. There appeared in my ſleepe a goodly Owle, who ſitting vpon my ſhoulder, cried twit, twit, and before mine eyes preſented her ſelfe the expreſſe image of *Dipſas*. *I* maruailed what the Owle ſaid, till at the laſt, *I* perceiued twit, twvit, to it, to it: onely by contraction admoniſhed by this viſion, to make account of my ſvveet *Venus*.

Sam. Sir *Tophas*, you haue ouer-ſlept your ſelfe.

Top. No youth, *I* haue but ſlept ouer my loue.

Dares. Loue? Why it is impoſſible, that into ſo noble and vnconquered a courage, loue ſhould creepe, hauing firſt a head as hard to pierce as ſteele, then to paſſe to a hart arm'd vvith a ſhirt of Male.

Epi. *I* but my Maſter yavvning one day in the Sun, loue crept into his mouth before hee could cloſe it, and there kept ſuch a tumbling in his bodie, that he vvas glad to vntruſſe the points of his heart, and entertaine Loue as a ſtranger.

Tophas. If there remaine any pitie in you, plead for me to *Dipſas.*

Dares. Plead? Nay, wee will preſſe her to it. Let vs goe with him to *Dipſas*, and there ſhall wee haue good ſport. But ſir *Tophas* when ſhall wee goe? for I find my tongue voluble, and my heart venturous, and all my ſelfe like my ſelfe.

Sam. Come *Dares*, let vs not looſe him till wee find our Maſters, for as long as he liueth, wee ſhall lacke neither mirth nor meate.

Epi. We will trauice. Will you go ſir?

Tophas. I præ, ſequar. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius. Scæna quarta.

Eumenides, Geron.

Eumenides. Father, your ſad Muſique being tuned on the ſame key that my hard fortune is, hath ſo melted my minde, that I wiſh to hang at your mouthes end, till life end.

Geron. Theſe tunes Gentleman haue I beene accuſtomed with, theſe fiftie winters, hauing no other houſe to ſhrowde

my ſelfe, but the broad heauens, and ſo familiar with mee hath vſe made miſerie, that I eſteeme ſorrow my chiefeſt ſolace. And welcommeſt is that gueſt to me, that can rehearſe the ſaddeſt tale, or the bloudieſt Tragedie.

Eum. A ſtrange humour, might I enquire the cauſe?

Geron. You muſt pardon me if I denie to tell it, for knowing that the reuealing of griefes, is as it were a renewing of ſorrow, I haue vowed therefore to conceale them, that I might not onely feele the depth of euerlaſting diſcontentment, but deſpaire of remedie. But whence are you? What fortune hath thruſt you to this diſtreſſe?

Eum. I am going to Theſſalie, to ſeeke remedie for *Endimion* my deareſt friend, who hath beene caſt into a dead ſleepe, almoſt theſe twentie yeeres, waxing olde, and readie for the graue, being almoſt but newly come forth of the cradle.

Geron. You need not for recure trauell farre, for who ſo can cleerly ſee the bottome of this Fountaine, ſhall haue remedie for any thing.

Eum.

Eum. That me thinketh is vnpoſſible, why what vertue can there be in water?

Geron. Yes, whoſoeuer can ſhed the teares of a faithfull Louer, ſhall obtaine any thing hee would, reade theſe words engrauen about the brim.

Eum. Haue you knowne this by experience, or is it placed here of purpoſe to delude men?

Geron. Ie nely would haue experience of it, and then ſhould there be an end of my miſerie. And then would I tell the ſtrangeſt diſcourſe that euer yet was heard.

Eum. Ah *Eumenides.*

Geron. What lacke you Gentleman, are you not well?

Eum. Yes Father, but a qualme that often commeth ouer my heart doth now take hold of me, but did neuer any Louers come hither?

Geron. Luſters, but not Louers; for often haue I ſeene them weepe, but neuer could I heare they ſaw the bottome.

Eum. Came there women alſo?

Geron. Some.

Eum. What did they ſee?

Geron. They all wept that the Fountaine ouerflowed with teares, but so thick became the water with their teares, that I could scarce discerne the brimme, much lesse behold the bottome.

Eum. Be faithfull Louers so skant?

Gerom. It seemeth so, for yet heard I neuer of any.

Eum. Ah *Eumenides*, how art thou perplexed? call to minde the beautie of thy sweet Mistris, and the depth of thy neuer dying affections: how oft hast thou honoured her, not onely without spot, but suspition of falshood? And how hardly hath she rewarded thee, without cause or colour of despight?

How secret hast thou beene these seuen yeeres, that hast not, nor once darest not, to name her for discontenting her? How faithfull? that hast offered to die for her, to please her. Vnhappie *Enmenides.*

Geron. Why Gentleman did you once loue?

Eum. Once? I Father and euer shall.

Geron. Was she vnkind, and you faithfull?

Eum. Shee of all women the most froward,

ward, and I of all creatures the moſt fond.

Geron. You doted then, not loued: for affection is grounded on vertue, and vertue is neuer peeuiſh: or on Beautie, and Beautie loueth to be praiſed.

Eum. I but if all vertuous Ladies ſhould yeeld to all that be louing, or all amiable Gentlewomen entertaine all that be amorous, their vertues would be accounted vices, and beauties deformities, for that loue can be but between two, and that not proceeding of him that is moſt faithfull, but moſt fortunate.

Geron. I would you were ſo faithfull, that your teares might make you fortunate.

Eum. Yea father, if that my teares cleare not this fountaine, then may you ſweare it is but a meere mockerie.

Geron. So ſaith euery one yet, that wept.

Eum. Ah, I faint, I die. Ah ſweete *Semele* let me alone, and diſſolue by weeping into water.

Geron. This affection ſeemeth ſtrange, if hee ſee nothing, without doubt this diſ-

ſembling paſſeth, for nothing ſhall draw me from the beliefe.

Eum. Father, I plainly ſee the bottome, and there in white Marble engrauen theſe words, *Aske one for all, and but one thing at all.*

Geron. O fortunate *Eumenides*, (for ſo haue I heard thee call thy ſelfe) let me ſee. I cannot diſcerne any ſuch thing. I thinke thou dreameſt.

Eum. Ah Father thou art not a faithfull louer, and therefore canſt not behold it.

Geron. Then aske that I may be ſatisfied by the euent, and thy ſelfe bleſſed.

Eum. Aske? ſo I will: and what ſhall I doe but aske, and whom ſhould I aske but *Semele*, the poſſeſſing of whoſe perſon, is a pleaſure that cannot come within the compaſſe of compariſon, whoſe golden lockes ſeeme moſt curious, when they ſeeme moſt careleſſe, whoſe ſweet lookes ſeeme moſt alluring, then they are moſt chaſte: and whoſe wordes the more vertuous they are, the more amorous they be accounted. I pray thee fortune when I ſhall firſt meete with faire *Semele*, daſh

my

my delight with ſome light diſgrace, leaſt imbracing ſweetneſſe beyond meaſure, I take a ſurfet without recure: let her practiſe her accuſtomed coyneſſe, that I may diet my ſelfe vpon my deſires: otherwiſe the fulneſſe of my ioyes will diminiſh the ſweetneſſe, and I ſhall periſh by them before I poſſeſſe them.

Why doe I trifle the time in words? The leaſt minute being ſpent in the getting of *Semele*, is more worth then the whole world: therefore let mee aske. What now *Eumenides*? Whither art thou drawne? Haſt thou forgotten both friendſhip and dutie? Care of *Endimion*, and the commandement of *Cynthia*? Shall he die in a leaden ſleep, becauſe thou ſleepeſt in a golden dreame? I, let him ſleepe euer, ſo I ſlumber but one minute with *Semele*. Loue knoweth neither friendſhip nor kindred.

Shall I not hāzard the loſſe of a friend, for the obtayning of her for whom I would often looſe my ſelfe? Fond *Eumenides*, ſhall the inticing beautie of a moſt diſdainfull Ladie, be of more force then the rare fidelitie of a tried friend? The

loue

loue of men to women is a thing common, and of course: the friendship of man to man infinite and immortall. Tush, *Semele* doth possesse my loue. I but *Endimion* hath deserued it. I will helpe *Endimion*. I found *Endimion* vnspotted in his truth. I but I shall find *Semele* constant in her loue. I will haue *Semele*. What shall I do? Father thy gray haires are Embassadors of experience. Which shall I aske?

Geron. *Eumenides* release *Endimion*, for all things (friendship excepted) are subiect to fortune: Loue is but an eye-worme, which onely tickleth the head with hopes, and wishes: friendship the image of eternitie, in which there is nothing moueable, nothing mischieuous. As much difference as there is betweene Beautie and Vertue, bodies and shadowes, colours and life: so great oddes is there betweene loue and friendship.

Loue is a *Camelion*, which draweth nothing into the mouth but aire, and nourisheth nothing in the body but lungs: beliue me *Eumenides*, desire dies in the same moment that Beautie sickens, and Beautie fadeth in the same instant that it flourisheth.

riſheth. When aduerſities flow, then loue ebbes: but friendſhip ſtandeth ſtiſly in ſtormes. Time draweth wrinckles in a faire face, but addeth freſh colours to a faſt friend, which neither heate, nor cold, nor miſerie, nor place, nor deſtinie, can alter or diminiſh. O friendſhip! of all things the moſt rare, and therefore moſt rare becauſe moſt excellent, whoſe comforts in miſerie is alwayes ſweete, and whoſe counſels in proſperitie are euer fortunate. Vaine loue, that onely comming neere to friendſhip in name, would ſeeme to be the ſame, or better, in nature.

Enm. Father I allow your reaſons, and will therefore conquer mine owne. Vertue ſhall ſubdue affections, wiſdome luſt, friendſhip beautie. Miſtreſſes are in euery place, and as common as Hares in *Atho*, Bees in *Hybla*, foules in the ayre: but friends to be found, are like the Phœnix in *Arabia*, but one, or the *Philadelphi* in *Arays*, neuer aboue two. I will haue *Endimion*: ſacred Fountaine, in whoſe bowels are hidden diuine ſecrets, I haue increaſed your waters with the teares of vnſpotted thoughts and therefore let mee re-

receiue the reward you promiſe: *Endimion*, the trueſt friend to me, and faithfulleſt louer to *Cynthia*, is in ſuch a dead ſleepe, that nothing can wake or moue him.

Geron. Doeſt thou ſee any thing?

Eum. I ſee in the ſame Piller, theſe words: *When ſhe whoſe figure of all is the perfecteſt, and neuer to be meaſured: alwayes one, yet neuer the ſame: ſtill inconſtant, yet neuer wauering, ſhall come and kiſſe* Endimion *in his ſleepe, he ſhall then riſe, elſe neuer.* This is ſtrange.

Geron. What ſee you elſe?

Eum. There commeth ouer mine eyes either a darke miſt, or vpon the fountaine a deepe thickneſſe: for I can perceiue nothing. But how am I deluded? or what difficult (nay impoſſible) thing is this?

Geron. Me thinketh it eaſie.

Eum. Good father and how?

Geron. Is not a circle of all Figures the perfecteſt?

Eum. Yes.

Geron. And is not *Cynthia* of all circles the moſt abſolute?

Eum. Yes.

Geron. Is it not impossible to measure her, who still worketh by her influence, neuer standing at one stay?

Eum. Yes.

Geron. Is shee not alwayes *Cynthia*, yet seldome in the same bigneſſe, alwayes wauering in her waxing or wayning, that our bodies might the better be gouerned, our seasons the daylier giue their increase, yet neuer to be remoued from her course, as long as the heauens continue theirs?

Eum. Yes.

Geron. Then who can it be but *Cynthia*, whose vertues being all diuine, must needs bring things to passe that be miraculous? Goe, humble thy selfe to *Cynthia*, tell her the succeſſe, of which my selfe shall be a witneſſe. And this assure thy selfe, that shee that sent to find meanes for his safetie, will now worke her cunning.

Eum. How fortunate am I, if *Cynthia* be she that may doe it.

Geron. How fond art thou, if thou do not beleeue it?

Eum. I will haſten thither, that I may in-

intreat on my knees for succour, and imbrace in mine armes my friend.

Geron. I will goe with thee, for vnto *Cynthia* must I discouer all my sorrowes, who also must worke in mee a contentment.

Eum. May I now know the cause?

Geron. That shall be as we walke, and I doubt not but the strangenesse of my tale will take away the tediousnesse of our iourney.

Eum. Let vs goe.

Geron. I follow. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus. Scæna prima.

Tellus, Corsites.

Tellus. I Maruell *Corsites* giueth me so much libertie: all the world knowing his charge to be so high, and his nature to be most strange, who hath so ill intreated Ladies of great honour, that he hath not suffered them to looke out of windowes, much lesse to walke abroad: it may be he is in loue within, for (*Endimion*

dimion, hard-hearted *Endimion*, excepted) what is hee that is not enamoured of my beautie? But what reſpecteſt thou the loue of all the world? *Endimion* hates thee. Alas poore *Endimion*, my malice hath exceeded my loue: and thy faith to *Cynthia*, quenched my affections. Quenched *Tellus*? nay kindled them afreſh; in ſo much that I find ſcorching flames, for dead embers, and cruell encounters of warre in my thoughts, in ſteed of ſweet parlees. Ah that I might once againe ſee *Endimion*: accurſed girle, what hope haſt thou to ſee *Endimion*? on whoſe head already are growne gray haires, and whoſe life muſt yeeld to Nature, before *Cynthia* end her diſpleaſure. Wicked *Dipſas*, and moſt deuilliſh *Tellus*, the one for cunning too exquiſite, the other for hate too intolerable. Thou waſt commanded to weaue the ſtories and Poetries, wherein were ſhewed both examples and puniſhments of tatling tongues, and thou haſt only imbrodered the ſweet face of *Endimion*, deuices of loue, melancholy imaginations, and what not, out of thy worke, that thou ſhouldeſt ſtudie to picke out of

thy

thy minde. But here commeth *Corsites*, I muſt ſeeme yeelding aud ſtout, full of mildneſſe, yet tempered with a Maieſtie: for if I be too flexible, I ſhall giue him more hope then I meane, if too froward, enioy leſſe libertie then I would, loue him I cannot, and therefore will practiſe that which is moſt contrary to our ſex to diſſemble.

Enter Corsites.

Cor. Faire *Tellus*, I perceiue you riſe with the Larke, and to your ſelfe ſing with the Nightingale.

Tellus. My Lord I haue no playfellow but fancy, being barred of all company I muſt queſtion with my ſelfe, and make my thoughts my friends.

Cor. I would you would account my thoughts alſo your friends, for they be ſuch as are only buſied in wondering at your beautie, and wiſdome, and ſome ſuch as haue eſteemed your fortune too hard, and diuers of that kinde that offer to ſet you free, if you will ſet them free.

Tellus. There are no colours ſo contrarie as white and blacke, nor Elements

ſo

so disagreeing as fire and water, nor any thing so opposite as mens thoughts and their words.

Cor. He that gaue *Cassandra* the gift of prophecying with the curse, that spake she neuer so true, she should neuer be beleeued, hath I thinke poysoned the fortune of men, that vttering the extremities of their inward passions, are alwayes suspected of outward periuries.

Tellus. Well *Corsites* I will flatter my selfe, and beleeue you. What would you doe to enioy my loue?

Cor. Set all the Ladies of the Castle free, and make you the pleasure of my life: more I cannot doe, lesse I will not.

Tellus. These be great words, and fit your calling: for Captaines must promise things impossible. But will you doe one thing for all.

Cor. Any thing sweet *Tellus*, that am readie for all.

Tellus. You know that on the Lunarie banke sleepeth *Endimion.*

Cor. I know it.

Tel. If you will remoone him from that place by force, and conuey him into some

some obscure caue by policie: I giue you here the faith of an vnspotted Virgin, that you onely shall possesse me as a louer, and in spight of malice, haue me for a wife.

Cor. Remoue him *Tellus?* Yes *Tellus*, hee shall be remoued, and that so soone, as thou shalt as much commend my diligence as my force. I goe.

Tel. Stay, will your selfe attempt it?

Cor. I *Tellus*: as I would haue none partaker of my sweet loue, so shall none be partners of my labours: but I pray thee goe at your best leisure, for *Cynthia* beginneth to rise, and if shee discouer our loue we both perish, for nothing pleaseth her but the faireneſse of virginitie. All things must be not onely without lust, but without suspicion of lightneſse.

Tellus. I will depart, and goe you to *Endimion.*

Cor. I flie *Tellus*, being of all men the most fortunate. *Exit.*

Tel. Simple *Corsites*, I haue set thee about a taske being but a man, the gods themselues cannot performe: for little doest thou know how heauy his head lies, how hard his fortune: but such shifts must

must women haue to deceiue men, and nder colour of things easie, intreat that which is impossible: otherwise we should be cumbred with importunities, oathes, ighes, letters, and all implements of loue, which to one resolued to the contrary, are most lothsome. I will in and laugh with he other Ladies at *Corsites* sweating.

Exit.

Actus quartus. Scæna secunda.

Samias, Dares and Epiton.

Sam. Will thy master neuer awake?

Dares. No, I thinke hee sleepes for a vager: but how shall we spend the time? ir *Tophas* is so farre in loue that hee pieth in his bed, and commeth not abroad?

Sam. But here commeth *Epi*, in a pelng chafe.

Epi. A poxe of all false Prouerbs, and vere a Prouerbe a Page, I would haue im by the eares.

Sam. Why art thou angry?

Epi. Why? you know it is said, the yde tarrieth no man,

Sam.

Sam. True.

Epi. A monſtrous lie; for *I* was tide two houres, and tarried for one to vnloſe mee.

Dares. Alas poore *Epi.*

Epi. Poore? No, no, you baſe conceited ſlaues, *I* am a moſt compleate Gentleman, although *I* be in diſgrace with ſir *Tophas.*

Dares. Art thou out with him.

Epi. *I*, becauſe *I* cannot get him a lodging with *Endimion*, he would faine take a nap for fortie or fiftie yeeres.

Dares. A ſhort ſleepe, conſidering our long life.

Sam. *I*s he ſtill in loue?

Epi. *I*n loue? why he doth nothing but make Sonets.

Sam. Canſt thou remember any one of his Poems?

Epi. *I*, this is one. The beggar Loue that knowes not where to lodge: At laſt within my heart when *I* ſlept, he crept, *I* wakt, and ſo my fancies began to fodge.

Sam. That's a very long Verſe.

Epi. Why the other was ſhort, the firſt is called from the thumbe to the little finger,

finger, the ſecond from the little finger to the elbow, and ſome hee hath made to reach to the crowne of his head, and downe againe to the ſole of his foot: it is ſet to the tune of the blacke Saunce, *ratio eſt*, becauſe *Dipſas* is a blacke Saint.

Dares. Very wiſely, but pray thee *Epi* how art thou compleate, and being from thy Maſter what occupation wilt thou take?

Epi. No my harts, *I* am an abſolute *Microcoſmus*, a pettie world of my ſelfe, my library is my head, for *I* haue no other bookes but my braines: my wardrope on my backe, for *I* haue no more apparell then is on my bodie; my armorie at my finger ends, for *I* vſe no other Artillarie then my nailes; my treaſure in my purſe. *Sic omnia mea mecum porto.*

Dares. Good.

Epi. Now ſirs, my Palace is paued with graſſe, and tiled with ſtars: for *cælo tegitur qui non habet vrnam*, he that hath no houſe, muſt lie in the yard.

Sam. A braue reſolution. But how wilt thou ſpend thy time?

Epi. Not in any melancholy ſort, for mine exerciſe I will walke horſes. *Dares*,

Dares. Too bad.

Epi. Why is it not ſaid: It is good walking when one hath his horſe in his hand?

Sam. Worſe, and worſe, but how wilt thou liue?

Epi. By angling; O tis a ſtately occupation to ſtand foure houres in a colde morning, and to haue his noſe bitten with froſt, before his baite be mumbled with a fiſh.

Dares. A rare attempt, but wilt thou neuer trauell?

Epi. Yes in a Weſterne Barge, when with a good winde and luſtie Pugges, one may goe ten miles in two dayes.

Sam. Thou art excellent at thy choice, but what paſtime wilt thou vſe, none?

Epi. Yes the quickeſt of all.

Sam. What! dice?

Epi. No, when I am in haſte, one and twentie games at Cheſſe, to paſſe a few minutes.

Dares. A life for a little Lord, and full of quickneſſe.

Epi. Tuſh, let mee alone, but *I* muſt needs ſee if *I* can find where *Endimion* lieth,

eth, and then goe to a certaine Fountaine hard by, where they say faithfull Louers shall haue all things they will aske. If I can find out any of these, *ego & magister meus erimus in tuto*, I and my Master shal be friends. He is resolued to weepe some three or foure palefuls, to auoide the rheume of loue that wambleth in his stomacke.

Enter the Watch.

Sam. Shall wee neuer see thy Master *Dares*?

Dares. Yes, let vs goe now, for to morrow *Cynthia* will be there.

Epi. I will goe with you. But how shall we see for the Watch?

Sam. Tush let me alone, Ile begin to them. Masters God speed you.

1. *Watch.* Sir boy, we are all sped alreadie.

Epi. So me thinkes, for they smell all of drinke, like a beggers beard.

Dares. But I pray sirs, may wee see *Endimion*?

2. *Watch.* No, wee are commanded

in *Cynthias* name, that no man ſhall ſee him.

Samias. No man? Why wee are but boyes.

1. *Watch.* Maſſe neighbours he ſayes true, for if I ſweare I will neuer drinke my liquor by the quart, and yet call for two pints, I thinke with a ſafe conſcience I may carouſe both.

Dares. Pithily, and to the purpoſe.

2. *Watch.* Tuſh, tuſh, Neighbours, take me with you.

Samias. This will grow hote.

Dares. Let them alone.

2. *Watch.* If I ſay to my Wife, Wife I will haue no Raiſons in my pudding, ſhee puts in Corance, ſmall Raiſons are Raiſons, and boyes are men. Euen as my Wife ſhould haue put no Raiſons in my pudding, ſo ſhall there no boyes ſee *Endimion.*

Dares. Learnedly.

Epi. Let Maſter Conſtable ſpeake: I thinke he is the wiſeſt among you.

Maſter Conſtable. You know Neighbours, tis an old ſaid ſaw, Children and Fooles ſpeake true.

All

All say. True.

Mast. Const. Well, there you see the men be the fooles, because it is prouided from the children.

Dares. Good.

Mast. Const. Then say I Neighbours, that children must not see *Endimion*, because children and fooles speake true.

Epi. O wicked application.

Samias Scuruily brought about.

1. *Watch.* Nay hee sayes true, and therefore till *Cynthia* haue beene here he shall not be vncouered. Therefore away.

Dares. A watch quoth you? a man may watch seuen yeeres for a wise word, and yet goe without it. Their wits are all as rustie as their bils. But come on Master Constable shall wee haue a Song before we goe?

Const. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

The second Song.

Watch. *STand: who goes there?*
We charge you appeare
Foreour Constable here.
(In the name of the Man in the Moone)

To vs Bilmen relate,
Why you ſtagger ſo late.
And how you come drunke ſo ſoone.
Pages. *What are yee (ſcabs?)*
Watch. *The Watch:*
This the Conſtable.
Pages. *A Patch.*
Conſt. *Knock'em downe vnleſſe they all ſtand*
If any run away,
Tis the old Watchmans play
To reach him a Bill of his hand.
Pages. *O Gentlemen hold,*
Your gownes freeze with cold,
And your rotten teeth dance in your head;
Epi. *Wine, nothing ſhall coſt yee.*
Sam. *Nor huge fires to roaſt yee.*
Dares. *Then ſoberly let vs be led.*
Conſt. *Come my browne Bils wee'l roare,*
Bounce loud at Tauerne dore,
Omnes. *And ith Morning ſteale all to bed.*

Actus

Actus quartus. Scæna tertia.

Corsites solus.

Corsites. I am come in sight of the Lunarie banke, without doubt *Tellus* doteth vpon me, & cunningly that I might not perceiue her loue, she hath set me to a taske that is done before it is begun. *Endimion*, you must change your pillow, and if you be not wearie of sleepe, I will carrie you where at ease you shall sleepe your fill. It were good that without more ceremonies I tooke him, least being espied, I be intrapt, and so incurre the displeasure of *Cynthia*, who commonly setteth watch that *Endimion* haue no wrong.

He lifts.

What now, is your Mastership so heauie? or are you nail'd to the ground? Not stirre one whit? then vse all thy force though he feele it and wake. What stone still? turn'd I thinke to earth, with lying so long on the earth. Didst not thou *Corsites* before *Cynthia* pull vp a tree, that

fortie yeeres was faſtned with roots and wreathed in knots to the ground? Didſt not thou with maine force pull open the iron gates, which no Ramme or Engine could moue? Haue my weake thoughts made braun-fallen my ſtrong armes? or is it the nature of loue or the Quinteſſence of the minde to breed numneſſe, or lytherneſſe, or I know not what, languiſhing in my ioynts and ſinewes, being but the baſe ſtrings of my bodie? Or doth the remembrance of *Tellus* ſo refine my ſpirits into a matter ſo ſubtill and diuine, that the other fleſhie parts cannot worke whilſt they muſe? Reſt thy ſelfe, reſt thy ſelfe: nay, rent thy ſelfe in pieces *Corſites*, and ſtriue in ſpight of loue, fortune, and nature, to lift vp this dulled bodie, heauier then lead, and more ſenceleſſe then death.

Enter Fairies.

But what are theſe ſo faire fiends that cauſe my haires to ſtand vpright, and ſpirits to fall downe? hags, out alas, Nymphs I craue pardon. Aye me, out what doe I heere.

The

The Fairies daunce, and with a Song pinch him, and hee falleth asleepe, they kisse *Endimion*, and depart.

The third Song by *Fairies.*

Omnes. *PInch him, pinch him, blacke and blue,*
Sawcie mortalls must not view
what the Queene of Stars is doing,
Nor pry into our Fairy woing.

1. Fairy. *Pinch him blue.*

2. Fairy. *And pinch him blacke.*

3. Fairy. *Let him not lacke.*
Sharpe nailes to pinch him blue and red,
Till sleepe has rock'd his addle head.

4. Fairy. *For the trespasse hee hath done,*
Spots ore all his flesh shall runne.

Kisse Endimion, *Kisse his eyes;*
Then to our Midnight Heidegyes.

Exeunt.

Cynthia, Floscula, Semele, Panelion, Zonte, Pythagoras, Gyptes, Corsites.

Cynth. You see *Pythagoras* what ridiculous opinions you hold, and I doubt not but you are now of another minde.

Pythag. Madame, I plainly perceiue that the perfection of your brightnesse, hath pierced through the thicknesse that couered my mind; in so much that I am no lesse glad to be reformed, then ashamed to remember my grossenesse.

Gyptes. They are thrice fortunate that liue in your Palace, where Truth, is not in colours but life, vertues, not in imagination, but execution.

Cynth. I haue alwayes studied to haue rather liuing vertues then painted Gods, the bodie of Truth, then the tombe. But let vs walke to *Endimion*, it may be it lieth in your Arts to deliuer him, as for *Eumenides*, I feare he is dead.

Pythag. I haue alledged all the naturall reasons I can for such a long sleepe.

Gyptes. I can doe nothing till I see him.

Cynth.

Cynth. Come *Floſcula*, I am ſure you are glad that you ſhall behold *Endimion*.

Floſe. I were bleſſed if I might haue him recouered.

Cynth. Are you in loue with his perſon.

Floſc. No, but with his vertue.

Cynth. What ſay you *Semele*?

Semele. Madame, I dare ſay nothing for feare I offend.

Cynth. Belike you cannot ſpeake except you be ſpightfull. But as good be ſilent as ſaucie. *Panelion*, what puniſhment were fit for *Semele*, in whoſe ſpeech and thoughts, is onely contempt & ſowerneſſe?

Panel. I loue not Madame to giue any iudgment. Yet ſith your Highneſſe commandeth, I thinke, to commit her tongue cloſe priſoner to her mouth.

Cynth. Agreed; *Semele*, if thou ſpeake this twelue-moneth, thou ſhalt forfet thy tongue. Behold *Endimion*, alas poore Gentleman, haſt thou ſpent thy youth in ſleepe, that once vowed all to my ſeruice. Hollow eyes? gray haires? wrinckled cheekes? and decayed limbes? Is it deſti-

nie, or deceit that hath brought this to passe? If the first, who could preuent thy wretched starres? If the latter, I would I might know thy cruell enemy. I fauoured thee *Endimion* for thy honour, thy vertues, thy affections: but to bring thy thoughts within the compasse of thy fortunes, I haue seemed strange, that I might haue thee stayed, and now are thy dayes ended before my fauour begin. But whom haue we here, is it not *Corsites*? *Zon.* It is, but more like a Leopard then a man.

Cynth. Awake him. How now *Corsites*, what make you here? How came you deformed? Looke on thy hands, and then thou seest the picture of thy face.

Corsites. Miserable wretch, and accursed. How am I deluded? Madame, I aske pardon for my offence, and you see my fortune deserueth pitie.

Cynth. Speake on, thy offence cannot deserue greater punishment: but see thou rehearse the truth, else shalt thou not find me as thou wishest me.

Corsites. Madame, as it is no offence to be in loue being a man mortall, so I hope can it be no shame to tell with whom, my Ladie being heauenly. Your

Maieſtie committed to my charge faire *Tellus*, whoſe beautie in the ſame moment tooke my heart captiue, that *I* vndertooke to carrie her bodie priſoner. Since that time haue *I* found ſuch combats in my thoughts betweene loue and dutie, reuerence and affection, that *I* could neither endure the conflict, nor hope for the conqueſt.

Cynth. In loue? A thing farre vnfitting the name of a Captaine, and (as *I* thought) the tough and vnſmoothed nature of *Corſites*. But forth.

Corſi. Feeling this continuall warre, *I* thought rather by parley to yeeld, then by certaine danger to periſh, *I* vnfolded to *Tellus* the depth of my affections, and framed my tongue to vtter a ſweet tale of loue, that was wont to ſound nothing but threats of warre. She too faire to be true, and too falſe for one ſo faire, after a nice deniall, practiſed a notable deceit, commanding mee to remoue *Endimion* from this Caban, and carrie him to ſome darke Caue, which *I* ſeeking to accompliſh, found impoſſible. And ſo by Fairies or Fiends haue beene thus handled.

Cynth. How ſay you my Lords, is not

Tellus alwayes practiſing of ſome deceits? Inſooth *Corſites* thy face is now too foule for a Louer, and thine heart too fond for a Souldier. You may ſee when Warriors become Wantons, how their manners alter with their faces. Is it not a ſhame *Corſites*, that hauing liued ſo long in *Mars* his Campe, thou ſhouldſt now be rockt in *Venus* Cradle. Doeſt thou weare *Cupids* Quiuer at thy girdle, and make Launces of lookes? Well *Corſites*, rouſe thy ſelfe, and be as thou haſt beene, and let *Tellus* who is made all of loue, melt her ſelfe in her owne looſeneſſe.

Corſites. Madame, I doubt not but to recouer my former ſtate, for *Tellus* beautie neuer wrought ſuch loue in my mind, as now her deceit hath deſpight, and yet to be reuenged of a woman, were a thing then loue it ſelfe more womaniſh.

Gyptes. Theſe ſpots Gentleman are to be worne out, if you rub them ouer with this Lunarie, ſo that in place where you receiued this maime, you ſhall find a medicine.

Corſites. I thanke you for that. The Gods bleſſe mee from loue, and theſe pretie

pretie Ladies that haunt this greene.

Flosc. Corsites, I would *Tellus* saw your amiable face.

Zont. How spightfully *Semele* laugheth, that dare not speake.

Cynthia. Could you not stirre *Endimion* with that doubled strength of yours?

Cors. Not so much as his finger with all my force.

Cynth. Pythagoras and *Gyptes*, what thinke you of *Endimion*? what reason is to be giuen, what remedie?

Pyth. Madam, it is impossible to yeild reason for things that happen not in compasse of nature. It is most certaine, that some strange enchantment hath bound all his sences.

Cynth. What say you *Gyptes*.

Gyptes. With *Pythagoras*, that it is enchantment, and that so strange that no Art can vndoe it, for that heauinesse argueth a malice vnremoueable in the Enchantresse, and that no power can end it, till she die that did it, or the heauens shew some meanes more miraculous.

Flosc. O *Endimian*, could spight it

selfe

ſelfe deuiſe a miſchiefe ſo monſtrous as to make thee dead with life, and liuing being altogether dead? Where others number their yeares, their houres, their minutes, and ſtep to age by ſtaires, thou onely haſt thy yeares and times in a cluſter, being olde before thou remembreſt thou waſt young.

Cynth. No more *Flaſcula*, pittie doth him no good, I would any thing elſe might, and I vow by the vnſpotted honour of a Ladie he ſhould not miſſe it: but is this all *Gyptes*, that is to be done?

Gyptes. All as yet. It may be that either the Enchantreſſe ſhall die, or elſe be diſcouered, if either happen I will then practiſe the vtmoſt of my art. In the meane ſeaſon, about this Groue would I haue a watch, and the firſt liuing thing that toucheth *Endimion*, to be taken.

Cynth. *Corſites* what ſay you, will you vndertake this?

Corſites. Good Madame pardon mee, I was ouertaken too late, I ſhould rather breake into the midſt of a maine battaile, then againe fall into the hands of thoſe faire babies.

Cynth.

Cynth. Well, I will prouide others. *Pythagoras* and *Gyptes*, you ſhall yet remayne in my Court, till I heare what may be done in this matter.

Pyth. We attend.

Cynth. Let vs goe in.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus. Scæna prima.

Samias, Dares.

Samias. *Eumenides* hath told ſuch ſtrange tales, as I may well wonder at them, but neuer beleeue them.

Dares. The other old man, what a ſad ſpeech vſed he, that cauſed vs almoſt all to weepe. *Cynthia* is ſo deſirous to know the experiment of her owne vertue, and ſo willing to eaſe *Endimions* hard fortune, that ſhee no ſooner heard the diſcourſe, but ſhee made her ſelfe in a readineſſe to try the euent.

Sam. We will alſo ſee the euent, but whiſt here commeth *Cynthia*, with all her

her traine : Let vs ſneake in amongſt them.

Enter Cynthia, Floſcula, Semele, Panelion, &c.

Cynth. Eumenides, it cannot ſinke into my head, that I ſhould be ſignified by that ſacred Fountaine, for many things are there in the world, to which thoſe words may be applyed.

Eum. Good Madame vouchſafe but to trie, elſe ſhall I thinke my ſelfe moſt vnhappy, that I asked not my ſweet Miſtris.

Cynth. Will you not yet tell me her name?

Eum. Pardon me good Madame, for if *Endimion* awake, hee ſhall : my ſelfe haue ſworne, neuer to reueale it.

Cynth. Well, let vs to *Endimion*. I will not be ſo ſtately (good *Endimion*) not to ſtoope to doe thee good : and if thy libertie conſiſt in a kiſſe from mee, thou ſhalt haue it. And although my mouth hath beene heretofore as vntouched as my thoughts, yet now to recouer thy life, (though to reſtore thy youth it be impoſſible)

possible) I will doe that to *Endimion*, which yet neuer mortall man could boast of heretofore, nor shall euer hope for hereafter.

Shee kisseth him.

Eum. Madam he beginneth to stirre.

Cynth. Soft *Eumenides*, stand still.

Eum. Ah, I see his eyes almost open.

Cynth. *I* command thee once againe stirre not: *I* will stand behind him.

Pan. What doe *I* see, *Endimion* almost awake?

Eum. *Endimion*, *Endimion*, art thou deafe or dumbe? or hath this long sleepe taken away thy memorie? Ah my sweete *Endimion*, seest thou not *Eumenides*? thy faithfull friend, thy faithfull *Eumenides*, who for thy safetie hath beene careless of his owne content. Speake *Endimion*, *Endimion*, *Endimion*.

End. *Endimion*? *I* call to minde such a name.

Eum. Hast thou forgotten thy selfe *Endimion*? then doe I not maruaile thou remembrest not thy friend. I tel thee, thou art *Endimion*, & *I* *Eumenides*: behold also

Cyn-

Cynthia, by whoſe fauour thou art awaked, and by whoſe vertue thou ſhalt continue thy naturall courſe.

Cynth. Endimion, ſpeake ſweet *Endimion*, knoweſt thou not *Cynthia*?

End. O heauens, whom doe I behold, faire *Cynthia*, diuine *Cynthia*?

Cynth. I am *Cynthia*, and thou *Endimion*.

End. Endimion, What doe I heere? What, a gray beard? hollow eyes? withered body? decayed limbes? and all in one night?

Eum. One night? thou haſt heere ſlept fortie yeeres, by what Enchauntreſſe as yet it is not knowne: and behold the twig to which thou layedſt thy head, is now become a tree, calleſt thou not *Eumenides* to remembrance?

End. Thy name I doe remember by the ſound, but thy fauour I doe not yet call to minde, onely diuine *Cynthia*, to whom time, fortune, deſtinie, and death, are ſubiect, I ſee and remember, and in all humilitie, I regard and reuerence.

Cynth. You haue good cauſe to remember *Eumenides*, who hath for thy ſafety forſaken his owne ſolace. *End.*

End. Am I that *Endimion*, who was wont in Court to lead my life, & in Iusts, Turneyes, and Armes, to exercise my youth? am I that *Endimion*?

Eum. Thou art that *Endimion* and I *Eumenides*, wilt thou not yet call mee to remembrance?

End. Ah sweete *Eumenides*, I now perceiue thou art hee, and that my selfe haue the name of *Endimion*, but that this should be my bodie I doubt: for how could my curled lockes be turned to gray haires, and my strong bodie to a dying weakneſſe, hauing waxed olde, and not knowing it.

Cynth. Well *Endimion* arise, a while sit downe, for that thy limbes are stiffe, and not able to stay thee, and tell what hast thou seene in thy sleepe all this while? What dreames, visions, thoughts, and fortunes? For it is impossible, but in so long time, thou shouldest see things strange.

End. Faire *Cynthia* I will rehearse what I haue seene, humbly desiring, that when I exceed in length, you giue mee warning, that I may end: for to vtter all I haue to speake would bee troublesome, al-

although happily the ſtrangeneſſe may ſomewhat abate the tediouſneſſe.

Cynth. Well *Endimion* begin.

End. Mee thought *I* ſaw a Ladie paſſing faire, but very miſchieuous, who in the one hand carried a knife, with which ſhe offered to cut my throate: and in the other a Looking-glaſſe, wherein ſeeing how ill anger became Ladies, ſhee refrained from intended violence. Shee was accompanied with other Damſels, one of which with a ſterne countenance, and as it were with a ſetled malice engrauen in her eyes, prouoked her to execute miſchiefe: another with viſage ſad and conſtant onely in ſorrow, with her armes croſſed, and watery eyes, ſeemed to lament my fortune, but durſt not offer to preuent the force. *I* ſtarted in my ſleepe, feeling my very veines to ſwell, and my ſinewes to ſtretch with feare, and ſuch a cold ſweate bedewed all my bodie, that death it ſelfe could not be ſo terrible, as the viſion.

Cynth. A ſtrange ſight. *Gyptes* at our better leiſure ſhall expound it.

Eum. After long debating with her ſelfe,

ſelfe, mercie ouercame anger, and there appeared in her heauenly face ſuch a diuine Maieſtie, mingled with a ſweet mildneſſe, that *I* was rauiſhed with the ſight aboue meaſure, and wiſhed that *I* might haue enioyed the ſight without end, and ſo ſhe departed with the other Ladies, of which the one retained ſtill an vnmoueable crueltie, the other a conſtant pittie.

Cynth. Poore *Endimion*, how waſt thou affrighted? What elſe?

End. After her immediatly appeared an aged man, with a beard as white as ſnow, carrying in his hand a booke with three leaues, and ſpeaking as *I* remember theſe words. *Endimion*, receiue this booke with three leaues, in which are contained counſels, policies, and pictures, and with that hee offered mee the booke, which *I* reiected: wherewith moued with a diſdainfull pitie, herent the firſt leafe in a thouſand ſhiuers, the ſecond time hee offered it, which *I* refuſed alſo: at which bending his browes, and pitching his eyes faſt to the ground, as though they were fixed to the earth, and not againe to be remoued: then ſodainly caſting them vp

to the Heauens, hee tore in a rage the ſecond leafe, and offered the booke only with one leafe. I know not whether feare to offend, or deſire to know ſome ſtrange thing, moued me: I tooke the booke, and ſo the old man vaniſhed.

Cynth. What diddeſt thou imagine was in the laſt leafe?

End. There I portraid to life, with a cold quaking in euery ioynt, I beheld many Wolues barking at thee *Cynthia*, who hauing ground their teeth to bite, did with ſtriuing bleed themſelues to death. There might I ſee ingratitude with an hundred eyes, gazing for benefits, and with a thouſand teeth, gnawing on the bowels wherein ſhe was bred. Trecherie ſtood all clothed in white, with a ſmiling countenance, but both her hands bathed in bloud. Enuie with a pale and megar face, (whoſe bodie was ſo leane, that one might tell all her bones, and whoſe garment was ſo totterd, that it was eaſie to number euery thred) ſtood ſhooting at ſtarres, whoſe darts fell downe againe on her owne face. There might I behold dronesorbeetles, I know not how to term them

thē creeping vnder the wings of a princely Eagle, who being carried into her neſt, ſought there to ſuck that vein, that would haue killed the Eagle. I muſed that things ſo baſe, ſhould attempt a fact ſo barbarous, or durſt imagine a thing ſo bloudie. And many other things Madame, the repetition whereof, may at your better leiſure ſeeme more pleaſing: for Bees ſurfet ſometimes with honey, and the Gods are glutted with harmony, and your highneſſe may be dulled with delight.

Cynth. I am content to bee dieted, therefore let vs in. *Eumenides*, ſee that *Endimion* be well tended, leaſt either eating immoderatly, or ſleeping againe too long, he fall into a deadly ſurfet, or into his former ſleepe.

See this alſo be proclaimed, that whoſoeuer will diſcouer this practice, ſhall haue of *Cynthia* infinite thankes, and no ſmall rewards.

Exit.

Floſc. Ah *Endimion*, none ſo ioyfull as *Floſcula*, of thy reſtoring.

Eum. Yes *Floſcula*, let *Eumenides* be ſomewhat gladder, & do not that wrong

to

to the setled friendship of a man, as to compare it with the light affection of a woman. Ah my deare friend *Endimion* suffer me to die, with gazing at thee.

End. *Eumenides*, thy friendship is immortall, and not to be conceiued, and thy good will *Floscula*, better then *I* haue deserued. But let vs all waite on *Cynthia*: *I* maruell *Semele* speaketh not a word.

Eum. Because if shee doe, shee loseth her tongue.

End. But how prospereth your loue?

Eum. *I* neuer yet spake word since your sleepe.

End. *I* doubt not but your affection is old, and your appetite cold.

Eum. No *Endimion*, thine hath made it stronger, and now are my sparkes growne to flames, and my fancies almost to frenzies: but let vs follow, and within we will debate all this matter at large.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus. Scæna secunda.

Sir Tophas, Epiton.

Tophas. *Epi*, Loue hath iustled my liber-

libertie from the wall, and taken the vpper hand of my reason.

Epi. Let mee then trip vp the heeles of your affection, and thrust your good will into the gutter.

Tophas. No *Epi*, Loue is a Lord of misrule, and keepeth Christmas in my corps.

Epi. No doubt there is good cheere: what dishes of delight doth his Lordship feast you with withall?

Tophas. First, with a great platter of plum-porridge of pleasure, wherein is stued the mutton of mistrust.

Epi, Excellent loue lap.

Tophas. Then commeth a Pye of patience, a Hen of honey, a Goose of gall, a Capon of care, and many other Viands, some sweet, and some sowre, which proueth loue to bee as it was said of, in olde yeeres, *Dulce venenum.*

Epi. A braue banquet.

Tophas. But *Epi.* I pray thee feele on my chinne, some thing pricketh me. What doest thou feele or see.

Epi. There are three or foure little haires.

Tophas. I pray thee call it my beard, how ſhall I be troubled, when this yong ſpring ſhall grow to a great wood?

Epi. O, ſir, your chinne is but a quyller yet, you will be moſt maieſticall when it is full fledge. But I maruell that you loue *Dipſas* that old Crone.

Tophas. Agnoſco veteris veſtigia flammæ, I lone the ſmoke of an old fire.

Epi. Why ſhe is ſo cold, that no fire can thawe her thoughts.

Tophas. It is an olde Gooſe *Epi*, that will eate no oates, old Kine will kicke, old Rats gnaw cheeſe, and olde ſackes will haue much patching: I preferre an olde Cony before a Rabbet ſucker, and an ancient Henne before a young Chicken peeper.

Epi. Argumentum ab antiquitate, My maſter loueth anticke worke.

Tophas. Giue mee á Pippin that is withered like an old wife.

Epi. Good ſir.

Tophas. Then, *à contrario ſequitur argumentum.* Giue me a wife that lookes like an old Pippin.

Epi. Nothing hath made my maſter

a Foole, but flat Schollerſhip.

Tophas. Knoweſt thou not that olde wine is beſt?

Epi. Yes.

Tophas. And thou knoweſt that like will to like?

Epi. I.

Tophas. And thou knoweſt that *Venus* loued the beſt Wine.

Epi. So.

Tophas. Then I conclude, that *Venus* was an old woman in an old cup of wine. For, *eſt* Venus *in vinis, ignis in igne fuit.*

Epi. O lepidum caput, O mad cap maſter! You were worthy to winne *Dipſas*, were ſhee as olde againe, for in your loue, you haue worne the nap of your wit quite off, and made it thred-bare. But ſoft, who comes heere?

Tophas. My ſolicitors.

Sam. All haile ſir *Tophas*, how feele you your ſelfe?

Tophas. Stately in euery ioynt, which the common people terme ſtiffneſſe. Doth *Dipſas* ſtoope? will ſhee yield? will ſhe bend?

Dares. O ſir as much as you would

wiſh, for her chin almoſt toucheth her knees.

Epi. Maſter, ſhee is bent I warrant you.

Tophas. What conditions doth ſhee aske?

Samias. Shee hath vowed ſhe will neuer loue any that hath not a tooth in his head leſſe then ſhe.

Tophas. How many hath ſhe?

Dares. One.

Epi. That goeth hard Maſter, for then you muſt haue none.

Tophas. A ſmall requeſt, and agreeable to the grauitie of her yeeres. What ſhould a wiſeman doe with his mouth full of bones like a Charnell houſe. The Turtle true hath nere a tooth.

Samias. Thy maſter is in a notable vaine, that will looſe his teeth to be like a Turtle.

Epi. Let him looſe his tongue too, I care not.

Dares. Nay, you muſt alſo haue no nailes, for ſhe long ſince hath caſt hers.

Tophas. That I yeeld to, what a quiet life ſhall *Dipſas* and I leade, when we can nei-

neither bite nor ſcratch? You may ſee youthes, how age prouides for peace.

Samias. How ſhall wee doe to make him leaue his loue, for wee neuer ſpake to her?

Dares. Let me alone. Shee is a notable Witch, and hath turned her maide *Bagoa* to an Aſpen tree, for bewraying her ſecrets.

Tophas. I honour her for her cunning, for now when I am wearie of walking on two legs, what a pleaſure may ſhe doe me to turne mee to ſome goodly Aſſe, and helpe me to foure.

Dares. Nay, then I muſt tell you the troth, her husband *Geron* is come home, who this fiftie yeeres hath had her to Wife.

Tophas. What doe I heare? Hath ſhee an husband? Goe to the Sexton, and tell him Deſire is dead, and will him to digge his graue. O Heauens, an Husband? What death is agreeable to my fortune?

Samias. Be not deſperate, and we wil helpe you to find a young Ladie.

Tophas. I loue no griſſels they are ſo

brittle, they will cracke like glaſſe, or ſo daintie, that if they be touched, they are ſtraight of the faſhion of Waxe: *Animus maioribus inſtat.* I deſire old Matrons. What a ſight would it be to embrace one whoſe haire were as orient as the Pearle? whoſe teeth ſhall be ſo pure a watchet, that they ſhall ſtaine the trueſt Turkis? whoſe noſe ſhal threw more beames from it then the fiery Carbuncle? whoſe eies ſhal be enuironed about with redneſſe exceeding the deepeſt Corall? And whoſe lips might compare with ſiluer for the paleneſſe? Such a one if you can helpe mee to, *I* will by peece-meale curtall my affections towards *Dipſas*, and walke my ſwelling thoughts till they becold.

Epi. Wiſely prouided. How ſay you my friends, will you angle for my Maſters cauſe?

Samias. Moſt willingly.

Dares. If wee ſpeed him not ſhortly, I will burne my cap, wee will ſerue him of the ſpades, and digge an old wife out of the graue, that ſhall be anſwerable to his grauitie.

Top. Youthes adiew; hee that bringeth me

me first newes, shall possesse mine inheritance.

Dares. What, is thy Master landed?

Epi. Know you not that my Master is *Liber tenens?*

Sam. What's that?

Epi. A Free-holder. But *I* will after him.

Sam. And we to heare what newes of *Endimion* for the conclusion. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus. Scæna tertia.

Panelion, Zontes.

Pane. Who would haue thought that *Tellus* being so faire by nature, so honorable by birth, so wise by education; would haue entred into a mischiefe to the gods so odious, to men so detestable, and to her friend so malicious.

Zontes. If *Bagoa* had not bewrayed it, how then should it haue come to light? But wee see that Gold and faire words, are of force to corrupt the strongest men; And therefore able to worke silly women like Waxe.

Pane. *I* marueil what *Cynthia* will determine in this cause.

Zon. If eare as in all cauſes, heare of it in iuſtice, and then iudge of it in mercy; for how can it be that ſhee that is vnwilling to puniſh her deadlieſt foes with diſgrace, will reuenge iniuries of her traine with death.

Panelion. That old Witch *Dipſas* in a rage, hauing vnderſtood her practice to be diſcouered, turned poore *Bagoa* to an Aſpen tree, but let vs make haſt and bring *Tellus* before *Cynthia*, for ſhe was comming out after vs.

Zontes. Let vs goe.

Exeunt.

Cynthia, Semele, Floſcula, Dipſas, Endimion, Eumenides.

Cynthia. *Dipſas*, thy yeeres are not ſo many as thy vices, yet more in number then commonly nature doth affoord, or iuſtice ſhould permit. Haſt thou almoſt theſe fifty yeeres practiſed that deteſted wickedneſſe of witchcraft? Waſt thou ſo ſimple, as for to know the nature of Simples, of all creatures to bee moſt ſinfull?

Thou

Thou haſt threatned to turne my courſe awry, and alter by thy damnable Art, the gouernment that I now poſſeſſe by the eternall Gods. But know thou *Dipſas*, and let all the Enchanters know, that *Cynthia* being placed for light on earth; is alſo protected by the powers of Heauen. Breath out thou mayeſt words, gather thou mayeſt hearbs, find out thou mayeſt ſtones agreeable to thine Art, yet of no force to appall my heart, in which courage is ſo rooted, and conſtant perſwaſion of the mercie of the Gods ſo grounded, that all thy Witchcraft I eſteeme as weake, as the World doth thy caſe wretched.

This noble Gentleman *Geron*, once thy husband, but now thy mortall hate, didſt thou procure to liue in a Deſert, almoſt deſperate. *Endimion* the flowre of my Court, and the hope of ſucceeding time, haſt thou bewitched by Art, before thou wouldeſt ſuffer him to flouriſh by nature.

Dipſas. Madame, things paſt may be repented, not recalled: there is nothing ſo wicked that I haue not done, nor any

thing ſo wiſhed for as death. Yet among all the things that *I* committed, there is nothing ſo much tormenteth my rented and ranſackt thoughts, as that in the prime of my husbands youth, *I* diuorced him by my deuilliſh Art, for which, if to die might be amends, *I* would not liue till to morrow. If to liue and ſtill be more miſerable would better content him, *I* would wiſh of all creatures to be oldeſt and vglieſt.

Geron. Dipſas, Thou haſt made this difference betweene mee and *Endimion*, that being both young, thou haſt cauſed mee to wake in melancholy, loſing the ioyes of my youth, and him to ſleepe, not remembring youth.

Cynth. Stay, here commeth *Tellus*, we ſhall now know all.

Enter Corſites, Tellus, Panelion, &c.

Corſites. I would to *Cynthia* thou couldeſt make as good an excuſe in truth, as to me thou haſt done by wit.

Tellus Truth ſhall be mine anſwere, & therefore I will not ſtudie for an excuſe.

Cynth. Is it poſſible *Tellus*, that ſo

few

few yeeres ſhould harbour ſo many miſchiefes? Thy ſwelling pride haue I borne, becauſe it is a thing that beauty maketh blamcleſſe, which the more it exceedeth faireneſſe in meaſure, the more it ſtretcheth it ſelfe in diſdaine. Thy deuiſes againſt *Corſites* I ſmile at, for that wits, the ſharper they are, the ſhrewder they are. But this vnacquainted & moſt vnnaturall practice with a vile Enchauntreſſe againſt ſo noble a Gentleman as *Endimion*, I abhorre, as a thing moſt malicious, and will reuenge, as a deed moſt monſtrous.

And as for you *Dipſas*, I will ſend you into the Deſert amongſt wilde beaſts, and try whether you can caſt Lions, Tygres, Bores, and Beares, into as dead a ſleepe as you did *Endimion*, or turn them to trees, as you haue done *Bagoa*. But tell me *Tellus*, what was the cauſe of this cruell part, farre vnfitting thy ſexe, in which nothing ſhould be but ſimpleneſſe: and much diſagreeing from thy face, in which nothing ſeemed to be but ſoftneſſe.

Tel. Diuine *Cynthia*, by whom I receiue my life, and am content to end it; I can neither excuſe my fault without lying, nor con-

confeſſe it without ſhame; Yet were it poſſible that in ſo heauenly thoughts as yours, there could fall ſuch earthly motions as mine, I would then hope, if not to be pardoned without extreme puniſhment, yet to be heard without great maruell.

Cynthia. Say on *Tellus*, I cannot imagine any thing that can colour ſuch a crueltie.

Tellus. *Endimion*, that *Endimion* in the prime of his youth, ſo rauiſht my heart with loue, that to obtaine my deſires, I could not find meanes, nor to recite them reaſon.

What was ſhe that fauoured not *Endimion*, being young, wiſe, honourable, and vertuous; beſides, what metall was ſhe made of (be ſhee mortall) that is not affected with the ſpice, nay, infected with the poyſon of that (not to be expreſſed, yet alwayes to be felt) Loue? which breaketh the braines, and neuer bruſeth the brow: conſumeth the heart, and neuer toucheth the skinne: and maketh a deepe skarre to bee ſeene, before any wound at all be felt. My hart too tẽder to withſtand

ſuch

fuch a diuine furie, yeelded to Loue. Madame I not without bluſhing confeſſe, yeelded to Loue.

Cynth. A ſtrange effect of loue, to worke ſuch an extreme hate. How ſay you *Endimion*, all this was for loue?

End. I ſay Madam then the Gods ſend me a womans hate.

Cynth. That were as bad, for then by contrarie you ſhould neuer ſleepe. But on *Tellus*, let vs heare the end.

Tellus Feeling a continuall burning in all my bowels, and a burſting almoſt in euery veine, I could not ſmoother the inward fire, but it muſt needs be perceiued by the outward ſmoke, and by the flying abroad of diuers ſparkes, diuers iudged of my ſcalding flames.

Endimion as full of art as wit, marking mine eyes, (in which he might ſee almoſt his owne,) my ſighes, by which he might euer heare his name ſounded, aimed at my heart, in which he was aſſured his perſon was imprinted, and by queſtions wrung out that, which was readie to burſt out. When he ſaw the depth of my affections, hee ſware, that mine in reſpect of his

were

were as fumes to *Ætna*, Valleyes to Alpes, Ants to Eagles, and nothing could be compared to my beautie but his loue, and eternitie. Thus drawing a ſmoothſhoe vpon a crooked foot, he made mee beleeue, that (which all of our ſexe willingly acknowledge) I was beautifull. And to wonder, (which indeed is a thing miraculous) that any of his ſexe ſhould be faithfull.

Cynthia. Endimion, how will you cleere your ſelfe?

Endimion. Madame, by mine owne accuſer.

Cynthia. Well *Tellus* proceed, but briefly, leaſt taking delight in vttering thy loue, thou offend vs with the length of it.

Tellus. I will Madame quickly make an end of my loue and my tale. Finding continuall increaſe of my tormenting thoughts, and that the enioying of my loue, made deeper wounds then the entring into it. I could finde no meanes to eaſe my griefe, but to follow *Endimion*, and continually to haue him in the obiect of mine eyes, who had

mee

mee ſlaue and ſubiect to his loue.

But in the moment that I feared his falſhood, and fried my ſelfe moſt in mine affections, I found, (ah griefe, euen then I loſt my ſelfe.) I found him in moſt melancholy and deſperate tearmes, curſing his ſtarres, his ſtate, the earth, the Heauens, the World, and all for the loue of——

Cynth. Of whom? *Tellus* ſpeake boldly.

Tellus. Madame, I dare not vtter for feare to offend.

Cynth. Speake I ſay; who dare take offence, if thou be commanded by *Cynthia?*

Tellus. For the loue of *Cynthia.*

Cynthia. For my loue *Tellus*, that were ſtrange. *Endimion* is it true?

End. In all things Madame. *Tellus* doth not ſpeake falſe.

Cynth. What will this breed to in the end? Well *Endimion*, we ſhall heare all.

Tel. I ſeeing my hopes turned to miſhaps, & a ſetled diſſembling towards me, and an vnmoueable deſire to *Cynthia*, forgetting both my ſelfe & my ſex, fell vnto this vnnatural hate; for knowing your vertues *Cynthia* to be immortall, I could not

haue

haue an imagination to withdraw him. And finding mine owne affections vnquenchable, I could not carrie the minde that any elſe ſhould poſſeſſe what I had purſued. For though in maieſtie, beautie, vertue, and dignitie, I alwayes humbled and yeelded my ſelfe to *Cynthia*, yet in affections, I eſteemed my ſelfe equall with the Goddeſſes, and all other creatures according to their ſtates with my ſelfe. For ſtarres to their bigneſſe haue their lights, and the Sunne hath no more. And little pitchers when they can hold no more, are as full as great veſſels that run ouer. Thus Madame in all truth, haue I vttered the vnhappineſſe of my loue, and the cauſe of my hate, yeelding wholy to that diuine iudgement which neuer erred for want of wiſdome, or enuied for too much partialitie.

Cynthia. How ſay you my Lords to this matter? But what ſay you *Endimion*, hath *Tellus* told troth?

End. Madame in all things, but in that ſhe ſaid I loued her, and ſwore to honour her.

Cynthia. Was there ſuch a time when

as for my loue thou didſt vow thy ſelfe to death, and in reſpect of it loth'd thy life? ſpeake *Endimion*, I will not reuenge it with hate.

End. The time was Madame, and is, and euer ſhall be that I honoured your Highneſſe aboue all the World, but to ſtretch it ſo farre as to call it loue, I neuer durſt. There hath none pleaſed mine eye but *Cynthia*, none delighted mine eares but *Cynthia*, none poſſeſſed my heart but *Cynthia*. I haue forſaken all other fortunes to follow *Cynthia*, and heere I ſtand readie to die if it pleaſe *Cynthia*. Such a difference hath the gods ſet betweene our States, that all muſt be dutie, loyaltie, and reuerence, nothing (without it vouchſafe your Highneſſe) be termed loue. My vnſpotted thoughts, my languiſhing bodie, my diſcontented life, let them obtaine by Princely fauour that, which to challenge they muſt not preſume, onely wiſhing of impoſſibilities: with imagination of which, I will ſpend my ſpirits, and to my ſelfe that no creature may heare, ſoftly call it loue. And if any vrge to vtter what I whiſper, then will I name it ho-

nour.

nour. From this ſweet contemplation if I be not driuen, I ſhall liue of all men the moſt content, taking more pleaſure in mine aged thoughts, then euer I did in my youthfull actions.

Cyn. Endimion, this honorable reſpect of thine, ſhall be chriſtned loue in thee, and my reward for it, fauour. Perſeuer *Endimion* in louing mee, and I account more ſtrength in a true heart, then in a walled Citie. I haue laboured to win all, and ſtudie to keepe ſuch as I haue wonne, but thoſe that neither my fauor can moue to continue conſtant, nor my offered benefits get to be faithfull, the Gods ſhall either reduce to truth, or reuenge their trecheries with iuſtice. *Endimion* continue as thou haſt begun, and thou ſhalt find that *Cynthia* ſhineth not on thee in vaine.

End. Your Highneſſe hath bleſſed me, and your words haue againe reſtored my youth: me thinks I feele my ioynts ſtrong, and theſe mouldy haires to molt, and all by your vertue *Cynthia*, into whoſe hands the Ballance that weigheth time and fortune, are committed.

Cynth. What young againe? then it is pitie to puniſh *Tellus*. *Tel-*

Tellus. Ah *Endimion*, now I know thee and aske pardon of thee: ſuffer mee ſtill to wiſh thee well.

End. Tellus, *Cynthia* muſt command what ſhe will.

Floſ. Endimion, I reioyce to ſee thee in thy former eſtate.

End. Good *Floſcula*, to thee alſo am I in my former affections.

Eum. Endimion, the comfort of my life, how am I rauiſhed with a ioy matchleſſe, ſauing onely the enioying of my miſtris.

Cynth. Endimion, you muſt now tell who *Eumenides* ſhrineth for his Saint.

End. Semele Madame,

Cynth. Semele Eumenides? is it *Semele?* the very waſpe of all women, whoſe tongue ſtingeth as much as an Adders tooth?

Eum. It is *Semele*, *Cynthia:* the poſſeſſing of whoſe loue, muſt only prolong my life.

Cynth. Nay ſith *Endimion* is reſtored, we will haue all parties pleaſed. *Semele*, are you content after ſo long trial of his faith, ſuch rare ſecrecie, ſuch vnſpotted loue, to take *Eumenides?* Why ſpeake you not? Not a word? *End.*

End. Silence Madame consents: that is most true.

Cynth. It is true *Endimion*. *Eumenides*, take *Semele*. Take her *I* say.

Eum. Humble thankes Madame, now onely doe *I* begin to liue.

Semele. A hard choice Madame, either to be married if *I* say nothing, or to lose my tongue if *I* speake a word. Yet doe *I* rather choose to haue my tongue cut out, then my heart distempered: *I* will not haue him.

Cynth. Speakes the Parrat? shee shall nod hereafter with signes: cut off her tongue, nay, her head, that hauing a seruant of honourable birth, honest manners, and true loue, will not be perswaded.

Semele. He is no faithfull Louer Madame, for then woud hee haue asked his Mistris.

Geron. Had he not beene faithfull, he had neuer seene into the fountaine, and so lost his friend and Mistris.

Eum. Thine owne thoughts sweet *Semele*, witnesse against thy words, for what hast thou found in my life but loue? and as yet what haue I found in my loue but

but bitterneſſe? Madame pardon *Semele*, and let my tongue ranſome hers.

Cynth. Thy tongue *Eumenides?* what ſhouldſt thou liue wanting a tongue to blaze the beautie of *Semele?* Well *Semele*, *I* will not command loue, for it cannot be enforced: let me entreat it.

Semele. *I* am content your Highneſſe ſhall command, for now only doe *I* think *Eumenides* faithfull, that is willing to loſe his tongue for my ſake: yet loth, becauſe it ſhould doe me better ſeruice. Madame, *I* accept of *Eumenides*.

Cynth. *I* thanke you *Semele*.

Eum. Ah happie *Eumenides*, that haſt a friend ſo faithfull, and a miſtris ſo faire: with what ſodaine miſchiefe wil the gods haunt this exceſſe of ioy? Sweet *Semele*, I liue or die as thou wilt.

Cynth. What ſhall become of *Tellus?* *Tellus* you know *Endimion* is vowed to a ſeruice, from which death cannot remoue him. *Corſites* caſteth ſtill a louely looke towards you, how ſay you? Will you haue your *Corſites*, and ſo receiue pardon for all that is paſt?

Tellus. Madame moſt willingly.

Cynth.

Cynth. But *I* cannot tell whether *Corsites* be agreed.

Corsites. *I* Madame more happie to enioy *Tellus* then the Monarchie of the World.

Eum. Why she caused you to be pincht with Fairies.

Cor. I but her faireneſſe hath pinched my heart more deeply.

Cynth. Well enioy thy loue. But what haue you wrought in the Caſtle *Tellus?*

Tellus. Onely the picture of *Endimion.*

Cynthia. Then ſo much of *Endimion* as his picture commeth to, poſſeſſe and play withall.

Corsites. Ah my ſweet *Tellus*, my loue ſhall be as thy beautie is, matchleſſe.

Cynthia. Now it reſteth *Dipſas*, that if thou wilt forſweare that vile Art of Enchanting, *Geron* hath promiſed againe to receiue thee, otherwiſe if thou be wedded to that wickedneſſe, I muſt and will ſee it puniſhed to the vttermoſt.

Dipſas. Madame, I renounce both ſubſtance and ſhadow of that moſt horrible and hatefull trade, vowing to the Gods continuall penance, and to your Highnes obedience.

Cynthia

Cynthia. How ſay you *Geron*, will you admit her to your Wife?

Geron. I with more ioy then I did the firſt day: for nothing could happen to make me happy, but onely her forſaking that leude and deteſtable courſe. *Dipſas* I imbrace thee.

Dipſas. And I thee *Geron*, to whom I will hereafter recite the cauſe of theſe my firſt follies.

Cynthia. Well *Endimion*, nothing reſteth now but that wee depart. Thou haſt my fauour, *Tellus* her friend, *Eumenides* in Paradiſe with his *Semele*, *Geron* contented with *Dipſas*.

Sir *Tophas.* Nay ſoft, I cannot handſomely goe to bed without *Bagoa*.

Cynthia. Well Sir *Tophas*, it may be there are more vertues in me then my ſelfe knoweth of, for I awaked *Endimion*, and at my words he waxed young, I will trie whether I can turne this tree againe to thy true loue.

Tophas. Turne her to a true loue or falſe, ſo ſhee bee a Wench I care not.

Cynthia. Bagoa, Cynthia putteth an end

to

to thy hard fortunes, for being turned to a tree for reuealing a truth, I will recouer thee againe, if in my power be the effect of truth.

Tophas. Bagoa? a bots vpon thee.

Cynth. Come my Lords let vs in, you *Gyptes* and *Pythagoras*, if you cannot content your selues in our Court, to fall from vaine follies of Philosophers, to such vertues as are here practised, you shall be entertained according to your deserts, for *Cynthia* is no step-mother to strangers.

Pytha. I had rather in *Cynthias* Court spend ten yeeres, then in Greece one houre.

Gyptes. And *I* chuse rather to liue by the sight of *Cynthia*, then by the possessing of all Egypt.

Cynthia. Then follow.

Eum. We all attend.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

The Epilogue.

A Man walking abroad, the wind and Sun ſtroue for ſoueraignty, the one with his blaſt, the other with his beames. The wind blew hard, the man wrapped his garment about him harder: it bluſtred more ſtrongly, he then girt it faſt to him: I cannot preuaile, ſaid the wind. The Sun caſting her Chriſtall beames, began to warme the man: hee vnloſed his gowne. yet it ſhined brighter: he then put it off. I yeeld ſaid the wind for if thou continue ſhining, he will alſo put off his coate.

Dread Soueraigne, the malicious that ſeeke to ouerthrow vs with threats, doe but ſtiffen our thoughts, and make them ſturdier in ſtormes: but if your Highneſſe vouchſafe with your fauourable beames to glance vpon vs, wee ſhall not only ſtoope, but with all humilitie, lay both our hands and hearts, at your Maieſties feet.

CAMPASPE

Played before the Queenes Maiestie on *Twelfe* day at Night:

By her MAIESTIES Children, and the Children of *Paules.*



LONDON,
Printed by *William Stansby*,
for *Edward Blount*.
1632.



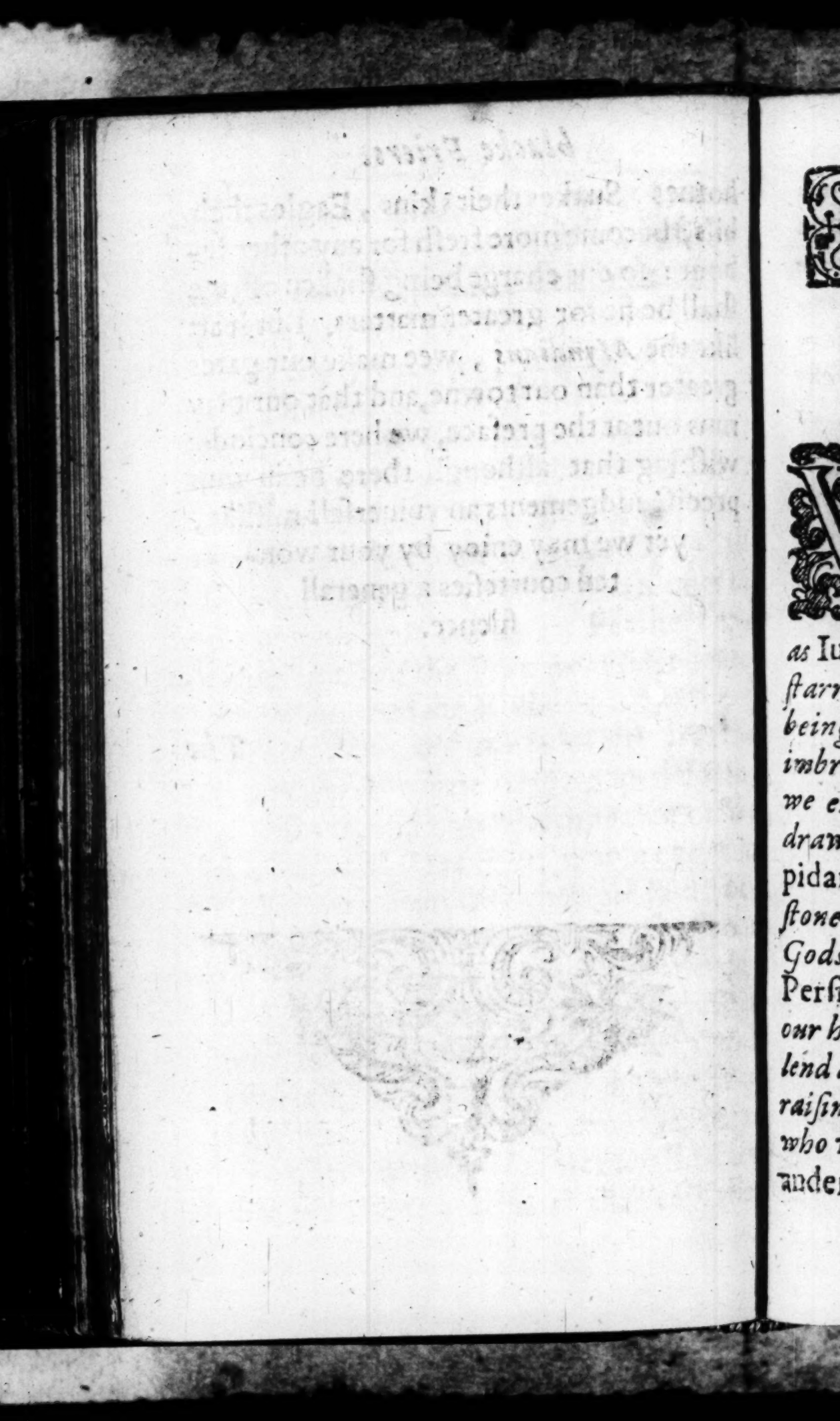
THE PROLOGVE AT *the blacke Friers.*

THey that feare the ſtinging of Waſpes make fannes of Peacocks tailes, whoſe ſpots are like eyes. And *Lepidus*, which could not ſleepe for the chattering of birds, ſet vp a beaſt, whoſe head was like a Dragon: and wee which ſtand in awe of report, are compelled to ſet before our Owle, *Pallas* ſhield, thinking by her vertue to cover the others deformity. It was a ſigne of famine to *Egypt*, when *Nylus* flowed leſſe than twelue Cubites, or more than eighteene: and it may threaten deſpaire to vs, if wee bee leſſe courteous than you looke for, or more cumberſome. But *Theſeus* being promiſed to be brought in an Eagles neſt, and trauailing all the day, found but a Wren in a hedge, yet ſaid,

this is a bird: ſo we hope, if the ſhower of our ſwelling mountaine ſeeme to bring forth ſome Elephant, performe but a Mouſe, you will gently ſay, this is a beaſt? *Baſill* ſoftly touched, yieldeth a ſweete ſent, but chafed in the hand, a ranke ſauour. We feare euen ſo that our labours ſlily glanced on, will breed ſome content, but examined to the proofe, ſmall commendation. The haſte in performing ſhall be our excuſe. There went two nights to the begetting of *Hercules*. Feathers appeare not on the Phœnix vnder ſeuen moneths, and the Mulberie is twelue in budding: but our trauailes are like the Hares, who at one time bringeth forth, nouriſheth, and engendreth againe, or like the brood of *Trochilus*, whoſe egges in the ſame moment that they are laid, become birds. But howſoeuer we finiſh our Worke, we craue pardon if we offend in matter, and patience if wee tranſgreſſe in manners. Wee haue mixed mirth with councell, and diſcipline with delight, thinking it not amiſſe in the ſame Garden to ſow pot-hearbes, that wee ſet flowers. But wee hope, as Harts that caſt their horne

hornes, Snakes their skins, Eagles their bils, become more fresh for any other labour: so our charge being shaken off, we shall be fit for greater matters. But least like the *Myndians*, wee make our gates greater than our towne, and that our play runs out at the preface, we here conclude: wishing that although there be in your precise iudgements an vniuersall mislike, yet we may enioy by your wonted courtesies a generall silence.

The



The Prologue at the Court.

WE *are ashamed that our Bird, which fluttereth by twilight seeming a Swan, should bee proued a Bat set against the Sun. But as* Iupiter *placed* Silenus *Asse among the starres, &* Alcibiades *couered his pictures being Owles and Apes, with a curtaine imbroidered with Lions and Eagles, so are we enforced vpon a rough discourse, to draw on a smooth excuse, resembling* Lapidaries, *who thinke to hide the cracke in a stone by setting it deepe in Gold. The Gods supped once with poore* Baucis, *the* Persian *Kings sometimes shaued stickes: our hope is your Highnesse wil at this time lend an eare to an idle pastime.* Appion *raising* Homer *from hell, demanded only who was his father, and we calling* Alexander *from his graue, seeke only who was his*

his loue. Whatsoeuer wee present, we wish it may be thought the dancing of Agrippa *his shadowes, who in the moment they were seene, were of any shape one would conceiue: or* Lynces, *who hauing a quicke sight to discerne, haue a short memory to forget. With vs it is like to fare, as with these torches which giuing light to others, consume themselues: and we shewing delight to others shame our selues.*

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Clitus, Parmenio; Timoclea, Campaſpe. Alexander, Hepheſtion.

Clyt. RArmenio, I cannot tell whether I ſhould more commend in *Alexanders* victories, courage, or courteſie, in the one being a reſolution without feare, in the other a liberalitie aboue cuſtome: *Thebes* is razed, the people not racked, towers throwne downe, bodies not thruſt aſide, a conqueſt without conflict, and a cruell warre in a milde peace.

Parme. Clytus, it becommeth the ſonne of *Philip*, to bee none other than *Alexander* is: therefore ſeeing in the father a full perfection, who could haue doubted in the ſonne an excellency? For

as

as the Moone can borrow nothing elſe of the Sunne but light, ſo of a Sire, in whom nothing but vertue was, what could the childe receiue but ſingular? It is for Turkies to ſtaine each other, not for Diamonds, in the one to bee made a difference in goodneſſe, in the other no compariſon.

Clytus. You miſtake mee *Parmenio*, if whileſt I commend *Alexander*, you imagine I call *Philip* into queſtion, vnleſſe happily you coniecture (which none of iudgement will conceiue) that becauſe I like the fruit, therefore I heaue at the tree, or coueting to kiſſe the childe, I therefore goe about to poyſon the teat.

Parme. I but *Clytus*, I peceiue you are borne in the Eaſt, and neuer laugh but at the Sunne riſing, which argueth though a dutie where you ought, yet no great deuotion where you might.

Clytus. We will make no controuerſie of that which there ought to be no queſtion, onely this ſhall be the opinion of vs both, that none was worthy to be the father of *Alexander* but *Philip*, nor any meete to be the ſonne of *Philip* but *Alexander*.

Par-

Parme. Soft *Clytus*, behold the ſpoiles and priſoners, a pleaſant ſight to vs, becauſe profit is ioyned with honour, not much painfull to them, beeauſe their captiuitie is eaſed by mercie.

Timo. Fortune, thou didſt neuer yet deceiue vertue, becauſe vertue neuer yet did truſt fortune. Sword & fire will neuer get ſpoyle, where wiſdome and fortitude beares ſway. O *Thebes*, thy wals were raiſed by the ſweetneſſe of the Harpe, but raſed by the ſhrilnes of the Trumpet. *Alexander* had neuer come ſo neer the wals, had *Epaminondas* walkt about the wals: and yet might the *Thebanes* haue beene merry in their ſtreets, if hee had beene to watch their towers. But deſtinie is ſeldome foreſeene, neuer preuented. We are here now captiues, whoſe neckes are yoaked by force, but whoſe hearts cannot yeeld by death. Come *Campaſpe* and the reſt, let vs not be aſhamed to caſt our eyes on him, on whom we feared not to caſt our darts.

Parme. Madame, you need not doubt, it is *Alexander*, that is the Conquerour.

Timo.

Timo. *Alexander* hath ouercome, not conquered.

Parme. To bring all vnder his ſubiection is to conquer.

Timo. He cannot ſubdue that which is diuine.

Parme. *Thebes* was not.

Timo. Vertue is.

Clytus. *Alexander* as hee tendreth vertue, ſo hee will you, hee drinketh not bloud, but thirſteth after honour, hee is greedie of victorie, but neuer ſatisfied with mercie. In fight terrible, as becommeth a Captaine, in conqueſt milde, as beſeemeth a King. In all things than which nothing can be greater, hee is *Alexander.*

Campaſ. Then if it be ſuch a thing to be *Alexander*, I hope it ſhall be no miſerable thing to be a Virgin. For if hee ſaue our honours, it is more than to reſtore our goods. And rather doe I wiſh he preſerue our fame than our liues, which if he doe, we will confeſſe there can be no greater thing than to be *Alexander.*

Alex. *Clytus*, are theſe priſoners? of whence theſe ſpoiles?

Clyt.

Clyt. Like your Maiestie, they are prisoners, and of *Thebes.*

Alex. Of what calling or reputation?

Clyt. I know not, but they seeme to be Ladies of honour.

Alex. I will know: Madam, of whence you are I know, but who, I cannot tell.

Timo. Alexander, I am the sister of *Theagines,* who fought a battell with thy father, before the Citie of *Chyeronte,* where he died, I say which none can gainsay, valiantly.

Alex. Lady, there seeme in your words sparkes of your brothers deedes, but worser fortune in your life than his death: but feare not, for you shall liue without violence, enemies, or necessitie: but what are you faire Ladie, another sister to *Theagines?*

Campas. No sister to *Theagines,* but an humble handmaid to *Alexander,* born of a meane parentage, but to extreme fortune.

Alex. Well Ladies, for so your vertues shew you, whatsoeuer your births be, you shall be honorably entreated. *Athens*

shall

ſhall be your *Thebes* and you ſhall not be as abiects of warre, but as ſubiects to *Alexander*. *Parmenio*, conduct theſe honourable Ladies into the Citie, charge the ſouldiers not ſo much as in words to offer them any offence, and let all wants bee ſupplied ſo farre forth as ſhall be neceſſarie for ſuch perſons and my priſoners.

Exeunt Parme. & captiui.

Hepheſtion. It reſteth now that wee haue as great care to gouerne in peace, as conquer in Warre: that whileſt armes ceaſe, Arts may flouriſh, and ioyning letters with launces wee endeuour to bee as good Philoſophers as ſouldiers, knowing it no leſſe prayſe to bee wiſe, than commendable to be valiant.

Hepheſt. Your Maieſtie therein ſheweth that you haue as great deſire to rule as to ſubdue; and needs muſt that Commonwealth be fortunate, whoſe Captaine is a Philoſopher, and whoſe Philoſopher a Captaine.

Exeunt.

Actus

Actus primus. Scæna secunda.

Manes, Granichus, Psyllus.

Manes. I serue in stead of a Master, a Mouse, whose house is a tub, whose dinner is a crust, and whose bed is a boord.

Psyllus. Then art thou in a state of life, which Philosophers commend. A crum for thy supper, an hand for thy cup, and thy clothes for thy sheets. For *Natura paucis contenta.*

Grani. Manes, it is pitie so proper a man should be cast away vpon a Philosopher: but that *Diogenes* that dogge should haue *Manes* that Dog-bolt, it gricueth nature and spiteth Art: the one hauing found thee so dissolute, absolute I would say, in bodie, the other so single singular in minde.

Manes. Are you merry, it is a signe by the trip of your tongue, and the toyes of your head, that you haue done that to day, which I haue not done these three dayes.

Psyllus. Whats that?

Manes.

Manes. Dined.

Grani. I thinke *Diogenes* keepes but cold cheare.

Manes. I would it were ſo, but hee keepeth neither hot nor cold.

Grani. What then, luke warme? That made *Manes* runne from his Maſter the laſt day.

Pſyllus *Manes* had reaſon: for his name foretold as much.

Manes. My name: how ſo ſir boy?

Pſyllus. You know that it is called *Mons*, *à Mouendo*, becauſe it ſtands ſtill.

Manes. Good.

Pſyllus. And thou art named *Manes*, *à Manendo*, becauſe thou runneſt away.

Manes. Paſſing reaſons, I did not run away, but retire.

Pſyllus. To a priſon, becauſe thou wouldſt haue leiſure to contemplate.

Manes. I will proue that my bodie was immortall: becauſe it was in priſon.

Grani. As how?

Manes. Did your Maſters neuer teach you, that the ſoule is immortall?

Grani. Yes.

Manes.

Manes. And the bodie is the priſon of the ſoule.

Grani. True.

Manes Why then, ſ this to make my body immortall, I put it in priſon.

Grani. Oh bad.

Pſyllus Excellent ill.

Manes You may ſee how dull a faſting wit is: therefore *Pſyllus* let vs goe to ſupper with *Granichus*: *Plato* is the beſt fellow of all Philoſophers. Giue me him that reades in the morning in the ſchoole, and at noone in the kitchin.

Pſyllus And me.

Grani. Ah ſirs, my maſter is a king in his parlour for the body: and a God in his ſtudie for the ſoule. Among all his men he commendeth one that is an excellent Muſition, then ſtand I by and clap another on the ſhoulder and ſay, this is a paſſing good Cooke.

Manes It is well done *Granichus*, for giue mee pleaſure that goes in at the mouth, not the eare, I had rather fill my guts, than my braines.

Pſyllus I ſerue *Apelles*, who feedeth mee, as *Diogenes* doth *Manes*, for at dinner

dinner the one preacheth abſtinence, the other commendeth counterfaiting: when I would eat meate, he paints ſpit, and when I thirſt, O ſaith he, is not this a faire pot, and pointes to a table which containes the banquet of the Gods, where are many diſhes to feed the eye, but not to fill the gut.

Grani. What doeſt, thou then?

Pſyllus This doth hee then bring in many examples that ſome haue liued by ſauours, and proueth that much eaſier it is to fat by colours, and telles of birdes that haue beene fatted by painted grapes in winter: and how many haue ſo fed their eyes with their miſtreſſe picture, that they neuer deſired to take food, being glutted with the delight in their ſauours. Then doth he ſhew me counterfeites, ſuch as haue ſurfeited with their filthy and lothſome vomites, and with the riotous Bacchanalls of the God *Bacchus*, and his diſorderly crew, which are painted all to the life in his ſhop. To conclude, I fare hardly, though I goe richly, which maketh me when I ſhould begin to ſhadow a Ladies face, to draw a Lambs

Lambs head, and ſometime to ſet to the body of a maid, a ſhoulder of mutton: for *Semper animus meus eſt in patinis.*

Manes Thou art a God to mee: for could I ſee but a Cookes ſhop painted, I would make mine eyes fatte as butter. For I haue nought but ſentences to fill my maw, as *plures occidit crapula quam gladius: muſa ieiunantibus amica:* repletion killeth delicatly: and an old ſaw of abſtinence, *Socrates:* The belly is the heads graue. Thus with ſayings not with meate he maketh a gallimafray.

Grani. But how doeſt thou then liue?

Manes With fine ieſts, ſweet ayre, and the dogs almes.

Gra. Well, for this time I wil ſtanch thy gut, and among pots and platters thou ſhalt ſee what it is to ſerue *Plato.*

Pſyllus For ioy of it *Granichus* lets ſing.

Manes My voice is as cleare in the euening as in the morning.

Grani. An other commoditie of emptines.

Song

Song.

Granicus.

O *For a Bowle of fatt Canary,*
Rich Palermo, ſparkling Sherry,
Some Nectar elſe, from Iuno's *Daiery,*
O theſe draughts would make vs merry.

Pſil. *O for a wench, (I deale in faces,*
And in other dayntier things,)
Tickled am I with her Embraces,
Fine dancing in ſuch Fairy Ringes.

Ma. *O for a plump fat leg of Mutton,*
Veale, Lambe, Capon, Pigge, & Conney,
None is happy but a Glutton,
None an Aſſe but who wants money.

Ch. *Wines (indeed,) & Girles are good,*
But braue victuals feaſt the blood,
For wenches, wine, and Luſty cheere,
Ioue *would leape down to ſurfet heere.*

Actus primus, Scæna tertia.

Melippus, Plato, Ariſtotle, Criſippus, Crates, Cleanthes, Anaxarchus, Alexander, Hepheſtion, Parmenio. Clytus, Diogenes.

Melip. I had neuer ſuch adoe to warne ſchollers

ſchollers to come before a king: Firſt, I came to *Criſippus* a tall leane old mad man, willing him preſently to appeare before *Alexander*, hee ſtood ſtaring on my face, neither mouing his eyes nor his body, I vrging him to giue ſome anſwer, hee tooke vp a booke, ſate downe and ſaide nothing: *Meliſſa* his maide told mee it was his manner, and that oftentimes ſhee was fain to thruſt meat into his mouth: for that he would rather ſterue than ceaſe ſtudie: well thought I, ſeeing bookiſh men are ſo blockiſh, and great clearkes ſuch ſimple courtiers, I will neither be partaker of their cõmons, nor their commendations. From thence I came to *Plato* and to *Ariſtotle*, and to diuers other, none refuſing to come, ſauing an olde obſcure fellow, who ſitting in a tub turned towardes the ſunne, read Greeke to a young boy, him when I willed to appeare before *Alexander*, he anſwered, if *Alexander* would faine ſee mee, let him come to mee, if learne of me let him come to mee, whatſoeuer it be, let him come to mee: why, ſaid I, he is a king, he anſwered, why I am a Philoſopher

ſopher, why, but he is *Alexander*, I but I am *Diogenes*. I was halfe angry, to ſee one ſo crooked in his ſhape, to bee ſo crabbed in his ſayings. So going my way, I ſaid, thou ſhalt repent it, if thou comeſt not to *Alexander*: nay, ſmiling anſwered hee, *Alexander* may repent it if hee come not to *Diogenes*: vertue muſt bee ſought, not offered: and ſo turning himſelfe to his cell, hee grunted I know not what, like a pig vnder a tub. But I muſt bee gone, the Philoſophers are comming. *Exit.*

Plato It is a difficult controuerſie, *Ariſtotle*, and rather to be wondred at, than beleeued, how naturall cauſes ſhould worke ſupernaturall effects.

Ariſt. I do not ſo much ſtand vpon the apparition is ſeene in the moone: neither the *Demonium* of *Socrates*, as that I cannot by naturall reaſon giue any reaſon of the ebbing and flowing of the Sea, which makes me in the depth of my ſtudies to crie out, *O ens entium miſerere mei.*

Plato. Cleanthes, and you attribute ſo much to nature by ſearching for things

which

which are not to be found, that whileſt you ſtudie a cauſe of your owne, you omitt the occaſion it ſelfe. There is no man ſo ſauage in whom reſteth not this diuine particle, that their is an omnipotent eternall and diuine mouer, which may be called God.

Cleant. I am of this minde, that that firſt mouer, which you terme God, is the inſtrument of all the mouings which we attribute to nature. The earth which is maſſe, ſwimmeth on the ſea, ſeaſons diuided in themſelues, fruits growing in themſelues, the maieſtie of the Skie, the whole firmament of the world, & whatſoeuer elſe appeareth miraculous, what man almoſt of meane capacitie but can proue it natural?

Anaxar. Theſe cauſes ſhalbe debated at our Philoſophers feaſt, in which controuerſie I will take part with *Ariſtotle*, that there is *Natura naturans*, and yet not God.

Craterus And I with *Plato*, that there is *Deus optimus maximus*, and not Nature.

Ariſt. Here commeth *Alexander*.

Alex. I see *Hepheſtion*, that theſe Philoſophers are here attending for vs.

Hepheſt. They are not Philoſophers, if they know not their duties.

Alex. But I much meruaile, *Diogenes* ſhould bee ſo dogged.

Hep. I doe not thinke but his excuſe will be better than *Melippus* meſſage.

Alex. I will goe ſee him *Hepheſtion*, becauſe I long to ſee him that would *Alexander* to come, to whom all the world is like to come: *Ariſtotle* and the reſt, ſithence my comming from *Thebes* to *Athens* from a place of conqueſt to a pallace quiet, I haue reſolued with my ſelfe in my court to haue as many Philoſophers as I had in my camp ſouldiers. My court ſhalbe a ſchoole wherein I wil haue vſed as great doctrine in peace, as I did in warre diſcipline.

Ar. We are all here ready to be commãded, & glad we are that we are cõmanded, for that nothing better becommeth kings than literature, which maketh thẽ come as neare to the Gods in wiſdome, as they doe in dignitie.

Alex. It is ſo *Ariſtotle*, but yet there is

is among you, yea and of your bringing vp, that sought to destroy *Alexander*, *Calistenes*, *Aristotle*, whose treasons against his prince shall not be borne out with the reasons of his Philosophie.

Ar. If euer mischief entred into the heart of *Calistenes*, let *Calistenes* suffer for it, but that *Aristotle* euer imagined any such thing of *Calistenes*, *Aristotle* doth denie.

Alex. Well *Aristotle*, kindred may blinde thee, & affection me, but in kings causes I will not stand to schollers arguments. This meeting shalbe for a cõmandement, that you all frequent my court, instruct the young with rulers, confirme the olde with reasons: let your liues bee answerable to your learnings, least my proceedings be cõtrary to my promises.

Hepheſt. You said you would aske euery one of thẽ a questions, which yesternight none of vs could answere.

Alex. I will. *Plato*, of all beasts, which is the subtileſt?

Plato. That which man hitherto neuer knew.

Alex. *Aristotle*, how should a man be thought a God?

Arist. In doing a thing vnpossible for a man.

Alex. Crisippus which was first, the day or the night?

Crisip. The day by a day.

Alex. Indeede strange questions must haue strange answers. *Cleanthes*, what say you, is life or death the stronger?

Clea. Life, that suffereth so many troubles.

Alex. Crates, how long should a man liue?

Crates Till hee thinke it better to die than to liue.

Ale. Anaxarchus, whether doth the sea or the earth bring forth most creatures?

Anax. The earth, for the sea is but a part of the earth.

Ala. Hephestion, me thinkes they haue answered all well, and in such questions I meane often to trie them.

Hephest. It is better to haue in your court a wise man, than in your ground a golden mine. Therefore would I leaue war, to study wisdom, were I Alexãder.

Alex. So would I, were I *Hephestion*. But come let vs goe and giue release, as I pro-

promiſed to our *Theban* thrall. *Exeunt.*

Plato Thou art fortunate *Ariſtotle*, that *Alexander* is thy ſcholler.

Ariſt. And all you happy that he is your ſoueraigne.

Criſip. I could like the man well, if he could be contented to bee but a man.

Ariſto. He ſeeketh to draw neere to the Gods in knowledge, not to be a God.

Plato Let vs queſtion a little with *Diogenes*, why he went not with vs to *Alexander*. *Diogenes*, thou didſt forget thy duety, that thou wentſt not with vs to the king.

Dioge. And you your profeſſion that went to the King.

Pl. Thou takeſt as great pride to be peeuiſh, as others do glory to be vertuous.

Diog. And thou as great honour being a Philoſopher to be thought court like as others ſhame that be courtiers, to be accounted Philoſophers.

Ariſt. Theſe auſtere manners ſet aſide, it is well knowne that thou didſt counterfeite money.

Diog. And thou thy manners, in that thou didſt not counterfeite money.

Arist. Thou haſt reaſon to contemne the court, being both in bodie and minde too crooked for a courtier.

Diogenes As good be crooked and indeuour to make my ſelfe ſtraight, from the court, as bee ſtraight, and learne to be crooked at the court.

Cr. Thou thinkeſt it a grace to be oppoſite againſt *Alexander.*

Diog. And thou to be iump with *Alexander.*

Anaxar. Let vs goe: for in contemning him, we ſhal better pleaſe him, than in wondering at him.

Arist. Plato, what doeſt thou thinke of *Diogenes?*

Plato To be *Socrates* furious, let vs go.

Exeunt Philoſophi.

Actus ſecundus. Scæna prima.

Diogenes, Pſyllus, Manes, Granichus.

Pſ. BEhold *Manes* where thy maſter is, ſeeking either for bones for his dinner, or pinnes for his ſleeues. I will goe ſalute him.

Manes

Manes Doe so, but mum not a word that you saw *Manes.*

Grani. Then stay thou behinde, and I will goe with *Psyllus.*

Psyl. All hayle *Diogenes* to your proper person.

Di. All hate to thy peeuish conditions.

Grani. O dogge.

Psyl. What doest thou seeke for here?

Diog. For a man and a beast.

Grani. That is easie without thy light to bee found, be not all these men?

Diog. Called men.

Gr. What beast is it thou lookest for?

Diog. The beast my man *Manes.*

Psyl. Hee is a beast indeed that will serue thee.

Diog. So is he that begat thee.

Gra. What wouldest thou do, if thou shouldst find *Manes?*

Diog. Giue him leaue to doe as hee hath done before.

Gr. Whats that? *Diog.* To runaway?

P. Why, hast thou no neede of *Manes?*

Dio. It were a shame for *Diogenes* to haue neede of *Manes*, and for *Manes* to haue no neede of *Diogenes.*

Grani. But put the caſe he were gone, wouldſt thou entertaine any of vs two?

Diog. Vpon condition.

Pſyllus What?

Diog. That you ſhould tell me wherefore any of you both were good.

Grani. Why, I am a ſcholler, and well ſeene in Philoſophy.

Pſyllus And I a prentice, and well ſeene in painting.

Diog. Well then *Granichus*, be thou a painter to amend thine ill face, & thou *Pſyllus* a Philoſopher to correct thine euill manners. But who is that *Manes*?

Manes I care not who I were ſo I were not *Manes*.

Grani. You are taken tardie.

Pſyl. Let vs ſlip aſide *Granichus*, to ſee the ſalutation betweene *Manes* and his maſter.

Diog. *Manes*, thou knoweſt the laſt day I threw away my diſh, to drinke in my hand, becauſe it was ſuperfluous, now I am determined to put away my man, and ſerue my ſelfe: *Quia non egeo tui vel te.*

Manes Maſter, you know a while agoe

goe I ran away, ſo doe I meane to doe againe, *quia ſcio tibi non eſſe argentum.*

Diog. I know I haue no money, neither will haue euer a man: for I was reſolued long ſithence to put away both my ſlaues: money and *Manes.*

Manes So was I determined to ſhake of both my dogges, hunger & *Diogenes.*

Pſyllus O ſweet conſent betweene a crowde and a Iewes harpe.

Grani. Come let vs reconcile them.

Pſyl. It ſhall not neede: for this is their vſe, now doe they dine one vpon another.

Exit Diogenes.

Grani. How now *Manes*, art thou gone from thy maſter.

Manes No, I did but now binde my ſelfe to him.

Pſ. Why you were at mortall iarres.

Manes In faith no, we brake a bitter ieſt one vpon another.

Grani. Why thou art as dogged as he.

Pſyllus My father knew them both little whelps.

Manes Well, I will hie me after my maſter.

Grani. Why, is it ſupper time with *Diogenes*?

Manes I with him at all time when he hath meate.

Pſyl. Why then euery man to his home, and let vs ſteale out againe anone.

Grani. Where ſhall we meete.

Pſy. Why at *Ala vendibili ſuſpenſa hadera non eſt opus.*

Manes O Pſyllus habeo te loco parentis, thou bleſſeſt me. *Exeunt.*

Actus ſecundus, Scæna ſecunda.

Alexander, Hepheſtion, Page, Diogenes, Apelles.

Alex. Stand aſide ſir boy, till you be called. *Hepheſtion*, how doe you like the ſweet face of *Campaſpe*?

Hepheſt. I cannot but commende the ſtout courage of *Timoclea*:

Alex. Without doubt *Campaſpe* had ſome great man to her father:

Hepheſt. You know *Timoclea* had *Theagines* to her brother.

Alex. Timoclea ſtill in thy mouth? art thou not in loue?

Hepheſt. Not I.

Alex. Not with *Timoclea* you meane, wherein

wherein you reſemble the Lapwing, who crieth moſt where her neſt is not. And ſo you lead me from eſpying your loue with *Campaſpe*, you crie *Timoclea*.

Hepheſt. Could I aſwell ſubdue kingdomes, as I can my thoughts, or were I as farre from ambition, as I am from loue, all the world would account mee as Valiant in armes as I knovv my ſelfe moderate in affection.

Alex. Is loue a vice?

Hepheſt. It is no vertue.

Alex. Well, novv ſhalt thou ſee what ſmall difference I make betweene *Alexander* and *Hepheſtion*. And ſith thou haſt beene alvvaies partaker of my triumphes, thou ſhalt bee partaker of my torments. I loue *Hepheſtion*, I loue, I loue *Campaſpe*, a thing farre vnfit for a Macedonian, for a King, for *Alexander*. Why hangeſt thou downe thy head *Hepheſtion*? Bluſhing to heare that which I am not aſhamed to tell.

Hepheſt. Might my words craue pardon and my counſell credit, I would both diſcharge the duetie of a ſubiect, for ſo I am, & the office of a friend, for ſo I will.

Alex. Speake *Hepheſtion*, for what-

ſoeuer is ſpoken, *Hepheſtion* ſpeaketh to *Alexander*.

Hepheſt. I cannot tell *Alexander*, whether the report be more ſhamefull to be heard, or the cauſe ſorrowful to be beleeued? What is the ſon of *Philip*, king of Macedon become the ſubiect of *Campaſpe*, the captiue of *Thebes*? Is that minde, whoſe greatnes the world could not containe, drawn within the compaſſe of an idle alluring eie? Wil you handle the ſpindle with *Hercules*, when you ſhould ſhake the ſpeare with *Achilles*? Is the warlike ſound of drum & trump turned to the ſoft noiſe of lyre & lute, the neighing of barbed ſteeds, whoſe lowdnes filled the aire with terrour, and whoſe breathes dimmed the ſun with ſmoake, conuerted to delicate tunes and amorous glances? O *Alexander*, that ſoft and yeelding minde ſhould not bee in him, whoſe hard and vnconquerd heart hath made ſo many yeeld. But you loue, ah griefe, but whom? *Campaſpe*, ah ſhame, a maide forſooth vnknowne, vnnoble and who can tell whether immodeſt? whoſe eyes are framed by

by art to enamour, and whoſe heart was made by nature to enchant. I, but ſhee is beautifull, yea, but not therefore chaſte: I but ſhe is comely in all parts of the bodie: but ſhee may bee crooked in ſome part of the minde: I, but ſhee is wiſe, yea, but ſhe is a woman: Beautie is like the black-berry, which ſeemeth red, when it is not ripe, reſembling precious ſtones that are poliſhed with honie, which the ſmoother they looke, the ſooner they breake. It is thought wonderfull among the Sea-men, that *Mugill* of all fiſhes the ſwifteſt, is found in the belly of the *Bret* of all the ſloweſt: And ſhall it not ſeeme monſtrous to wiſe men, that the heart of the greateſt Conquerour of the World, ſhould be found in the hands of the weakeſt creature of nature? of a woman? of a captiue? *Hermyns* haue faire skins, but foule liuers, ſepulchres freſh colours, but rotten bones, women faire faces, but falſe hearts. Remember *Alexander* thou haſt a Campe to gouerne, not a chamber, fall not from the armour of *Mars* to the armes of *Venus*, from the fierie aſſaults of warre, to the maiden-

ly

ly skirmiſhes of loue, from diſplaying the Eagle in thine enſigne, to ſet downe the Sparrow. I ſigh *Alexander* that where fortune could not conquer, folly ſhould ouercome. But behold all the perfection that may bee in *Campaſpe*, a haire curling by nature, not art: ſweete alluring eyes, a faire face made in deſpite of *Venus*, and a ſtately port in diſdaine of *Iuno*, a wit apt to conceiue, and quicke to anſwere, a skinne as ſoft as ſilke, and as ſmooth as iet, a long white hand, a fine little foot, to conclude, all parts anſwerable to the beſt part, what of this? Though ſhe haue heauenly gifts, vertue and beautie, is ſhee not of earthly metall fleſh and bloud? You *Alexander* that would be a God, ſhew your ſelfe in this worſe than a man, ſo ſoone to be both ouerſeene and ouer-taken in a woman, whoſe falſe teares know their true times, whoſe ſmooth words wound deeper than ſharpe ſwords. There is no ſurfet ſo dangerous, as that of honie, nor any poyſon ſo deadly, as that of loue, in the one phyſicke cannot preuaile, nor in the other counſell.

Alex.

Alex. My caſe were light *Hepheſtion*, and not worthy to be called loue, if reaſon were a remedie, or ſentences could ſalue, that ſenſe cannot conceiue. Little do you know, and therefore ſleightly doe you regard the dead embers in a priuate perſon, or liue coales in a great Prince, whoſe paſſions and thoughts doe as farre exceed others in extremitie as their callings doe in Maieſtie. An Eclipſe in the Sunne is more than the falling of a Starre, none can conceiue the torments of a King, vnleſſe he be a King, whoſe deſires are not inferiour to their dignities. And then iudge *Hepheſtion* if the agonies of loue be dangerous in a ſubiect, whether they be not more than deadly vnto *Alexander*, whoſe deepe and not to bee conceiued ſighes, cleaue the heart in ſhiuers, whoſe wounded thoughts can neither be expreſſed nor endured. Ceaſe then *Hepheſtion* with arguments to ſeeke to refell that, which with their deitie the Gods cannot reſiſt, and let this ſuffice to anſwere thee, that it is a King that loueth, and *Alexander*, whoſe affections are not to bee meaſured by reaſon, being immortall,

nor

nor I feare me to be borne, being intolerable.

Hepheſt. I muſt needs yeeld, when neither reaſon nor counſell can bee heard.

Alex. Yeeld *Hepheſtion*, for *Alexander* doth loue, and therefore muſt obtaine.

Hepheſt. Suppoſe ſhee loues not you, affection commeth not by appointment or birth, and then as good hated as enforced.

Alex. I am a King, and will command.

Hepheſt. You may, to yeeld to luſt by force, but to conſent to loue by feare you cannot.

Alex. Why, what is that, which *Alexander* may not conquer as he liſt?

Hepheſt. Why, that which you ſay the Gods cannot reſiſt, Loue.

Alex. I am a conquerour, ſhee a captiue, I as fortunate, as ſhee faire: my greatneſſe may anſwere her wants, and the gifts of my minde, the modeſtie of hers: Is it not likely then that ſhe ſhould loue? Is it not reaſonable?

Hepheſt. You ſay that in loue there is no reaſon, and therefore there can be no likelyhood.

Alex. No more *Hepheſtion*: in this caſe I will vſe mine owne counſell, and in all other thine aduice, thou mayſt be a good ſouldier, but neuer good louer. Call my Page, Sirrha, goe preſently to *Apelles*, and will him to come to me without either delay or excuſe.

Page. I goe.

Alex. In the meane ſeaſon to recreate my ſpirits, being ſo neere, wee will goe ſee *Diogenes*. And ſee where his tub is. *Diogenes.*

Diog. Who calleth?

Alex. *Alexander*: how happened it that you would not come out of your tub to my Palace.

Diog. Becauſe it was as farre from my tub to your Palace, as from your Palace to my tub.

Alex. Why then doeſt thou owe no reuerence to Kings?

Diog. No.

Alex. Why ſo?

Diog. Becauſe they be no Gods.

Alex.

Alex. They be Gods of the earth.

Diog. Yea, Gods of earth.

Alex. *Plato* is not of thy minde.

Diog. I am glad of it.

Alex. Why?

Diog. Becauſe I would haue none of *Diogenes* minde, but *Diogenes*.

Alex. If *Alexander* haue any thing that may pleaſure *Diogenes*, let me know, and take it.

Diog. Then take not from mee, that you cannot giue mee, the light of the World.

Alex. What doeſt thou want?

Diog. Nothing that you haue.

Alex. I haue the World at command.

Diog. And I in contempt.

Alex. Thou ſhalt liue no longer than I will.

Diog. But I ſhall die whether you will or no.

Alex. How ſhould one learne to bee content?

Diog. Vnlearne to couet.

Alexand. *Hepheſtion*, were I not *Alexander*, I would wiſh to bee *Diogenes*.

He-

Hepheſt. He is dogged, but diſcreet, I cannot tell how ſharpe with a kind of ſweetnes, full of wit, yet too too wayward.

Alex. *Diogenes*, when I come this way againe, I will both ſee thee, and confer with thee.

Diog. Doe.

Alex. But here commeth *Apelles*, how now *Apelles*, is *Venus* face yet finiſhed?

Apel. Not yet: Beautie is not ſo ſoone ſhadowed, whoſe perfection commeth not within the compaſſe either of cunning or of colour.

Alex. Well, let it reſt vnperfect, and come you with mee, where I will ſhew you that finiſhed by nature, that you haue beene trifling about by art.

Actus tertius. Scæna prima.

Apelles, Campaſpe.

Apel. LAdie, I doubt whether there bee any colour ſo freſh, that

that may ſhadow a countenance ſo faire.

Camp. Sir, I had thought you had bin commanded to paint with your hand, not to gloſe with your tongue, but as I haue heard, it is the hardeſt thing in painting to ſet downe a hard fauour, which maketh you to deſpaire of my face, and then ſhall you haue as great thankes to ſpare your labour, as to diſcredit your art.

Apel. Miſtris, you neither differ from your ſelfe nor your ſexe: for knowing your owne pefection, you ſeeme to diſprayſe that which men moſt commend, drawing them by that meane into an admiration, where feeding themſelues they fall into an extaſie, your modeſtie being the cauſe of the one, and of the other, your affections.

Camp. I am too young to vnderſtand your ſpeech, though old enough to withſtand your deuiſe: you haue bin ſo long vſed to colours, you can doe nothing but colour.

Apel. Indeed the colours I ſee, I feare, wil alter the colour I haue: but come Madam, will you draw neere: for *Alexander* will be here anon. *Pſyllus*, ſtay you here at the

the window, if any enquire for mee, anſwere, *Non lubet eſſe domi. Exeunt.*

Actus tertius. Scæna ſecunda.

Pſyllus, Manes.

Pſyllus. It is alwayes my Maſters faſhion, when any faire Gentlewoman is to be drawne within, to make me to ſtay without. But if hee ſhould paint *Iupiter* like a Bull, like a Swanne, like an Eagle, then muſt *Pſyllus* with one hand grind colours, and with the other hold the candle. But let him alone, the better hee ſhadowes her face, the more will he burne his owne heart. And now if any man could meet with *Manes*, who I dare ſay, lookes as leane, as if *Diogenes* dropped out of his noſe.

Manes. And here comes *Manes*, who hath as much meate in his maw, as thou haſt honeſtie in thy head.

Pſyllus. Then I hope thou art very hungry.

Manes. They that know thee, know that.

Pſyl-

Pſyllus. But doeſt thou not remember that wee haue certaine liquor to conferre withall.

Manes. I, but I haue buſineſſe, I muſt goe cry a thing.

Pſyllus. Why, what haſt thou loſt?

Manes. That which I neuer had, my dinner?

Pſyllus. Foule Lubber wilt thou crie for thy dinner?

Manes. I meane, I muſt crie, not as one would ſay crie, but crie, that is make a noyſe.

Pſyllus. Why foole, that is all one, for if thou crie, thou muſt needs make a noyſe.

Manes. Boy, thou art deceiued, Crie hath diuers ſignifications, and may be alluded to many things, Knaue but one, and can be applyed but to thee.

Pſyllus. Profound *Manes.*

Manes. Wee *Cynickes* are mad fellowes, didſt thou not finde I did quip thee?

Pſyllus. No verily, why, what's a quip?

Manes. Wee great girders call it a ſhort

ſhort ſaying of a ſharpe wit, with a bitter ſenſe in a ſweet word.

Pſyllus. How canſt thou thus diuine, diuide, define, diſpute, and all on the ſodaine.

Manes. Wit will haue his ſwing, I am bewitcht, inſpired, inflamed, infected.

Pſyllus. Well, then will not I tempt thy gybing ſpirit.

Manes. Doe not *Pſyllus*, for thy dull head will bee but a grindſtone for my quicke wit, which if thou whet with ouerthwarts, *perijſti*, *actum eſt de te.* I haue drawne bloud at ones braines with a bitter bob.

Pſyllus. Let me croſſe my ſelfe: for I die, if I croſſe thee.

Manes. Let me doe my buſineſſe, I my ſelfe am afraid, leſt my wit ſhould waxe warme, and then muſt it needs conſume ſome hard head with fine and prettie ieſts. I am ſometimes in ſuch a vaine, that for want of ſome dull pate to worke on, I begin to gird my ſelfe.

Pſyllus. The Gods ſhield me from ſuch a fine fellow, whoſe words melt wits like waxe.

Ma-

Manes. Well then, let vs to the matter. In faith my Master meaneth to morrow to flie.

Pſyllus. It is a ieſt.

Manes. Is it a ieſt to flie? ſhouldeſt thou flie ſo ſoone, thou ſhouldeſt repent it in earneſt.

Pſyllus. Well, I will be the cryer.

Manes and Pſyl. one after another. O yes, O yes, O yes, All manner of men, women, or children, that will come to morrow into the market place, betweene the houres of nine and ten, ſhall ſee *Diogenes* the Cynicke flie.

Pſyllus. I doe not thinke he will flie.

Manes. Tuſh, ſay flie.

Pſyllus. Flie.

Manes. Now let vs goe: for I will not ſee him againe till midnight, I haue a backe way into his tub.

Pſyllus. Which way calleſt thou the backe way, when euery way is open.

Manes. I meane to come in at his backe.

Pſyllus. Well, let vs goe away, that we may returne ſpeedily.

Exeunt.

Actus

Actus tertius. Scæna tertia.

Apelles, Campaſpe.

Apel. I ſhall neuer draw your eyes well, becauſe they blinde mine.

Camp. Why then paint mee without eyes, for I am blind.

Apel. Were you euer ſhadowed before of any?

Camp. No. And would you could ſo now ſhadow me, that I might not be perceiued of any.

Apel. It were pitie, but that ſo abſolute a face ſhould furniſh *Venus* Temple amongſt theſe pictures.

Camp. What are theſe pictures?

Apel. This is *Leda*, whom *Ioue* deceiued in likeneſſe of a Swan.

Camp. A faire woman, but a foule deceit.

Apel. This is *Alcmena*, vnto whom *Iupiter* came in ſhape of *Amphitrion* her husband, and begate *Hercules*.

Camp. A famous ſonne, but an infamous fact.

Apel. Hee might doe it, becauſe hee was a God.

Camp. Nay, therefore it was euill done, becauſe he was a God.

Apel. This is *Danae*, into whoſe priſon *Iupiter* drizled a golden ſhowre, and obtained his deſire.

Camp. What gold can make one yeeld to deſire?

Apel. This is *Europa*, whom *Iupiter* rauiſhed, this *Antiopa*.

Camp. Were all the Gods like this *Iupiter*?

Apel. There were many Gods in this like *Iupiter*.

Camp. I thinke in thoſe dayes loue was well ratified among men on earth, when luſt was ſo full authoriſed by the Gods in Heauen.

Apel. Nay, you may imagine there were women paſſing amiable, when there were Gods exceeding amorous.

Camp. Were women neuer ſo faire, men would be falſe.

Apel. Were women neuer ſo falſe, men would be fond.

Camp. What counterfeit is this *Apelles*

Apel

Apel. This is *Venus* the Goddesse of loue.

Camp. What, bee there also louing Goddesses?

Apel. This is shee that hath power to command the very affections of the heart.

Camp. How is she hired, by prayer, by sacrifice, or bribes?

Apel. By prayer, sacrifice, and bribes.

Camp. What prayer?

Apel. Vowes irreuocable.

Camp. What sacrifice?

Apel. Hearts euer sighing, neuer dissembling.

Camp. What bribes?

Apel. Roses and kisses: but were you neuer in loue?

Camp. No, nor loue in me.

Apel. Then haue you iniuried many.

Camp. How so?

Apel. Because you haue beene loued o many.

Camp. Flattered perchance of some.

Apel. It is not possible that a face so faire, and a wit so sharpe, both without comparison, should not be apt to loue.

Camp. If you begin to tip your tongue with cunning, I pray dip your penſill in colours, and fall to that you muſt doe, not that you would doe.

Actus tertius. Scæna quarta.

Clytus, Parmenio, Alexander, Hepheſtion, Cryſus, Diogenes, Apelles, Campaſpe.

Clytus. Parmenio I cannot tell how it commeth to paſſe, that in *Alexander* now a dayes there groweth an vnpatient kind of life, in the morning he is melancholy, at noone ſolemne; at all times either more ſowre or ſeuere, than hee was accuſtomed.

Parme. In Kings cauſes I rather loue to doubt than coniecture, and thinke it better to bee ignorant than inquiſitiue: they haue long eares and ſtretched armes, in whoſe heads ſuſpition is a proofe, and to be accuſed is to be condemned.

Clytus. Yet betweene vs there can bee no danger to find out the cauſe: for that there is no malice to withſtand it. It may be

be an vnquenchable thirſt of conquering maketh him vnquiet: it is not vnlikely his long eaſe hath altered his humour: that he ſhould be in loue, it is impoſſible.

Par. In loue *Clytus*, no, no, it is as farre from his thought, as treaſon in ours: he, whoſe euer-waking eye, whoſe neuer tired heart, whoſe body patient of labour, whoſe minde vnſatiable of victorie hath alwayes beene noted, cannot ſo ſoone be melted into the weake conceits of loue. *Ariſtotle* told him there were many Worlds, and that he hath not conquered one that gapeth for all, galleth *Alexander*. But here he commeth.

Alex. *Parmenio* and *Clytus*, I would haue you both readie to goe into *Perſia* about an ambaſſage no leſſe profitable to me, than to your ſelues honourable.

Clytus. Wee are readie at all commands, wiſhing nothing elſe, but continually to be commanded.

Alex. Well then, withdraw your ſelues, till I haue further conſidered of this matter.

Exeunt Clytus and Parmenio.

Now wee will ſee how *Apelles* goeth

forward: I doubt mee that nature hath ouercome art and her countenance his cunning.

Hepheſt. You loue, and therefore think any thing.

Alex. But not ſo farre in loue with *Campaſpe*, as with *Bucephalus*, if occaſion ſerue either of conflict of conqueſt.

Hepheſt. Occaſion cannot want, if will doe not. Behold all *Perſia* ſwelling in the pride of their owne power, the *Scythians* careleſſe what courage or fortune can do: the *Egyptians* dreaming in the ſouthſayings of their Augures, and gaping ouer the ſmoake of their beaſts intralls. All theſe *Alexander* are to be ſubdued, if that World be not ſlipped out of your head, which you haue ſworne to conquer with that hand.

Alex. I confeſſe the labours fit for *Alexander*, and yet recreation neceſſarie among ſo many aſſaults, bloudie wounds, intolerable troubles: giue me leaue a little, if not to ſit, yet to breath. And doubt not but *Alexander* can when hee will throw affections as farre from him as he can cowardiſe. But behold *Diogenes* talking

talking with one at his Tub.

Cryſus. One penny *Diogenes*, I am a Cynicke.

Diog. Hee made thee a begger, that firſt gaue thee any thing.

Cryſus. Why, if thou wilt giue nothing, no bodie will giue thee.

Diog. I want nothing, till the ſprings drie, and the earth periſh.

Cryſus. I gather for the Gods.

Diog. And I care not for thoſe Gods, which want money.

Cryſus. Thou art not a right Cynick, that wilt giue nothing.

Diog. Thou art not, that wilt begge any thing.

Cryſus. *Alexander*, King *Alexander*, giue a poore Cynick a groat.

Alex. It is not for a King to giue a groat.

Cryſus. Then giue me a talent.

Alex. It is not for a begger to aske a talent. Away *Apelles*.

Apel, Here.

Alex. Now Gentlewoman? doth not your beautie put the painter to his trumpe?

Camp. Yes my Lord, ſeeing ſo diſordered a countenance, hee feareth hee ſhall ſhadow a deformed counterfeite.

Alex. Would he could colour the life with the feature. And mee thinketh *Apelles*, were you as cunning as report ſaith you are, you may paint flowres aſwell with ſweet ſmels, as freſh colours, obſeruing in your mixture ſuch things as ſhould draw neere to their ſauours.

Apel. Your Maieſtie muſt know, it is no leſſe hard to paint ſauours, than vertues, colours can neither ſpeake, nor thinke.

Alex. Where doe you firſt begin, when you draw any picture?

Apel. The proportion of the face in iuſt compaſſe, as I can.

Alex. I would begin with the eye, as a light to all the reſt.

Apel. If you will paint as you are a King your Maieſtie may beginne where you pleaſe, but as you would bee a Painter, you muſt begin with the face.

Alex. *Aurelius* would in one houre colour foure faces.

Apel. I maruaile in halfe an houre hee did not foure.

Alex.

Alex. Why, is it ſo eaſie?

Apel. No, but he doth it ſo homely.

Alex. When will you finiſh *Campaſpe.*

Apel. Neuer finiſh: for alwayes in abſolute beauty there is ſomewhat aboue art.

Alex. Why ſhould not I by labour be as cunning as *Apelles.*

Apel. God ſhield you ſhould haue cauſe to be ſo cunning as *Apelles.*

Alex. Me thinketh foure colours are ſufficient to ſhadow any countenance, and ſo it was in the time of *Phydias.*

Apel. Then had men fewer fancies, and women not ſo many fauours. For now if the haire of her eye-browes be blacke, yet muſt the haire of her head be yellow: the attire of her head muſt bee different from the habit of her bodie, elſe would the picture ſeeme like the blazon of ancient Armory, not like the ſweet delight of new found amiableneſſe. For as in garden knots diuerſitie of odours make a more ſweete ſauour, or as in Muſique diuers ſtrings cauſe a more delicate conſent: ſo in painting, the more colours, the better

counterfeit, obseruing black for a ground, and the rest for grace.

Alex. Lend me thy pensill *Apelles*, I will paint, and thou shalt iudge.

Apel. Here.

Alex. The coale breakes.

Apel. You leane too hard.

Alex. Now it blackes not.

Apel. You leane too soft.

Alex. This is awrie.

Apel. Your eye goeth not with your hand.

Alex. Now it is worse.

Apel. Your hand goeth not with your minde.

Alex. Nay, if all be too hard or soft, so many rules and regards, that ones hand, ones eye, ones minde must all draw together, I had rather bee setting of a battell, than blotting of a boord. But how haue I done here?

Apel. Like a King.

Alex. I thinke so: but nothing more vnlike a Painter. Well *Apelles*, *Campaspe* is finished as I wish, dismisse her, & bring presently her counterfeit after me.

Apel. I will.

Alex.

Alex. Now *Hepheſtion*, doth not this matter cotton as I would, *Campaſpe* looketh pleaſantly, libertie will encreaſe her beautie, and my loue ſhall aduance her honour. *Hepheſt.* I will not contrarie your Maieſtie, for time muſt weare out that loue hath wrought, & reaſon weane what appetite nurſed.

Alex. How ſtately ſhee paſſeth by, yet how ſoberly, a ſweete conſent in her countenance with a chaſte diſdaine, deſire mingled with coyneſſe, and I cannot tell how to terme it, a curſt yeelding modeſty.

Hepheſt. Let her paſſe.

Alex. So ſhee ſhall for the faireſt on the earth.

Exeunt.

Actus tertius. Scæna quinta.

Pſyllus, Manes, Apelles.

Pſyllus. I ſhall be hanged for tarrying ſo long.

Manes. I pray God my Maſter be not flowne before I come.

Pſyl-

Pſyllus. Away *Manes*, my Maſter doth come.

Apel. Where haue you beene all this while?

Pſyllus. No where but here.

Apel. Who was here ſithens my comming?

Pſyllus. No bodie.

Apel. Vngracious Wag, I perceiue you haue beene a loytering, was *Alexander* no bodie?

Pſyllus. He was a King, I meant no meane bodie.

Apel. I will cudgell your bodie for it, and then will I ſay it was no bodie, becauſe it was no honeſt bodie. Away in.

Exit Pſyllus.

Vnfortunate *Apelles*, and therefore vnfortunate, becauſe *Apelles*. Haſt thou by drawing her beautie brought to paſſe, that thou canſt ſcarce draw thine owne breath? And by ſo much the more haſt thou increaſed thy care, by how much the more haſt thou haſt ſhewed thy cunning: was it not ſufficient to behold the fire, and warme thee, but with *Satyrus* thou muſt kiſſe the fire and burne thee? O

Cam-

Campaſpe, Campaſpe, Art muſt yeeld to Nature, reaſon to appetite, wiſdome to affection. Could *Pigmalion* entreate by prayer to haue his Iuory turned into fleſh? & cannot *Apelles* obtaine by plaints to haue the picture of his loue changed to life? Is painting ſo farre inferiour to caruing? or doſt thou *Venus* more delight to bee hewed with Chizels, then ſhadowed with colours? what *Pigmalion* or what *Pyrgoteles*, or what *Lyſippus* is hee, that euer made thy face ſo faire, or ſpread thy fame ſo farre as I? vnleſſe *Venus*, in this thou enuieſt mine art, that in colouring my ſweet *Campaſpe*, I haue left no place by cunning to make thee ſo amiable. But alas, ſhee is the paramour to a Prince, *Alexander* the Monarch of the earth hath both her body and affection. For what is it that kings cannot obtaine by prayers, threats and promiſes? Will not ſhee thinke it better to ſit vnder a cloth of eſtate like a Queene, than in a poore ſhop like a huſwife? and eſteeme it ſweeter to be the concubine of the Lord of the world, than ſpouſe to a painter in

Athens

Athens? Yes, yes *Apelles*, thou maiſt ſwimme againſt the ſtreame with the Crab, & feede againſt the Winde with the Deere, and peck againſt the ſteele with the Cockatrice: Starres are to be looked at, not reached at. Princes to be yeelded vnto, not contended with, *Campaſpe* to be honoured, not obtained, to be painted not poſſeſſed of thee, O faire face, O vnhappy hand, & why didſt thou drawe it ſo faire a face? O beautifull countenance, the expres image of *Venus*, but ſomwhat freſher: the only patterne of that eternitie which *Iupiter* dreaming a ſleepe, could not conceiue againe waking. Bluſh *Venus*, for I am aſhamed to ende thee. Now muſt I paint things vnpoſſible for mine art, but agreeable with my affections: deepe and hollow ſighes, ſad and melancholie thoughtes, woundes and ſlaughters of conceits, a life poſting to death, a death galloping from life, a wauering conſtancie, an vnſetled reſolution, and what not, *Apelles*? And what but *Apelles*? But as they that are ſhaken with a feauer are to be warmed with cloathes, not groanes, and as he that melteth in a con-

conſu nption is to be recured by Colices, not conceits: ſo the feeding canker of my care, the neuer dying worme of my heart, is to bee killed by counſell, not cries, by applying of remedies, not by replying of reaſons. And ſith in caſes deſperate there muſt be vſed medicines that are extreame, I will hazard that little life that is left, to reſtore the greater part that is loſt, & this ſhall be my firſt practiſe: for wit muſt worke where authoritie is not. Aſſoone as *Alexander* hath viewed this portraiture, I will by deuiſe giue it a blemiſh; that by that meanes ſhe may come againe to my ſhop, & thē as good it were to vtter my loue, and die with deniall, as conceale it and liue in diſpaire.

Song by *Apelles*.

CVpid *and my Campaſpe playd,*
At Cardes for kiſſes, Cupid *payd;*
He ſtakes his Quiuer, Bow, & Arrows,
His Mothers doues, & teeme of ſparows,
Looſes them too, then, downe he throwes
The corrall of his lippe, The roſe
Growing on's cheek, (but none knows how)
With Theſe, the criſtall of his Brow,
And then the dimple of his chinne,

All

All Theſe did my Compaſſe winne,
At laſt, hee ſet her, both his eyes
Shee won, and Cupid *Blind did riſe.*
O Loue! has ſhee done this to Thee?
What ſhall (Alas!) become of Mee!

Actus quartus, Scæna prima.

Solinus, Pſyllus, Granichus, Manes, Diogenes, Populus.

So. This is the place, the day, the time, that *Diogenes* hath appointed to flie.

Pſyl. I will not looſe the flight of ſo faire a foule as *Diogenes* is, though my maſter cudgell my nobody, as he threatned.

Gran. What *Pſyllus*, will the beaſt wag his wings to day?

Pſyl. Wee ſhall heare: for here commeth *Manes*: *Manes* will it be?

Manes Be, he were beſt be as cunning as a Bee, or elſe ſhortly he will not bee at all.

Gran. How is hee furniſhed to flie, hath he feathers?

Manes.

Ma. Thou art an asse, Capons, Geese and Owles haue feathers, He hath found *Dedalus* old waxen wings, and hath beene peecing them this moneth, he is so broad in the shoulders. O you shall see him cut the ayre euen like a Tortoys.

Soli. Me thinkes so wise a man should not bee so mad, his body must needs be too heauie.

Manes Why, hee hath eaten nothing this seuen night but corke and feathers.

Pysl. Touch him *Manes.*

Manes Hee is so light that hee can scarce keepe him from flying at midnight.

Populus intrat.

Manes See they begin to flocke, and behold my master bustels himselfe to flie.

Diog. You wicked and bewitched Athenians, whose bodies make the earth to groane, and whose breathes infect the ayre with stench. Come ye to see *Diogenes* flie? *Diogenes* commeth to see you sinke: yea call me dogge, so I am, for I long to gnaw the bons in your skins. Yee tearme mee an hater of men: no, I

am

am a hater of your manners. Your liues diſſolute, not fearing death, will proue your deaths deſperat, not hoping for life. What do you elſe in Athens but ſleepe in the day, and ſurfeit in the night: backe Gods in the morning with pride, in the euening belly Gods with gluttony? You flatter kings, and call them Gods, ſpeak truth of your ſelues, and confeſſe you are diuels. Frō the Bee you haue takē not the honey, but the wax to make your religion, framing it to the time, not to the truth, Your filthy luſt you colour vnder a courtly colour of loue, iniuries abroad vnder the title of policies at home, & ſecret malice creepeth vnder the name of publike iuſtice. You haue cauſed *Alexander* to drie vp ſprings & plant vines, to ſow rocket and weed endiff, to ſheare ſheepe, & ſhrine foxes. All conſcience is ſealed at Athens. Swearing commeth of a hot mettle: lying of a quick wit: flattery of a flowing tongue, vndecent talke of a merry diſpoſition. All things are lawfull at Athens. Either you think there are no Gods, or I muſt think ye are no men. You build as though you ſhould liue for

euer

euer,& ſurfeit as though you ſhould die to morrowe. None teacheth true Philoſophie but *Ariſtotle*, becauſe hee was the kings ſchoole-maſter! O times, O men, O corruption in manners. Remember that greene graſſe muſt turne to drie hay. When you ſleepe, you are not ſure to wake, and when you riſe, not certaine to lie downe. Looke you neuer ſo high, your heads muſt lie leuel with your feet. Thus haue I flowne ouer your diſordered liues, and if you will not amend your manners, I will ſtudie to flie further from you, that I may bee neerer to honeſtie.

Soli. Thou raueſt *Diogenes*, for thy life is different from thy words. Did not I ſee thee come out of a brothell houſe? was it not a ſhame?

Diogenes It was no ſhame to goe out, but a ſhame to goe in.

Gravi. It were a good deede *Manes*, to beate thy maſter.

Manes You were as good eate my maſter.

One of the people. Haſt thou made vs all fooles, and wilt thou not flie?

Diog. I tell thee, vnleſſe thou be honeſt, I will flie.

People Dog, dog, take a bone.

Diog. Thy father need feare no dogs, but dogs thy father.

People We will tell *Alexander*, that thou reproueſt him behinde his back.

Diog. And I will tell him, that you flatter him before his face.

People Wee will cauſe all the boyes in the ſtreete to hiſſe at thee.

Diog. Indeede I thinke the Athenians haue their children readie for any vice, becauſe they bee Athenians.

Manes Why maſter, meane you not to flie?

Diog. No, *Manes*, not without wings.

Manes Euery body will account you a lyar.

Diog. No I warrant you. for I will alwayes ſay the Athenians are miſcheuous.

Pſyl. I care not, it was ſport enough for mee to ſee theſe old huddles hit home.

Grani.

Grani. Nox I.

Pſy. Come, let vs goe, and hereafter when I meane to rayle vpon any body openly, it ſhall bee giuen out, I will flie. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus, Scæna ſecunda.

Campaſpe, Apelles.

Campaſpe ſola. Campaſpe, it is hard to iudge, whether thy choyce be more vnwiſe, or thy chance vnfortunate. Doeſt thou preferre? but ſtay, vtter not that in wordes, which maketh thine eares to glow with thoughts. Tuſh, better thy tongue wagge, than thy heart breake. Hath a Painter crept further into thy minde than a prince? *Apelles*, than *Alexander*? Fond wench, the baſenes of thy minde bewraies the meanneſſe of thy birth. But alas, affection is a fire, which kindleth aſwell in the bramble as in the oake, and catcheth hold where it firſt lighteth, not where it may beſt burne. Larkes that mount aloft in the ayre, build their neaſts below in the earth, and women that caſt their eyes vpon

vpon kings, may place their hearts vpon vaſſalls. A needle will become thy fingers better thā a Lute, & a diſtaffe is fitter for thy hand than a Scepter. Antes liue ſafely, till they haue gotten wings, and Iuniper is not blowne vp till it hath gotten an high top. The meane eſtate is without care as long as it continueth without pride. But here cōmeth *Apelles*, in whom I would there were the like affection.

Apell. Gentlewoman, the misfortune I had with your picture, will put you to ſome paines, to ſit againe to be painted.

Camp. It is ſmall paines for mee to ſit ſtill, but infinite for you to draw ſtill.

Apel. No madame, to painte *Venus* was a pleaſure, but to ſhadow the ſweete face of *Campaſpe* it is a heauen.

Camp. If your tongue were made of the ſame fleſh that your heart is, your words would bee as your thoughts are: but ſuch a common thing it is amongſt you to commend, that oftentimes for faſhion ſake you call them beautifull, whom you know blacke.

Apel. What might men doe to be beeued?

Camp.

Camp. Whet their tongue on their hearts.

Apel. So they doe and ſpeake as they thinke.

Camp. I would they did.

Apel. I would they did not.

Camp. Why, would you haue them diſſemble?

Apel. Not in loue, but their loue. But will you giue mee leaue to aske you a queſtion without offence?

Camp. So that you will anſwere mee another without excuſe.

Apel. Whom doe you loue beſt in the world?

Ca. He that made me laſt in the world.

Apel. That was a God.

Camp. I had thought it had beene a man: But whom doe you honour moſt *Apelles*?

Apel. The thing that is likeſt you *Campaſpe*.

Camp. My picture?

Apel. I dare not venture vpon your perſon. But come, let vs go in: for *Alexander* will thinke it long till we returne.

Exeunt.

Actus

Actus quartus, Scæna tertia.

Clytus, Parmenio.

Clyt. We heare nothing of our Embaſſage, a colour belike to bleare our eyes or tickle our eares, or inflame our hearts. But what doth *Alexander* in the meane ſeaſon, but vſe for Tantara. Sol: Fa. La. for his hard couch, downe beds, for his handfull of water, his ſtanding Cup of wine?

Par. Clytus, I miſlike this new delicacie & pleaſing peace: for what elſe do we ſee now than a kind of ſoftnes in euery mans minde, Bees to make their hiues in ſouldiers helmets, our ſteeds furniſhed with foot-clothes of gold, in ſteede of ſadles of ſteele: More time to be required to ſcowre the ruſt of our weapons, thã there was wont to be in ſubduing the countries of our enemies. Sithence *Alexander* fell from his hard armour to his ſoft robes, behold the face of his court, youths that were wont to carry deuiſes of victory in their ſhields, engraue now poſies of loue in their ringes: they

they that were accuſtomed on trotting horſes to charge the enemie with a launce, now in eaſie coches ride vp and down to court Ladies, in ſteade of ſword and target to hazard their liues, vſe pen and paper to paint their loues, Yea ſuch a feare and faintneſſe is growne in court, that they wiſh rather to heare the blowing of a horne to hunt, than the ſound of a trumpet to fight; O Philip, wert thou aliue to ſee this alteration, thy men turned to women, thy ſouldiers to louers, gloues worne in veluet caps, in ſtead of plumes in grauen helmets, thou wouldeſt either dye among them for ſorrow, or counfound them for anger.

Clyt. Ceaſe *Parmenio*, leaſt in ſpeakking what becommeth thee not, thou feele what liketh thee not: truth is neuer with out a ſcracht face, whoſe tongue although it cannot be cut out, yet muſt it be tied vp.

Pa. It grieueth me not a little for *Hepheſtion*, who thirſteth for honour not eaſe, but ſuch is his fortune and neereneſſe in friendſhip to *Alexander*, that

hee muſt lay a pillow vnder his head, when hee would put a target in his hand. But let vs draw in, to ſee how well it becomes them to tread the meaſures in a daunce, that were wont to ſet the order for a march. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus, Scæna quarta.

Apelles, Campaſpe.

Apel. I haue now *Campaſpe* almoſt made an ende.

Camp. You told mee *Apelles*, you would neuer end.

Apel. Neuer end my loue: for it ſhal be eternall.

Camp. That is, neither to haue beginning nor ending.

Apel. You are diſpoſed to miſtake, I hope you do not miſtruſt.

Camp. What will you ſay, if *Alexander* perceiue your loue?

Apel. I will ſay, it is no treaſon to loue.

Camp. But how if hee will not ſuffer thee to ſee my perſon?

Apel. Then will I gaze continually on thy picture.

Camp. That will not feede thy heart.

Apel.

Apel. Yet ſhall it fill mine eye: beſides the ſweet thoughts, the ſure hopes, thy proteſted faith, wil cauſe me to embrace thy ſhadow continually in mine armes, of the which by ſtrong imagination I will make a ſubſtance.

Camp. Wel, I muſt be gone: but this aſſure your ſelfe, that I had rather be in thy ſhop grinding colours, than in *Alexanders* court, following higher fortunes. *Campaſpe alone.*

Fooliſh wench, what haſt thou done? that alas which cannot be vndone, and therefore I feare me vndone. But content is ſuch a life, I care not for aboundance. O *Apelles*, thy loue commeth from the heart, but *Alexanders* from the mouth. The loue of Kings is like the blowing of winds, which whiſtle ſometimes gently among the leaues, & ſtraight waies turne the trees vp by the rootes; or fire which warmeth afarre off, and burneth neere hand; or the ſea, which maketh men hoiſe their ſailes in a flattering calme, and to cut their maſtes in a rough ſtorme. They place affection by times, by policy, by appoyntment, if

they frowne, who dares call them vnconstant, if bewray secrets, who will tearme them vntrue, if full to other loues, who trembles not, if hee call them vnfaithfull. In Kings there can bee no loue, but to Queenes: for as neere must they meete in maiestie, as they doe in affection. It is requisite to stand aloofe from kings loue, *Ioue*, and lightening. *Exit.*

Actus quartus, Scæna quinta.

Apelles, Page.

Apel. Now *Apelles* gather thy wits together: *Campaspe* is no lesse wise then faire, thy selfe must be no lesse cunning then faithfull. It is no small matter to be riuall with *Alexander.*

Pag. Apelles, you must come away quickly with the picture, the king thinketh that now you haue painted it, you play with it.

Apel. If I would play with pictures, I haue enough at home.

Page None perhaps you like so well.

Apel. It may be I haue painted none so well.

Pa. I haue knowen many fairer faces.

Apel.

Apel. And I many bettes boyes.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus, Scæna prima.

Diogenes, Syluius, Perim, Milo, Trico, Manes.

Sy. I Haue brought my sons *Diogenes*, to be taught of thee.

Diog. What can thy sonnes doe?

Syl. You shall see their qualities: Dance sirha.

Then Perim danceth.

How like you this: doth he well?

Diog. The better, the worser.

Sylui. The musicke very good.

Diog. The Musitions very bad, who onely study to haue their strings in tune, neuer framing their manners to order.

Sylui. Now shall you see the other: tumble sirha.

Milo tumbleth.

How like you this? why do you laugh?

Diog. To see a wagge that was borne to breake his neck by destinie, to practise it by art.

Milo This dogge will bite me, I will not be with him.

Diog. Feare not boy, dogges eate no thiſtles.

Perim I maruell what dogge thou art, if thou be a dogge.

Diog. When I am hungry, a maſtife, and when my belly is full a ſpannell.

Sylui. Doſt thou beleeue that there are any Gods, that thou art ſo dogged.

Diog. I muſt needs beleeue there are Gods: for I thinke thee an enemie to them.

Sylui. Why ſo?

Diog. Becauſe thou haſt taught one of thy ſonnes to rule his legges, and not to follow learning, the other to bend his bodie euery way, and his minde no way.

Perim Thou doeſt nothing but ſnarle, and barke like a dogge.

Dio. It is the next vvay to driue away a theefe.

Sylui. Now ſhall you heare the third, who ſings like a Nightingale.

Diog. I care not: for I haue a Nightingale ſing her ſelfe.

Syl. Sing ſirha.

Song

Tryco singeth.

Song.

WHat Bird so sings, yet so dos wayle?
O t'is the Rauish'd Nightingale.
Iug, Iug, Iug, Iug, tereu shee cryes,
And still her woes at Midnight rise.
Braue prick song! who is't now we heare?
None but the Larke so shrill and cleare,
How at heauens gats she claps her wings,
The Morne not waking till shee sings.
Heark, heark, with what a pretty throat,
Poore Robin red-breast tunes his note;
Heark how the Iolly Cuckoes sing
Cuckoe, to welcome in the spring,
Cuckoe, to welcome in the spring.

Syl. Loe *Diogenes*, I am sure thou canst not doe so much.

Di. But there is neuer a Thrush but can.

Sy. What hast thou taught *Manes* thy man.

Di. To be as vnlike as may be thy sons.

Manes He hath taught me to fast, lie hard, and run away.

Syl. How sayest thou *Perim*, wilt thou bee with him?

Perim. I, so he will teach me first to runne away.

Diog. Thou needest not be taught, thy legges are so nimble.

Sylui. How sayest thou *Milo*, wilt thou be with him?

Diog. Nay hold your peace, hee shall not.

Silui. Why?

Diog. There is not roome enough for him and me to tumble both in one tub.

Sylui. Well *Diogenes*, I perceiue my sonnes brooke not thy manners.

Diog. I thought no lesse, when they knew my vertues.

Sylui. Farewell *Diogenes*, thou neededst not haue scraped rootes, if thou wouldst hauefollowed *Alexander.*

Diog. Nor thou haue followed *Alexander*, if thou hadst scraped rootes.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus, Scæna secunda.

Apelles alone:

I feare mee *Apelles*, that thine eyes haue

haue blabbed that, which thy tongue durſt not. What little regard hadſt thou, whileſt *Alexander* viewed the counterfeit of *Campaſpe*, thou ſtoodeſt gazing on her countenance? If he eſpie or but ſuſpect, thou muſt needs twice periſh with his hate, and thine owne loue. Thy pale lookes, when he bluſhed, thy ſad countenance, when he ſmiled, thy ſighes, when he queſtioned, may breed in him a iealouſie, perchance a frenzie. O loue, I neuer before knew what thou wert, and now haſt thou made me that I know not what my ſelfe am; Onely this I know, that I muſt endure intolerable paſſions, for vnknowne pleaſures. Diſpute not the cauſe wretch, but yeeld to it: for better it is to melt with deſire, than wraſtle with loue. Caſt thy ſelfe on thy carefull bed, be content to liue vnknown, & die vnfound. O *Campaſpe*, I haue painted thee in my heart: painted? nay, contrary to mine arte, imprinted, and that in ſuch deepe Characters, that nothing can raſe it out, vnleſſe it rubbe thy heart out.

Exit.

Actus quintus, Scæna tertia.

Milectus, Phrygius, Lais, Diogenes,

Mil. It ſhall goe hard, but this peace ſhall bring vs ſome pleaſure.

Phri. Downe with armes, and vp with legges, this is a world for the nonce.

Lais Sweet youths, if you know what it were to ſaue your ſweet blood, you would not ſo fooliſhly go about to ſpend it. What delight can there be in gaſhing, to make foule ſcarres in faire faces, and crooked maimes in ſtreight legges? as though men being borne goodly by nature, would of purpoſe become deformed by folly, and all forſooth for a new found tearme, called valiant, a word which breedeth more quarrels than the ſenſe can commendation.

Mil. It is true *Lais*, a feather-bed hath no fellow, good drinke makes good blood, and ſhall pelting words ſpill it?

Phry. I meane to enioy the world, and to draw out my life at the wire-drawers, not to curtall it off at the cutlers.

La. You may talke of vvarre, ſpeake bigge,

bigge, conquer vvorlds vvith great words : but ſtay at home, vvhere in ſteade of Alarums you ſhall haue dances, for hot battailes with fierce men, gentle skirmiſhes with faire women. Theſe pevvter coates can neuer ſit ſo well as Satten doublets. Beleeue me, you cannot conceiue the pleaſure of peace, vnleſſe you deſpiſe the rudenes of warre.

Mil. It is ſo. But ſee *Diogenes* prying ouer his tub: *Diogenes* what ſayeſt thou to ſuch a morſell ?

Diog. I ſay, I would ſpit it out of my mouth, becauſe it ſhould not poyſon my ſtomacke.

Phry. Thou ſpeakeſt as thou art, it is noe meate for dogges.

Diog. I am a dogge, and Philoſophy rates me from carrion.

Lais. Vnciuil wretch, whoſe maners are anſwerable to thy calling, the time was thou vvouldeſt haue had my company, had it not beene, as thou ſaidſt too deare.

Di. I remember there was a thing, that I repented mee of, and now thou haſt tolde it : indeed it vvas too deare of nothing:

nothing, and thou deare to no bodie.

Lays Downe villaine, or I will haue thy head broken.

Mile. Will you couch?

Phry. Auant curre. Come ſweet *Lays*, let vs goe to ſome place, and poſſeſſe peace. But firſt let vs ſing, there is more pleaſure in tuning of a voyce, than in a volly of ſhot.

Milec. Now let vs make haſt, leaſt *Alexander* finde vs here. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus, Scæna quarta.

Alexander, Hepheſtion, Page, Diogenes, Apelles, Campaſpe.

Alex. Methinketh *Hepheſtion* you are more melancholy than you were accuſtomed, but I perceiue it is all for *Alexander*. You can neither brooke this peace, nor my pleaſure, bee of good cheare, though I winke, I ſleepe not.

Hepheſt. Melancholy I am not, nor well content: for I know not how there is ſuch a ruſt crept into my bones with this long caſe, that I feare I ſhall not ſcowre it out with infinite labours.

Alex.

Alex. Yes, yes, if all the trauailes of conquering the World will set either thy bodie or mine in tune, we will vndertake them. But what thinke you of *Apelles?* Did yee euer see any so perplexed? Hee neither answered directly to any question, nor looked stedfastly vpon any thing. I hold my life the Painter is in loue.

Heph. It may be: for commonly we see it incident in artificers to be enamoured of their owne workes, as *Archidamus* of his wooden Doue, *Pygmalion* of his Iuorie Image, *Arachne* of his vvooden Swanne, especially Painters, who playing with their owne conceits, now coueting to draw a glancing eie, then a rolling, novv a vvinking, still mending it, neuer ending it, till they be caught vvith it, and then poore soules they kisse the colours vvith their lips, vvith vvhich before they vvere loth to taint their fingers.

Alex. I will find it out Page goe speedily for *Apelles*, will him to come hither, and when you see vs earnestly in talke, sodainly crie out, *Apelles* shop is on fire.

Page. It shall be done.

Alex.

Alex. Forget not your leſſon.

Heph. I maruell what your deuiſe ſhalbe.

Alex. The euent ſhall proue.

Heph. I pittie the poore painter, if he be in loue.

Alex. Pitie him not, I pray thee, that ſeuere grauity ſet aſide, what doe you thinke of loue?

Heph. As the *Macedonians* doe of their hearbe *Beet*, which looking yellow in the ground, and blacke in the hand, thinke it better ſeene than toucht.

Alex. But what doe you imagine it to be?

Heph. A word by ſuperſtition thought a God, by vſe turned to an humour, by ſelfe-will made a flattering madneſſe.

Alex. You are too hard hearted to thinke ſo of loue. Let vs goe to *Diogenes*. *Diogenes*, thou mayſt thinke it ſomewhat, that *Alexander* commeth to thee againe ſo ſoone.

Diog. If you come to learne, you could not come ſoone enough, if to laugh, you be come too ſoone.

Heph. It would better become thee to be more courteous, & frame thy ſelf to pleaſe.

Diog.

Diog. And you better to bee leſſe, if you durſt diſpleaſe.

Alex. What doeſt thou thinke of the time we haue here?

Diog. That we haue little & loſe much.

Alex. If one be ſicke, what wouldſt thou haue him doe?

Diog. Bee ſure that hee make not his Phyſician his heire.

Alex. If thou mighteſt haue thy will, how much ground would content thee?

Diog. As much as you in the end muſt be contented withall.

Alex. What, a World?

Diog. No, the length of my bodie.

Alex. *Hepheſtion*, ſhall I bee a little pleaſant with him?

Heph. You may: but hee will be very peruerſe with you.

Alex. It skils not, I cannot be angry with him. *Diogenes*, I pray thee what doeſt thou thinke of loue?

Diog. A litle worſer than I can of hate.

Alex. And why?

Diog. Becauſe it is better to hate the things, which make to loue, than to loue the things, which giue occaſion of hate.

Alex.,

Alex. Why bee not women the beſt creatures in the World?

Diog. Next men and Bees.

Alex. What doeſt thou diſlike chiefly in a woman?

Diog. One thing.

Alex. What?

Diog. That ſhe is a woman.

Alex. In mine opinion thou wert neuer borne of a woman, that thou thinkeſt ſo hardly of Women, but now commeth *Apelles*, who I am ſure is as farre from thy thoughts, as thou art from his cunning *Diogenes*, I will haue thy Cabin remoued neerer to my Court, becauſe I will be a Philoſopher.

Diogenes. And when you haue done ſo, I pray you remoue your Court further from my Cabin, becauſe I will not be a Courtier.

Alex. But here commeth *Apelles*. *Apelles*, what peece of worke haue you now in hand?

Apel. None in hand, if it like your Maieſtie: but I am deuiſing a platforme in my head.

Alexand. I thinke your hand put it

in

in your head. Is it nothing about *Venus?*

Apelles. No, but ſome thing about *Venus.*

Page. *Apelles, Apelles,* looke aboue you, your ſhop is on fire.

Apel. Aye mee, if the picture of *Campaſpe* be burnt, I am vndone.

Alex. Stay *Apelles,* no haſte, it is your heart is on fire, not your ſhop. and if *Campaſpe* hang there, I would ſhee were burnt. But haue you the picture of *Campaſpe?* Belike you loue her well, that you care not though all be loſt, ſo ſhe be ſafe.

Apel. Not loue her: but your Maieſtie knowes that Painters in their laſt workes are ſaid to excell themſelues, and in this I haue ſo much pleaſed my ſelfe, that the ſhadow as much delighteth mee being an artificer, as the ſubſtance doth others that are amorous.

Alex. You lay your colours groſly, though I could not paint in your ſhop, I can ſpie into your excuſe. Be not aſhamed *Apelles,* it is a Gentlemans ſport to be in loue. Call hither *Campaſpe.* Me thinkes

I might haue beene made priuie to your affection, though my counſell had not bin neceſſary, yet my countenance might haue beene thought requiſite. But *Apelles* forſooth loueth vnder hand, yea and vnder *Alexanders* noſe, and: but I ſay no more.

Apelles. *Apelles* loueth not ſo: but hee liueth to doe as *Alexander* will.

Alex. *Campaſpe*, here is newes. *Apelles* is in loue with you.

Camp. It pleaſeth your Maieſtie to ſay ſo.

Alex. *Hepheſtion*, I will trie her too, *Campaſpe*, for the good qualities I know in *Apelles*, and the vertue I ſee in you, I am determined you ſhall enioy one another. How ſay you *Campaſpe*, would you ſay I?

Camp. Your hand-maid muſt obey, if you command.

Alexan. Thinke you not *Hepheſtion*, that ſhee would faine be commanded?

Heph. I am no thought Catcher, but I gheſſe vnhappily.

Alex.

Alex. I will not enforce marriage, where I cannot compell loue.

Camp. But your Maieſtie may moue a queſtion, where you be willing to haue a match.

Alex. Beleeue me *Hepheſtion*, theſe parties are agreed, they would haue mee both Prieſt and witneſſe, *Apelles*, take *Campaſpe*, why moue yee not? *Campaſpe*, take *Apelles*, will it not be? If you be aſhamed one of the other, by my conſent you ſhall neuer come together. But diſſemble not *Campaſpe*, doe you loue *Apelles*?

Camp. Pardon my Lord, I loue *Apelles*?

Alex. *Apelles*, it were a ſhame for you, being loued ſo openly of ſo faire a Virgin, to ſay the contrarie. Doe you loue *Campaſpe*?

Apel. Onely *Campaſpe*.

Alex. Two louing wormes *Hepheſtion*, I perceiue *Alexander* cannot ſubdue the affections of men, though conquer their Countries. Loue falleth like a dew aſwell vpon the low Graſſe, as vpon the high Cedar. Sparkes haue their heate,

heat, Ants their gall, Flies their ſpleene. Well enioy one another, I giue her thee frankly *Apelles*. Thou ſhalt ſee that *Alexander* maketh but a toy of loue, and leadeth affection in fetters, vſing fancie as a Foole to make him ſport, or a Minſtrell to make him merry. It is not the amorous glance of an eye can ſettle an idle thought in the heart, no no, it is childrens game, a life for Seamſters and Schollers, the one pricking in clouts haue nothing elſe to thinke on, the other picking fancies out of Books, haue little elſe to maruaile at. Go *Apelles*, take with you your *Campaſpe*, *Alexander* is cloyed with looking on that, which thou wondreſt at.

Apel. Thankes to your Maieſtie on bended knee, you haue honoured *Apelles*.

Camp. Thankes with bowed heart, you haue bleſſed *Campaſpe*.

Exeunt.

Alex. Page goe warne *Clytus* and *Parmenio* and the other Lords to be in a readineſſe, let the trumpet ſound, ſtrike vp the Drumme, and I will preſently into *Perſia*. How now *Hepheſtion*, is *Alexander* able to reſiſt loue as he liſt?

Heph.

Heph. The conquering of *Thebes* was ot so honourable as the subduing of these houghts.

Alex. It were a shame *Alexander* hould desire to command the World, if e could not command himselfe. But come et vs goe, I will trie whether I can better eare my hand with my heart, than I ould with mine eye. And good *Hephe-ion*, when all the World is wonne, and uery Country is thine and mine, either nd me out another to subdue, or of my ord I will fall in loue.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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The Epilogue at the Blacke Friers.

WHere the Rain bow toucheth the tree, no Caterpillars will hang on the leaues: where the Gloworme creepeth in the night, no Adder will goe in the day. We hope in the eares where our trauailes be lodged, no carping ſhall harbour in thoſe tongues. Our exerciſes, muſt be as your iudgement is, reſembling water, which is alwayes of the ſame colour into what it runneth. In the Troyan *horſe lay couched ſouldiers with children, and in heapes of many words we feare diuers vnfit, among ſome allowable. But as* Demoſthenes *with often breathing vp the hill amended his ſtammering, ſo wee hope with ſundrie labours againſt the haire,*

haire, to correct our ſtudies. If the tree be blaſted that bloſſomes, the fault is in the winde, and not in the roote, and if our paſtimes bee miſliked, that haue beene allowed, you muſt impute it to the malice of others, and not our endeuour.

And ſo we reſt in good caſe, if you reſt well content.

The Epilogue at the Court.

WE cannot tell whether wee are fallen among *Diomedes* Birdes or his Horſes, the one receiued ſome men with ſweet notes, the other bit all men with ſharpe teeth. But as *Homers* Gods conueyed them into cloudes, whom they would haue kept from curſes, and as *Venus*, leaſt *Adonis* ſhould be pricked with the ſtings of Adders, couered his face with the wings of Swans: ſo wee hope, being ſhielded with your Highneſſe countenance, wee ſhall, though heare the neighing, yet not feele the kicking of thoſe jades, and receiue, though no prayſe (which wee cannot deſerue) yet a pardon, which in all humilitie we deſire. As yet we cannot tell what we ſhould tearme our labours, Iron or Bullion, only it belongeth to your Maieſtie to

make them fit either for the forge, or the mynt, currant by the ſtampe, or counterfeit by the anuill. For as nothing is to be called white, vnleſſe it had beene named white by the firſt creature, ſo can there be nothing thought good in the opinion of others, vnleſſe it be chriſtened good by the iudgement of your ſelfe. For our ſelues againe, we are like theſe Torches of Waxe, of which being in your Highneſſe hands, you may make Doues or Vultures, Roſes or Nettles, Laurell for a garland, or Ealder for a diſgrace.

FINIS.

SAPHO AND PHAO,

Played before the Queenes Maieſtie on *Shroue-tueſday*:

By her MAIESTIES Children, and the Children of *Paules*.

LONDON,
Printed by *William Stansby*, for *Edward Blount*.
1632.

SAPHO
AND
PHAO.

THE PROLOGVE AT *the blacke Friers.*

WHere the Bee can ſucke no honey, ſhee leaueth her ſting behind, and where the Beare cannot finde *Origanum* to heale his griefe, hee blaſteth all other leaues with his breath. Wee feare it is like to fare ſo with vs, that ſeeing you cannot draw from our labours ſweet content, you leaue behinde you a ſowre miſlike: and with open reproach blame our good meanings becauſe you cannot reape your wonted mirths. Our intent was at this time to moue inward delight, not outward lightneſſe, and to breed (if it might be) ſoft ſmiling, not loud laughing: knowing it to the wiſe to be as great pleaſure to heare counſell mixed with wit, as to the fooliſh to haue ſport mingled with rudeneſſe.

They were banished the Theater of *Athens*, and from *Rome* hissed, that brought Parasites on the stage with apish actions, or fooles with vnciuill habits, or Curtizans with immodest words. We haue endeuoured to be as farre from vnseemely speeches, to make your eares glow, as we hope you will be free from vnkind reports to make our cheekes blush. The Gryffon neuer spreadeth her wings in the Sunne, when she hath any sicke feathers: yet haue we ventured to present our exercise before your iudgments, when we know them full of weake matter yeelding rather our selues to the curtesie, which wee haue euer found, than to the precisenesse, which we ought to feare.

The

The Prologue at the Court.

THe Arabians *being ſtuffed with perfumes, burn Hemlocke; a ranke poyſon: and in* Hybla *being cloid with honie, they account it daintie to feed on wax. Your Highneſſe eyes whom variety hath fild with faire ſhowes, and whoſe eares pleaſure hath poſſeſſed with rare ſounds, will (we truſt) at this time reſemble the Princely Eagle, who fearing to ſurfet on ſpices, ſtoopeth to bite on Worme-wood. Wee preſent no conceits nor wars, but deceits and lones, wherein the truth may excuſe the plainneneſſe: the neceſſitie, the length: the poetry, the bitterneſſe. There is no Needles point ſo ſmall, which hath not his compaſſe: nor haire ſo ſlender, that hath not his ſhadow: nor ſport ſo ſimple, which hath not his ſhew: Whatſoeuer wee preſent, whether it be tedi-*

ous

dious (which wee feare) or toyish (which we doubt) sweet or sowre, absolute or imperfect, or whatsoeuer, in all humblenesse we all, and I on knee for all, intreat, that your Highnesse imagine your selfe to be in a deepe dreame, that staying the conclusion, in your rising your Maiesty vouchsafe but to say,

And so you awakt.



Actus

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Phao, Venus, Cupid.

Phao. THou art a Ferriman, *Phao*, yet a freeman, poſſeſſing for riches content, and for honours quiet. Thy thoughts are no higher than thy fortunes, nor thy deſires greater than thy calling. Who climbeth, ſtandeth on glaſſe, and falleth on thorne. Thy hearts thirſt is ſatisfied with thy hands thrift, and thy gentle labours in the day, turne to ſweete ſlumbers in the night. As much doth it delight thee to rule thine Oare in a calme ſtreame, as it doth *Sapho* to ſway the Scepter in her braue Court. Enuie neuer caſteth her eye low, ambition pointeth alwayes vpward, and reuenge barketh only at ſtarres. Thou fareſt deli-

cately, if thou haue a fare to buy any thing. Thine angle is readie, when thine Oare is idle, and as sweet is the fish which thou getteſt in the riuer, as the foule which other buy in the market, Thou needeſt not feare poyſon in thy glaſſe, nor treaſon in thy gard. The wind is thy greateſt enemy, whoſe might is withſtood with pollicie. O ſweet life ſeldome found vnder a golden couert, often vnder a thatched cottage. But here commeth one, I will withdraw my ſelfe aſide, it may be a paſſenger.

Venus. It is no leſſe vnſeemely than vnwholſome for *Venus*, who is moſt honoured in Princes Courts, to ſoiourne with *Vulcan* in a Smiths forge, where bellowes blow in ſteed of ſighes, darke ſmoakes riſe for ſweete perfumes, and for the panting of louing hearts, is onely heard the beating of ſteeled hammers. Vnhappy *Venus*, that carrying fire in thine owne breſt, thou ſhouldeſt dwell with fire in his forge. What doth *Vulcan* al day but endeuour to be as crabbed in manners, as hee is crooked in body? driuing nailes, when he ſhould giue kiſſes, & hammering

hard

hard armours, when he ſhould ſing ſweet amours. It came by lot, and not loue, that I was linked with him. Hee giues three bolts, *Cupid*, in ſteed of arrowes, fearing belike (iealous foole that he is) that if he ſhould giue thee an Arrow head, hee ſhould make himſelfe a broad head. But come, wee will to *Syracuſa*, where thy deitie ſhall be ſhowne, and my diſdaine. I will yoke the necke, that yet neuer bowed, at which, if *Ioue* repine, *Ioue* ſhall repent. *Sapho* ſhall know, be ſhee neuer ſo faire, that there is a *Venus*, which can conquer, were ſhee neuer ſo fortunate.

Cupid. If *Ioue* eſpie *Sapho*, hee will deuiſe ſome new ſhape to entertaine her.

Venus. Strike thou *Sapho*, let *Ioue* deuiſe what ſhape he can.

Cupid. Mother, they ſay ſhe hath her thoughts in a ſtring, that ſhe conquers affections, and ſendeth loue vp and downe vpon errands, I am afraid ſhee will yerke me, if I hit her.

Venus. Peeuiſh boy, can mortall creatures reſiſt that, which the immortall Gods cannot redreſſe?

Cupid.

Cupid. The Gods are amorous: and therefore willing to be pierced.

Venus. And ſhee amiable, and therefore muſt be pierced.

Cupid. I dare not.

Venus. Draw thine arrow to the head, elſe I wil make thee repent it at the heart. Come away, and behold the ferry boy readie to conduct vs. Pretie youth, doe you keepe the ferry, that bendeth to *Syracuſa?*

Phao. The ferry, faire Ladie, that bendeth to *Syracuſa.*

Venus. I feare, if the water ſhould begin to ſwell, thou wilt want cunning to guide.

Phao. Theſe waters are commonly as the paſſengers be, and therefore carrying one ſo faire in ſhew, there is no cauſe to feare a rough Sea.

Venus. To paſſe the time in thy boate, canſt thou deuiſe any paſtime?

Phao. If the winde be with mee, I can angle, or tell tales: if againſt mee, it will be pleaſure for you to ſee me take paines.

Venus. I like not fiſhing: yet was I borne of the Sea.

Phao.

Phao But he may bleſſe fiſhing, that caught ſuch an one in the ſea.

Venus It was not with an angle, my boye, but with a nette.

Phao So was it ſaid, that Vulcan caught Mars with Venus.

Venus Didſt thou heare ſo? It was ſome tale.

Phao Yea Madam, and that in the boate I did meane to make my tale.

Venus It is not for a ferrie man to talke of the Gods loues: but to tell how thy father could dig, and thy mother ſpinne. But come, let vs away.

Phao I am readie to waite. *Exeunt.*

Actus primus, Scæna ſecunda.

Trachinus, Pandion, Cryticus, Molus.

Trachi. Pandion, ſince your comming from the vniuerſitie to the court, from Athens to Syracuſa, how doe you feele your ſelfe altered either in humor or opinion?

Pandi. Altered Trachinus, I ſay no more, and ſhame that any ſhould know much.

Trach.

Trach. Here you see as great vertue, far greater brauerie, the action of that which you contemplate. Sapho faire by nature, by birth royall, learned by education, by gouernment politicke, rich by peace: insomuch as it is hard to iudge, whether shee bee more beautifull or wise, vertuous or fortunate. Besides, doe you not looke on faire Ladies in stead of good letters, and behold faire faces in stead of fine phrases? In vniuersities vertues and vices are but shadowed in colours white and blacke, in courts shewed to life good and bad. There times past are read of in old books, times present set downe by new deuises, times to come coniectured at by aime, by prophesie, or chance: here are times in perfection, not by deuise, as fables, but in execution, as truths. Beleeue me Pandion, in Athens you haue but tombs, we in court the bodies, you the pictures of Venus and the wise Goddesses, wee the persons and the vertues. What hath a scholler found out by study, that a courtier hath not found out by practise. Simple are you that thinke

to

to ſee more at the candle ſnuffe than the ſunne beames, to ſaile further in a little brooke, than in the maine Ocean, to make a greater harueſt by gleaning than reaping. How ſay you Pandion, is not all this true?

Pand. Trachinus, what would you more, all true.

Trachinus Ceaſe then to lead thy life in a ſtudie pinned with a few boards, and endeauour to be a courtier to liue in emboſte roofes.

Pa. A labour intolerable for Pandion.

Trach. Why?

Pandi. Becauſe it is harder to ſhape a life to diſſemble, than to goe forward with the libertie of truth.

Trach. Why, doe you thinke in court any vſe to diſſemble?

Pandi. Doe you know in court any that meane to liue?

Trach. You haue no reaſon for it, but an old report.

Pandi. Report hath not alwaies a bliſter on her tongue.

Tra. I but this is the court of Sapho, natures miracle, which reſembleth the tree

tree *Salurus*, whose roote is fastned vpon knotted steele, & in whose top bud leaues of pure gold.

Pandi. Yet hath *Salurus* blasts, and water boughes, wormes and Caterpillers.

Trach. The vertue of the tree is not the cause: but the Easterly wind, which is thought commonly to bring cankers and rottennesse.

Pandi. Nor the excellencie of *Sapho* the occasion: but the iniquitie of flatterers, who alwayes whisper in Princes eares suspition and sowrenesse.

Trach. Why, then you conclude with mee, that *Sapho* for vertue hath no copartner.

Pandi. Yea, and with the iudgement of the World, that shee is without comparison.

Trach. We will thither straight.

Pandion I would I might returne streight.

Trach. Why, there you may liue still.

Pandi. But not still.

Trach. How like you the Ladies, are they not passing faire?

Pand.

Pandi. Mine eye drinketh neither the colour of wine nor women.

Tra. Yet am I sure that in iudgement you are not so seuere, but that you can be content to allow of beauty by day or by night.

Pandi. When I behold beautie before the sunne, his beames dimme beauty: when by candle, beauty obscures torch light, so as no time I can iudge, because at any time I cannot discerne, being, in the Sunne a brightnes to shadow beauty, and in beauty a glistering to extinguish light.

Trach. Schollerlike said, you flatter that, which you seeme to mislike, and to disgrace that, which you most wonder at. But let vs away.

Pandi. I follow. And you sir boyes goe to *Syracusa* about by land, where you shall meete my stuffe, pay for the cariage, and conuay it to my lodging.

Trach. I thinke all your stuffe are bundles of paper, but now must you learne to turne your library to a wardrope, and see whether you rapier hang

better

better by your ſide, than the penne did in your care.

Exeunt.

Actus primus, Scæna tertia.

Cryticus, Molus.

Criti. Molus, what oddes betweene thy commons in *Athens* and thy diet in court? a pages life and a ſcholers?

Molus This difference, there of a little I had ſomewhat, here of a great deale nothing, there I did weare Pantophles on my leggs, here doe I beare them in my hands.

Cryti. Thou maiſt bee skilled in thy Logick, but not in thy Lerypoope: belike no meate can downe with you, vnleſſe you haue a knife to cut it: but come among vs, and you ſhall ſee vs once in a morning haue a mouſe at a bay.

Molus A mouſe? vnproperly ſpoken.

Criti. Aptly vnderſtoode, a mouſe of beefe.

Molus I thinke indeed a peece of beefe

as

as big as a mouſe ſerues a great company of ſuch cattes. But what elſe?

Criti. For other ſports a ſquare die in a pages pocket, is as decent as a ſquare cap on a Graduates head.

Mol. You courtiers be mad fellowes, we ſilly ſouſes are only plodders at *Ergo*, whoſe vvitts are claſpt vp with our bookes, and ſo full of learning are vvee at home, that wee ſcarſe know good manners vvhen we come abroad. Cunning in nothing but in making ſmall things great by figures, pulling on with with the ſvveate of our ſtudies a great ſhooe vpon a little foote, burning out one candle in ſeeking for another, ravv worldlings in matters of ſubſtance, paſſing wranglers about ſhadovves.

Criti. Then is it time loſt to bee a ſcholler. Wee Pages are Politians, for looke what wee heare our maſters talke of, vve determine of, and where we ſuſpect, we vndermine: and where we miſlike for ſome particular grudge, there wee picke quarrels for a generall griefe. Nothing among vs but in ſtead of good

morrow,

morrow, what newes? we fall from cogging at dice, to cogge with ſtates: and ſoforward are meane men in thoſe matters, that they would be cocks to tread downe others, before they be chickens to riſe themſelues. Youths are verie forward to ſtroake their chinnes, though they haue no beards, and to lie as loud as he that hath liued longeſt.

Molus Theſe be the golden dayes.

Criti. Then be they very darke dayes: for I can ſee no gold.

Molus You are groſſe witted, maſter courtier.

Cri. And your maſter ſcholler ſlender witted.

Mol. I meant times which were propheſied golden for plentie of all things, ſharpneſſe of wit, excellencie in knowledge, pollicie in gouernment, for.

Criti. Soft *Scholaris* I denie your argument.

Mol. Why, it is no argument.

Cri. Then I denie it, becauſe it is no argument. But let vs goe and follow our maſters.

Exeunt.

Actus

Actus primus, Scæna quarta.

Mileta, Lamia, Fauilla, Iſmena, Canope, Eugenua.

Milet. Is it not ſtrang that Phao on the ſodaine ſhould be ſo faire?

Lami. It cannot be ſtrang, ſith Venus was diſpoſed to make him faire. That cunning had beene better beſtowed on women, which would haue deſerued thankes of nature.

Iſme. Haply ſhe did it in ſpite of women, or ſcorne of nature.

Cano. Proud elfe, how ſqueamiſh hee is become already, vſing both diſdainefull lookes, and imperious words: inſomuch that hee galleth with ingratitude. And then Ladies you know how it cutteth a woman to become a wooer.

Euge. Tuſh, children and fooles, the fairer they are, the ſooner they yeeld, an apple will catch the one, a baby the other.

Iſme. Your louer I thinke bee a faire foole: for you loue nothing but fruit and puppets.

Milet.

Milet. I laugh at that you all call loue, & iudge it onely a word called loue. Me thinks liking, a curtesie, a smile, a becke, and such like, are the very Quintessence of loue.

Fauil. I Mileta, but were you as wise as you would bee thought faire, or as faire, as you thinke your selfe wise, you would bee as ready to please men, as you are coy to pranke your selfe, and as carefull to be accounted amorous as you are willing to be thought discreete.

Mileta. No, no, men are good soules (poore soules) who neuer enquire but with their eyes, louing to father the cradle, though they but mother the childe. Giue mee their gifts, not their vertues, a graine of their Golde weigheth downe a pound of their witte, a dramme of giue mee, is heauier than an ounce of heare mee. Beleeue me Ladies, giue is a pretie thing.

Iſme. I cannot but oftentimes smile to my selfe to heare men call vs weake vessels, whē they proue themselues broken hearted, vs fraile, whē their thoughts cannot hang together, studying with words

words to flatter, and with bribes to allure, when wee commonly wish their tongues in their purses, they speake so simplie, and their offers in their bellies, they doe it so peeuishly.

Mileta It is good sport to see them want matter: for then fall they to good maners, hauing nothing in their mouthes but sweet mistres, wearing our hands out with courtly kissings, when their wits faile in courtly discourses. Now rufling their haires, now setting their ruffes, then gazing with their eyes, then sighing with a priuie wring by the hand, thinking vs like to bee wooed by signes and ceremonies.

Enge. Yet wee when we sweare with our mouthes we are not in loue, then we sigh from the heart and pine in loue.

Cano. Wee are mad wenches, if men marke our words: for when I say, I would none cared for loue more than I, what meane I, but I would none loued but I, where we crie away, doe wee not presently say, go to: and when men striue for kisses, wee exclaime, let vs alone, as though we would fall to that our selues:

Fauil

Fauilla Nay, then *Canope*, it is time to goe, and behold *Phao*.

Isme. Where?

Fauil. In your head Ismena, no where else: but let vs keepe on our way.

Isme. Wisely.

Exeunt.

Actus secundus, Scæna prima.

Phao, Sybilla.

Ph. PHao, thy meane fortune causeth thee to vse an oare, and thy sodaine beautie a glasse: by the one is seene thy neede, in the other thy pride. O Venus, in thinking thou hast blest me, thou hast curst me, adding to a poore estate, a proud heart, and to a disdained man, a disdaining mind. Thou dost not flatter thy selfe Phao, thou art faire: faire? I feare mee faire bee a word too foule for a face so passing faire. But what auaileth beauty, hadst thou all things thou wouldest wish, thou mightst die to morrow, and didst thou want all things thou desirest, thou shalt liue till thou diest. Tush Phao, there is growne more

pride

pride in thy minde, than fauour in thy face. Bluſh fooliſh boy, to thinke on thine owne thoughts, ceaſe complaints, and craue counſell. And loe, behold Sybilla, in the mouth of her caue, I will ſalute her; Ladie, I feare me I am out of my way, and ſo benighted withall, that I am compelled to aske your direction.

Syb. Faire youth, if you will be aduiſed by me, you ſhall for this time ſeeke none other Inne, than my caue: for that it is no leſſe perilous to trauaile by night, than vncomfortable.

Ph. Your courteſie offred hath preuented what my neceſſitie was to intreate.

Syb. Come neere, take a ſtoole, and ſit downe. Now for that theſe winter nights are long, and that children delight in nothing more than to heare old wiues tales, wee will beguile the time with ſome ſtorie. And though you behold wrinckles & furrows in my tawnie face: yet may you happily finde wiſdome and counſell in my white haires.

Ph. Lady, nothing can content me better than a tale, neither is there any thing more neceſſary for me than counſell:

Sy. Were you borne ſo faire by Nature.

Phao No, made ſo faire by *Venus.*

Sybi. For what cauſe?

Phao I feare me for ſome curſe.

Sybi. Why, doe you loue, and cannot obtaine?

Ph. No, I may obtaine, but cannot loue.

Sybi. Take heed of that my childe.

Phao I cannot chuſe good Madame.

Sybi. Then hearken to my tale, which I hope ſhalbe as a ſtreight thread to lead you out of thoſe crooked conceits, and place you in the plaine path of loue.

Phao I attend.

Sybi. When I was young, as you now are, I ſpeake it without boaſting, I was as beautifull: for *Phœbus* in his Godhead ſought to get my maidenhead: but I fonde wench, receiuing a benefit from aboue began to waxe ſquemiſh beneath, not vnlike to *Aſolis*, which being made greene by heauenly drops, ſhrinketh into the ground when there fall ſhowers: or the *Syrian* mudde, which being made white chalke by the ſunne, neuer ceaſeth rolling, till it lie in the ſhadow. Hee to ſweete prayers added great promiſes

I, either desirous to make triall of his power, or willing to prolong mine owne life, caught vp my handfull of sand, consenting to his sute, if I might liue as many yeares as there were graines. *Phœbus* (for what cannot the Gods doe, and what for loue will they not do) granted my petition. And then I sigh and blush to tell the rest, I recalled my promise.

Phao Was not the God angrie to see you so vnkind?

Sybi. Angrie my boy, vvhich vvas the cause that I was vnfortunate.

Phao What reuenge for such rigor vsed the Gods?

Syby. None, but suffring vs to liue, and knovv we are no Gods.

Phao I pray tell on.

Sybi. I will. Hauing receiued long life by *Phœbus*, and rare beauty by nature, I thought all the yeare would haue beene May, that fresh colours would alwaies continue, that time and fortune could not weare out, what Gods and Nature had vvrought vp: not once imagining that white and red should returne to blacke and yellow; Iuniper, the longer it grew,

the crookeder it wexed; or that in a face without blemish, there should come wrinkles without number. I did as you doe, goe with my glasse rauished with the pride of mine owne beautie, and you shall doe, as I doe, loath to see a glasse disdaining deformitie. There was none that heard of my fault, but shunned my fauour, insomuch as I stooped for age before I tasted of youth, sure to be long liued, vncertaine to be beloued. Gentlemen that vsde to sigh from their hearts for my sweet loue, began to point with with their fingers at my withered face, and laughed to see the eyes, out of which fire seemed to sparkle, to be succoured being old with spectacles. This causeth me to withdraw my selfe to a solitarie caue, wher I must lead six hundred yeares in no lesse pēsiuenes of crabbed age, than griefe of remembred youth. Only this comfort, that being ceased to be faire, I studie to be wise, wishing to be thoght a graue matrō, since I cannot returne to be a yong maid.

Ph. Is it not possible to die before you become so old?

Sybi. No more possible than to return as you are, to be so young.

Ph. Could not you settle your fancie vpon any, or would not destinie suffer it?

Sy. Women willingly ascribe that to fortune, which wittingly was committed by frowardnesse.

Phao What will you haue me doe?

Syb. Take heed you doe not as I did. Make not too much of fading beautie, which is faire in the cradle, & foule in the graue, resembling *Polyon*, whose leaues are white in the morning, and blue before night, or *Anyra*, which being a sweet flowre at the rising of the Sun, becometh a weede, if it be not pluckt before the setting. Faire faces haue no fruites, if they haue no witnesse. When you shall behold ouer this tender flesh a tough skinne, your eyes which were wont to glance at others faces to be sunke so hollow, that you can scarce look out of your owne head, and when all your teeth shall wagge as fast as your tongue, then will you repent the time which you cannot recall, and bee enforced to beare what most you blame. Loose not the pleasant time of your youth, than the which there is

nothing ſwifter, nothing ſweeter. Beautie is a ſlipperie good, which decreaſeth whileſt it is increaſing, reſembling the Medlar, which in the moment of his full ripenes, is knowen to be in a rottennesſe. While you looke in the glaſſe it waxeth old with time, if on the Sun parcht with heate; if on the winde, blaſted with colde. A great care to keepe it, a ſhort ſpace to enioy it, a ſodaine time to looſe it. Bee not coy when you are courted; Fortunes wings are made of Times feathers, which ſtay not whileſt one may meaſure them. Be affable & curteous in youth, that you may be honoured in age. Roſes that looſe their colours, keepe their ſauours and pluckt from the ſtalke, are put to the ſtil. *Cotonea* becauſe it bowreth when the Sun riſeth, is ſweeteſt, when it is oldeſt; & children, which in their tender yeares ſow curteſie, ſhall in their declining ſtates reap pitie. Bee not proud of beauties painting whoſe colours conſume themſelues, becauſe they are beauties painting.

Ph. I am driuen by your counſell into diuers conceipts, neither knowing how to ſtand, or where to fall: but to yeeld to

Ioue

loue is the onely thing I hate.

Sybi. I commit you to fortune, who is like to play such prankes with you, as your tender yeares can scarse beare, nor your greene wits vnderstand. But repaire vnto mee often, and if I cannot remoue the effects, yet will I manifest the causes.

Phao I goe readie to returne for aduice, before I am resolued to aduenture.

Sy. Yet hearken to my words, thou shalt get friendship by dissembling, loue by hatred; vnlesse thou perish, thou shalt perish; in digging for a stone, thou shalt reach a starre; thou shalt be hated most, because thou art loued most: thy death shalbe feared and wished. So much for prophecie, which nothing can preuent: and this for counsell, which thou maist follow. Keepe not company with antes that haue winges, nor talke with any neere the hill of a mowle; where thou smelleſt the sweetnes of serpents breath, beware thou touch no part of the body. Be not merry among those that put bugloſſe in their wine, and suger in thine. If any talke of the Eclipse of the Sun, say thou neuer sawest it, Nourish no conies

in thy vaules, nor ſwallows in thine eues. Sow next thy vines *Mandrage*, and euer keepe thine eares open, and thy mouth ſhut, thine eyes vpward, and thy fingers downe: ſo ſhalt thou doe better than otherwiſe, though neuer ſo well as I wiſh.

Phao Alas Madame, your prophecie threateneth miſeries, and your counſell warneth impoſſibilities.

Sybi. Farewell I can anſwer no more.

Exit.

Actus ſecundus, Scæna ſecunda.

Phao, Sapho, Trachinus, Pandion, Criticus, Molus.

Ph. Vnhappy *Phao*. But ſoft, what gallant troupe is this? what Gentlewoman is this?

Cri. Sapho, a Ladie here in *Sicily*.

Sapho. What faire boy is that?

Tr. Phao, the Ferriman of *Syracuſa*.

Phao I neuer ſaw one more braue: be all Ladies of ſuch maieſtie?

Crit. No, this is ſhee that all wonder at and worſhip.

Sap. I haue ſeldome ſeene a ſweeter face; be all Ferrimen of that faireneſſe?

Tr. No, Madam, this is he that *Venus* determined among men to make the faireſt.

Sa. Seeing I am only come forth to take the ayre, I will crosse the Ferrie, and so the fields, then going in thorough the parke, I thinke the walke wil be pleasant.

Trach. You will much delight in the flattering greene, which now beginneth to be in his glorie.

Sapho Sir boy, will yee vndertake to carrie vs ouer the water? Are you dumb, can you not speake?

Phao Madame, I craue pardon, I am spurblind, I could scarce see.

Sapho It is pitie in so good a face there should be an euill eye.

Phao I would in my face there were neuer an eye.

Sapho Thou canst neuer bee rich, in a trade of life of all the basest.

Phao Yet content Madame, which is a kinde life of all the best.

Sapho Wilt thou forsake thy Ferrie, and follow the Court as a page?

Phao As it pleaseth fortune Madame, to whom I am a prentice.

Sapho Come, let vs goe.

Trach. Will you goe Pandion.

Pandi. Yea. *Exeunt.*

Actus secundus, Scæna tertia.

Molus, Criticus, Calypho.

Mol. Criticus comes in good time, I shall not be alone. What newes *Critious*.

Crit. I taught you that lesson, to aske what newes, and this is the newes: to morrow there shall a desperate fray bee betweene two, made at all weapons, from the browne bill to the bodkin.

Molus Now thou talkest of fraies, I pray thee what is that, wherof they talke so commonly in Court, valour, the stab, the pistoll, for the which euery man that dareth is so much honoured?

Criti. O *Molus*, beware of valour, he that can looke big, and weare his dagger pomel lowest than the point, that lyeth at a good ward, and can hit a button with a thrust, and will into the field man to man for a bout or two, he *Molus* is a shrewd fellow, & shalbe well followed.

Molus What is the end?

Criti. Danger or death.

Molus If it bee but death that bringeth all this commendation, I account him as valiant that is killed with a surfet, as with a sword.

Criti.

Criti. How so?

Mo. If I venture vpon a full stomack to eate a rasher on the coales, a carbonado, drinke a carouse, swallow all things that may procure sickenesse or death, am not I as valiant to die so in an house, as the other in a field? Mee thinkes that Epicures are as desperate as souldiours, and cookes prouide as good weapons as cutlers.

Criti. O valiant knight.

Molus I will die for it, what greater valor?

Cri. Schollers fight, who rather seeke to choake their stomakes, then see their bloud.

Molus I will stand vpon this point, if it bee valour to dare die, he is valiant howsoeuer he dieth.

Criti. Well, of this hereafter: but here commeth *Calipho*, wee will haue some sport.

Caly. My mistresse, I thinke hath got a Gadfly, neuer at home, and yet none can tell where abroade. My master was a wise man, when hee matcht with such a woman. When shee comes in,

wee

we muſt put out the fire, becauſe of the ſmoake, hang vp our hammers, becauſe of the noyſe, and doe no work, but watch vvhat ſhee vvanteth. She is faire, but by my troth I doubt of her honeſtie. I muſt ſeeke her, that I feare *Mars* hath found.

Criti. Whom doſt thou ſeeke?

Caly. I haue found thoſe I ſeeke not.

Molus I hope you haue found thoſe, which are honeſt.

Caly. It may be: but I ſeeke no ſuch.

Mo. Cryticus, you ſhal ſee me by learning to proue *Calipho* to be the diuell.

Cryti. Let vs ſee: but I pray thee proue it better, than thou didſt thy ſelfe to be valiant.

Molus. *Calipho*, I will proue thee to be a diuell.

Caly. Then will I ſweare thee to be a God.

Mol. The diuell is blacke.

Caly. What care I?

Molus Thou art blacke.

Caly What care you?

Molus Therefore thou art the diuell.

Caly. I deny that.

Molus

Molus. It is the concluſion, thou muſt not denie it.

Caly. In ſpite of all concluſions, I will denie it.

Criti. *Molus*, the Smith holds you hard.

Molus. Thou ſeeſt he hath no reaſon.

Criti. Trie him againe.

Molus. I will reaſon with thee now from a place.

Caly. I meane to anſwere you in no other place.

Molus. Like Maſter, like man.

Caly. It may be.

Molus. But thy Maſter hath hornes.

Caly. And ſo mayeſt thou.

Molus. Therefore thou haſt hornes, and *ergo* a Deuill.

Caly. Bee they all Deuils that haue hornes?

Molus. All men that haue hornes are.

Caly. Then are there moe Deuils on earth than in hell.

Molus. But what doeſt thou anſwere?

Caly. I deny that.

Molus. What?

Caly.

Caly. Whatsoeuer it is, that shall proue me a Deuill. But heareſt thou ſcholler, I am a plaine fellow, and can fashion nothing but with the Hammer. What wilt thou ſay, if I proue thee a Smith?

Molus. Then will I ſay thou art a Scholler.

Criti. Prooue it *Calipho*, and I will giue thee a good *Colaphum.*

Caly. I will proue it, or elſe.

Criti. Or elſe what?

Caly. Or elſe I will not proue it. Thou art a Smith: therefore thou art a Smith. The concluſion, you ſay, muſt not bee denied: and therefore it is true, thou art a Smith.

Molus. I, but I denie your Antecedent.

Caly. I, but you ſhall not. Haue I not toucht him *Criticus?*

Criti. You haue both done learnedly: for as ſure as hee is a Smith, thou art a Deuill.

Caly. And then hee a Deuill, becauſe a Smith: for that it was his reaſon to make me a Deuill, being a Smith.

Molus. There is no reaſoning with theſe

these *Mechanicall* Dolts, whose wits are in their hands, not in their heads.

Criti. Bee not chollericke, you are wise: but let vs take vp this matter with a Song.

Caly. I am content, my voice is as good as my reason.

Molus. Then shall wee haue sweet Musique. But come, I will not breake off.

Exeunt.

Song.

Criti. *MErry Knaues are we three-a.*
Molus. *When our Songs do agree-a.*
Caly. *O now I well see-a,*
What anowne shall be-a.
Criti. *If we ply thus our singing.*
Molus. *Pots then must be flinging.*
Caly. *If the drinke be but stinging.*
Mol. *I shall forget the Rules of Grammer.*
Caly. *And I the pit-apat of my Hummer.*
Chorus. *To th' Tap-house then lets gang, and drone,*
Cal hard, tis rare to vamp a score,
Draw dry the tub, be it old or new,
And pay no tribute ore ground looke blew.

Actus

Actus secundus. Scæna quarta.

Phao, Sybilla.

Phao. What vnacquainted thoughts are these *Phao*, far vnfit for thy thoughts, vnmeete for thy birth, thy fortune, thy yeares, for *Phao*? vnhappy, canst thou not be content to behold the Sunne, but thou must couet to build thy nest in the Sunne? Doth *Sapho* bewitch thee, whom all the Ladies in *Sicily* could not wooe: Yea, poore *Phao*, the greatnesse of thy minde is farre aboue the beautie of thy face, and the hardnesse of thy fortune beyond the bitternesse of thy words. Die *Phao*, *Phao* die: for there is no hope if thou be wise, nor safetie, if thou be fortunate. Ah *Phao*, the more thou seekest to suppresse those mounting affections, they soare the loftier, and the more thou wrestlest with them, the stronger they waxe, not vnlike vnto a ball, which the harder it is throwne against the earth, the higher it boundeth into the ayre: or our *Sycilian* stone, which groweth hardest by ham-

mering.

mering. O diuine loue, and therefore diuine, becauſe loue, whoſe deitie no conceit can compaſſe, and therefore no authoritie can conſtraine, as miraculous in working as mightie, and no more to bee ſuppreſſed than comprehended. How now *Phao*, whether art thou carried? committing idolatry with that God, whom thou haſt cauſe to blaſpheme. O *Sapho*, faire *Sapho*, peace miſerable wretch, enioy thy care in couert, weare Willow in thy hat, & Bayes in thy heart. Leade a Lambe in thy hand, and a Fox in thy head, a Doue on the backe of thy hand, and a Sparrow in the palme. Gold boyleth beſt, when it bubleth leaſt, water runneth ſmootheſt, where it is deepeſt. Let thy loue hang at thy hearts bottome, not at the tongues brimme. Things vntold, are vndone, there can be no greater cõfort, than to know much, nor any leſſe labour, then to ſay nothing. But ah thy beautie *Sapho*, thy beautie. Beginneſt thou to blab? I blab it *Phao*, as long as thou blabbeſt her beautie. Bees that die with honie, are buried with harmonie. Swannes that end their liues with ſongs, are coue-

red

red when they are dead with flowers: and they that till their later gaspe commend beautie, shall be euer honored with benefits. In these extremities I will goe to none other Oracle, than *Sybilla*, whose olde yeares haue not beene idle in these young attempts, and whose sound aduice may mitigate (though the Heauens cannot remoue) my miseries. O *Sapho*, sweet *Sapho*, *Sapho*: *Sybilla*?

Sib. Who is there?

Phao. One, not worthy to bee one.

Sib. Faire *Phao*?

Phao. Vnfortunate *Phao*.

Sib. Come in.

Phao. So I will, and quite thy tale of *Phœbus*, with one whose brightnesse darkeneth *Phœbus*. I loue *Sapho*, *Sybilla*, *Sapho*, ah *Sapho*, *Sybilla*.

Sybilla. A short tale *Phao*. and sorrowfull, it asketh pitie rather than counsell.

Phao. So it is *Sybilla*: yet in those firme yeeres mee thinketh there should harbour such experience, as may deferre though not take away, my destinie.

Sybilla,

Sybilla. It is hard to cure that by words, which cannot be eased by hearbs, and yet if thou wilt take aduice, be attentiue.

Phao. I haue brought mine eares of purpose, and will hang at your mouth, till you haue finished your discourse.

Syb. Loue, faire childe, is to bee gouerned by art, as thy boat by an oare: for fancie, though it commeth by hazard, is ruled by wisdome. If my precepts may perswade, (and I pray thee let them perswade) I would wish thee first to be diligent: for that women desire nothing more than to haue their seruants officious. Be alwayes in sight, but neuer slothfull. Flatter, I meane lie, little things catch light minds, and fancie is a worme, that feedeth first vpon fennell. Imagine with thy selfe all are to bee wonne, otherwise mine aduise were as vnnecessary as thy labour. It is vnpossible for the brittle mettle of women to withstand the flattering attempts of men: only this, let them bee asked, their sex requireth no losse, their modesties are to bee allowed so much. Bee prodigall in prayses and promises,

beau-

beautie muſt haue a Trumpet, and pride a gift. Peacockes neuer ſpread their feathers, but when they are flattered, and Gods are ſeldome pleaſed, if they be not bribed. There is none ſo foule, that thinketh not her-ſelfe faire. In commending thou canſt looſe no labour: for of euery one thou ſhalt be beleeued. Oh ſimple women, that are brought rather to beleeue what their eares heare of flatteringmen, than what their eyes ſee in true glaſſes.

Phao. You digreſſe onely to make mee beleeue, that women doe ſo lightly beleeue.

Sybilla. Then to the purpoſe. Chuſe ſuch times to breake thy ſuite as thy Lady is pleaſant. The wooden Horſe entred *Troy*, when the Souldiers were quaffing, and *Penelope* forſooth, whom fables make ſo coy, among the pots wrung her woers by the fiſts, when ſhe lowred on their faces, Grapes minde glaſſes. *Venus* worketh in *Bacchus* preſſe, and bloweth fire vpon his liquour. When thou talkeſt with her, let thy ſpeech bee pleaſant, but not incredible. Chuſe ſuch words as may (as many may) melt her minde: hotley rankleth,

leth, when it is eaten for pleasure, and faire words wound, when they are heard for loue. Write, and persist in writing, they reade more than is written to them, and write lesse than they thinke. In conceit studie to be pleasant, in attire braue, but not too curious, when shee smileth, laugh out-right, if rise, stand vp, if sit, lie downe, loose all thy time to keepe time with her. Can you sing, shew your cunning, can you dance, vse your legges, can you play vpon any instrument, practise your fingers to please her fancie, seek out qualities. If shee seeme at the first cruell, bee not discouraged. I tell thee a strange thing, women striue, because they would bee ouercome: force they call it, but such a welcome force they account it, that continually they studie to bee enforced. To faire words ioyne sweete kisses, which if they gently receiue, I say no more, they will gently receiue. But bee not pinned alwayes on her sleeues, strangers haue greene rushes, when daily guests are not worth a rush. Looke pale, and earne to be leane, that who so seeth thee, may say, the Gentleman is in loue. Vse

no

no ſorcerie to haſten thy ſucceſſe. Wit is a Witch, *Vliſſes* was not faire, but wiſe, not cunning in Charmes, but ſweete in ſpeech, whoſe filed tongue made thoſe inamoured that ſought to haue him inchanted. Bee not coy, beare, ſooth, ſweare, die to pleaſe thy Ladie: theſe are rules for poore Louers, to others I am no miſtreſſe. He hath wit enough, that can giue enough. Dumbe men are eloquent, if they be liberall. Beleeue me great gifts are little Gods. When thy miſtreſſe doth bend her brow, doe not thou bend thy fiſt. Camockes muſt bee bowed with ſleight, not ſtrength, water to bee trained with pipes, not ſtopped with ſluces, fire to bee quenched with duſt, not with ſwords. If thou haue a Riuall, bee patient, Arte muſt winde him out, not malice; time, not might, her change, and thy conſtancie. Whatſoeuer ſhe weareth, ſweare it becomes her; In thy loue be ſecret. *Venus* coffers, though they bee hollow neuer ſound, and when they ſeeme emptieſt, they are fulleſt. Olde foole that I am, to doe thee good, I begin to doate, and counſell that, which I would

haue

haue concealed. Thus *Phao* haue I giuen thee certaine regards, no rules, only to set thee in the way, not to bring thee home.

Phao. Ah *Sybilla*, I pray goe on, that I may glut my selfe in this science.

Syb. Thou shalt not surfet *Phao*, whilst I diet thee. Flies that die on the Honiesuckle become poyson to Bees. A little in loue is a great deale.

Phao. But all that can bee said not enough.

Syb. White siluer draweth black lines, and sweete words will breed sharpe torments.

Phao. What shall become of me?

Syb. Goe dare.

Phao. I goe; *Phao*, thou canst but die, and then as good die with great desires, as pine in base fortunes.

Exit.

Actus

Actus tertius. Scæna prima.

Trachinus, Pandion, Mileta, Ismena, Eugenna.

Trachi. SApho is falne sodainly sicke, I cannot ghesse the cause.

Milet. Some cold belike, or else a womans qualme.

Pandi. A strange nature of cold, to driue one into such an heate.

Milet. Your Physicke sir, I thinke be of the second sort, else would you not iudge it rare, that hot feuers are ingendred by cold causes.

Pandi. Indeed Lady I haue no more Physicke than will purge choller, and that if it please you, I will practise vpon you. It is good for women that be waspish.

Isme. Faith sir no, you are best purge your owne melancholy: belike you are a male content.

Pandi. It is true, and are not you a female content.

Trachi. Soft, I am not content, that a Male and Female content, should go together.

Milet.

Milet. *Ismena* is disposed to bee merrie.

Isme. No, it is *Pandion* would faine seeme wise.

Trach. You shall not fall out: for Pigeons after biting fall to billing, and open jarres make the closest iests.

Enge. *Mileta, Ismena, Mileta:* Come away, my Ladie is in a sowne.

Milet. Aye me.

Isme. Come let vs make haste.

Trach. I am sorrie for *Sapho*: because shee will take no phyticke, like you *Pandion*, who being sicke of the fullens, will seeke no friend.

Pandi. Of men wee learne to speake, of Gods to hold our peace. Silence shall digest what folly hath swallowed, and wisdome weane what fancie hath noursed.

Trach. Is it not loue?

Pandi. If it were, what then?

Trach. Nothing, but that I hope it be not.

Pandi. Why, in Courts there is nothing more common. And as to be bald among the *Mycanians* it was accoũted no shame,

becauſe they were all bald: ſo to bee in loue among Courtiers it is no diſcredit: for that they are all in loue.

Trach. Why, what doe you thinke of our Ladies?

Pandi. As of the *Seres* wooll, which being whiteſt and ſofteſt, fretteth ſooneſt and deepeſt.

Trach. I will not tempt you in your deepe Melancholy, leaſt you ſeeme ſowre to thoſe which are ſo ſweet. But come, let vs walke a little into the fields, it may be the open ayre will diſcloſe your cloſe conceits.

Pandi. I will goe with you: but ſend our Pages away.

Exeunt.

Actus tertius. Scæna ſecunda.

Criticus, Molus, Calipho.

Criti. What browne ſtudie art thou in *Molus*, no mirth? no life?

Molus. I am in the depth of my learning driuen to a Muſe, how this Lent I ſhall ſcamble in the Court, that was

was woont to fast so oft in the Vniuersitie.

Criti. Thy belly is thy God.

Molus. Then is he a deafe God.

Criti. Why?

Molus. For *venter non habet aures*, But thy backe is thy God.

Criti. Then it is a blind God.

Molus. How proue you that?

Criti. Easie. *Nemo videt manica, quod in tergo est.*

Molus. Then would the sachell that hangs at your God, *idest*, your backe, were full of meate to stuffe my God, *hoc est*, my belly.

Criti. Excellent. But how canst thou studie, when thy minde is onely in the Kitchen?

Molus. Doth not the horse trauile best, that sleepeth with his head in the maunger?

Criti. Yes, what then?

Molus. Good wits will apply. But what cheere is there here this Lent?

Criti. Fish.

Molus. I can eate none, it is windie.

Criti. Egges.

Molus. I muſt eate none, they are fire.

Criti. Cheeſe,

Molus. It is againſt the old Verſe, *Caſeus eſt nequam.*

Criti. Yea, but it diſgeſteth all things except it ſelfe.

Molus. Yea, but if a man hath nothing elſe to eate, what ſhall it diſgeſt?

Criti. You are diſpoſed to ieſt. But if your ſilken throate can ſwallow no packthred, you muſt picke your teeth, and play with your trencher.

Molus. So ſhall I not incurre the fulſome and vnmannerly ſinne of ſurfeting. But here commeth *Calipho.*

Criti. What newes?

Caly. Since my being here; I haue ſweat like a Dogge to proue my maſter a Deuill; hee brought ſuch reaſons to reſell me, as I promiſe you I ſhal thinke the better of his wit, as long as I am with him.

Molus. How?

Caly. Thus, I alwayes arguing that he had hornes, and therefore a Deuill: hee ſaid, foole, they are things like hornes, but no hornes. For once in the Senate of Gods being holden a ſolemne ſeſſion, in

the midst of their talke, I put in my sentence, which was so indifferent, that they all concluded it might as well haue beene left out, as put in, and so placed on each side of my head things like hornes, and called me a *Parentheſis*. Now my maſters, this may be true, for I haue ſeenit my ſelfe about diuers ſentences.

Molus. It is true, and the ſame time did *Mars* make a ful point, that *Vulcans* head was made a *Parentheſis*.

Criti. This ſhall goe with me: I truſt in *Syracuſa* to giue one or other a *Parentheſis*.

Molus. Is *Venus* yet come home?

Caly. No, but were I *Vulcan*, I would by the Gods.

Criti. What wouldſt thou?

Caly. Nothing, but as *Vulcan* halt by the Gods.

Criti. I thought you would haue hardly entreated *Venus*.

Caly. Nay, *Venus* is eaſily entreated: but let that goe by.

Criti. What?

Caly. That which maketh ſo many *Parentheſis*.

Moln. I must goe by too, or else my Master will not goe by me, but meete me full with his fist. Therefore, if wee shall sing, giue mee my part quickly: for if I tarrie long, I shall cry my part woefully.

Exeunt.

Song.

Omnes. *ARme, Arme, the Foe comes on apace.*

Cali. *What's that red Nose, and Sulphury face?*

Mol. *Tis the hot Leader.*

Criti. *Whats his Name?*

Mol. *Bacchus, a Captaine of plumpe fame:*
A Goat the Beast on which he rides,
Fat grunting Swine run by his sides.
His Standerd-bearer feares no knockes,
For he's a drunken Bottle-nose,
Who when ith Red field shakes his vessels,
Cryes out, ten bow-shot Flaggons Tipples.

Cali. *Whats he so swaggers in the Vant*

Mol. *O! thats a roaring Englishman,*
Who in deepe healths do's so excell,
From Dutch *and* French *he beares the bel.*

Criti.

Criti. *What Villlers follow* Bacchus *Campes?*

Mol. *Fooles, Fidlers, Panders, Pimpes and Rampes.*

Cali. *See, see, the Battaile now growes hot,*
Here legs flye, here goes Heads to th' Pot,
Here Whores and Knaues tosse broken glasses,
Here all the Souldiers looke like Asses.

Criti. *What man ere heard such hideous noyse?*

Mol. *O! thats the Vintners bawling Boyes.*
Anon, Anon, the Trumpets are,
Which call them to the fearefull barre.

Cali. *Rush in, and lets our forces try.*

Mol. *O no, for see they flie, they flie.*

Criti. *And so will I.*

Cali. *And I.*

Mol. *And I.*

Omnes. *Tis a hot day, in drinke to die.*

Actus

Actus tertius. Scæna tertia.

Sapho in her bed, *Mileta*, *Iſmena*, *Canope*, *Engenua*, *Fauilla*, *Lamya*.

Sapho. Hey ho: I know not which way to turne me. Ah, ah, I faint, I die.

Milet. Madame, I thinke it good you haue more clothes, and ſweat it out.

Sapho. No, no, the beſt eaſe I find is to ſigh it out.

Iſme. A ſtrange diſeaſe that ſhould breed ſuch a deſire.

Sapho. A ſtrange deſire that hath brought ſuch a diſeaſe.

Cano. Where Ladie, do you feele your moſt paine?

Sapho. Where no bodie elſe can feele it, *Canope*.

Cano. At the heart?

Sapho. In the heart.

Cano. Will you haue any *Mithrydate*?

Sapho. Yea, if for this diſeaſe there were any *Mithrydate*.

Milet. Why? what diſeaſe is it Madame, that phyſicke cannot cure?

Sapho.

Sapho. Onely the disease *Mileta* that *I* haue.

Milet. Is it a burning ague?

Sapho. *I* thinke so, or a burning agonie.

Enge. Will you haue any of this syrope to moysten your mouth?

Sapho. Would *I* had some locall things to dry my braine.

Famil. Madame, will you see if you can sleepe?

Sapho. Sleepe *Fanilla*? *I* shall then dreame.

Lamy. As good dreame sleeping, as sigh waking.

Enge. *Phao* is cunning in all kinde of simples, and it is hard, if there be none to procure sleepe.

Sapho. Who?

Enge. *Phao.*

Sapho. Yea, *Phao*, *Phao*, ah *Phao*, let him come presently.

Mile. Shall wee draw the Curtaines, whilest you giue your selfe leaue to slumber?

Sapho. Doe, but depart not; *I* haue such starts in my sleep, disquieted, *I* know not how.

In a slumber.

Phao, Phao.

Isme. What say you Madame?

Sapho. Nothing, but if I sleepe not now, you send for *Phao.* Ah Gods!

She falleth asleepe.

The curtaines drawne.

Milet. There is a fish called *Garus*, that healeth all sicknesse, so as whilest it is applied one name not *Garus*.

Euge. An swift medicine for vs women: for if wee should bee forbidden to name *Garus*, we should chat nothing but *Garus*.

Cano. Well said *Eugenna*, you know your selfe.

Euge. Yea *Canope*, and that I am one of your sexe.

Isme. I haue heard of an hearbe called *Lunarie*, that being bound to the pulses of the sick, cause nothing but dreames of weddings and dances.

Fanil. I thinke *Ismena*, that hearbe bee at thy pulses now: for thou art euer talking of matches and merriments.

Cano.

Cano. It is an vnluckie ſigne in the chamber of the ſicke to talke of marriages: for my mother ſaid, it foreſheweth death.

Milet. It is very euill to *Canope* to ſit at the beds feet, and foretelleth danger: therefore remoue your ſtoole, and ſit by mee.

Lamy. Sure it is ſome cold ſhee hath taken.

Iſme. If one were burnt, I thinke wee women would ſay hee died of a colde.

Fauil. It may be ſome conceit.

Milet. Then is there no feare: for yet did I neuer heare of a woman that died of a conceit.

Euge. I miſtruſt her not: for that the Owle hath not ſhrikt at the window, or the night Rauen croked, both being fatall.

Fauil. You are all ſuperſtitious, for theſe be but fancies of doting age: who by chance obſeruing it in ſome, haue ſet it downe as a religion for all.

Milet. Fauilla, thou art but a Girle, I would not haue a Weeſell cry, nor deſire

to

to see a Glasse, nor an old Wife come into my Chamber: for then though I lingred in my disease, I should neuer escape it.

Sapho. Ah, who is there? what sodaine affrights be these? Me thought *Phao* came with simples to make me sleepe. Did no bodie name *Phao*, before I beganne to slumber?

Milet. Yes, we told you of him.

Sapho. Let him be here to morrow.

Milet. He shall, will you haue a little broth to comfort you?

Sapho. I can relish nothing.

Milet. Yet a little you must take to sustaine nature.

Sapho. I cannot *Mileta*, I will not. Oh which way shall I lie? what shall I doe? Heigh ho. O *Mileta*, helpe to reare mee vp, my bed, my head lies too low. You pester mee with too many clothes. Fie, you keepe the Chamber too hot, auoide it, it may bee I shall steale a nap when all are gone.

Milet. We will.

Sapho sola. Ah impatient disease of loue, & Goddesse of loue thrice vnpitifull. The Eagle is neuer striken with thunder,

nor

nor the Olyue with lightning, and may great Ladies bee plagued with loue? O *Venus*, haue I not ſtrawed thine altars with ſweete roſes? kept thy ſwannes in cleare riuers? fed thy ſparrowes with ripe corne, and harboured thy doues in faire houſes? Thy Tortoys haue I nouriſhed vnder my fig tree, my chamber haue I ſieled with thy Cockleſhels, and dipped thy ſponge into the freſheſt waters. Didſt thou nurſe me in my ſwadling clouts with wholſome hearbes, that I might periſh in my flowring yeares by fancie? I perceiue, but too late I perceiue, and yet not too late, becauſe at laſt, that ſtraines are caught aſwel by ſtooping too low, as reaching too high: that eyes are bleared as ſoone with vapours that come from the earth, as with beames that proceed from the Sun. Loue lodgeth ſometimes in taues: & thou *Phœbus* that in the pride of thy heate ſhineſt all day in our Horizon, at night dippeſt thy head in the Ocean. Reſiſt it *Sapho*, whileſt it is yet tender. Of acornes comes Oakes, of drops flouds, of ſparkes flames, of atomies elements. But alas, it fareth with me

me as with waſpes, who feeding on ſerpents, make their ſtings more venemous: for glutting my ſelf on the face of *Phao*, I haue made my deſire more deſperate. Into the neaſt of an *Alcyon* no bird can enter but the *Alcyon*, & into the hart of ſo great a Ladie, can any creepe but a great Lord? There is an hearbe (not vnlike vnto my loue) which the farther it groweth from the ſea, the ſalter it is; and my deſires the more they ſwarue from reaſon, the more ſeeme they reaſonable. When *Phao* commeth, what then? wilt thou open thy loue? Yea. No *Sapho*: but ſtaring in his face till thine eyes dazell, and thy ſpirits faint, die before his face: then this ſhall be written on thy Tomb, that though thy loue were greater than wiſdome could endure, yet thine honour was ſuch, as loue could not violate: *Mileta.*

Milet. I come.

Sapho It wil not be, I can take no reſt, which way ſoeuer I turne.

Milet A ſtrange maladie.

Sapho. *Mileta*, if thou wilt, a matyrdome. But giue me my lute, and I will ſee

see if in song I can beguile mine owne eyes.

Milet. Here Madame.

Sapho Haue you sent for *Phao*?

Milet. Yea.

Sapho And to bring simples that will procure sleepe?

Milet. No.

Sapho Foolish wench, what should the boy doe here, if he bring not remdiees with him? you thinke belike I could sleepe, if I did but see him. Let him not come at all: yes let him come: no it is no matter: yet will I trie, let him come: doe you heare?

Milet. Yea Madame, it shall be done. Peace, no noise: she beginneth to fall asleepe. I will goe to *Phao*.

Isme. Goe speedily: for if she wake, and finde you not here, she will be angry. Sicke folkes are testie, who though they eate nothing, yet they feede on gall.

Song.

Song.

Sap. O *Cruell Lone! on thee I lay,*
My curse which shall strike blinde the Day,
Neuer may sleepe with velvet hand
Charme thine eyes with Sacred wand,
Thy Iaylours shalbe Hopes and Feares,
Thy Prison-mates, Grones, Sighes, and Teares;
Thy Play to weare out weary times,
Phantasticke Passions, Vowes, and Rimes,
Thy Bread bee frownes, thy Drinke bee Gall,
Such as when you Phao *call,*
The Bed thou lyest on by Despaire,
Thy sleepe, fond dreames, thy dreames long Care,
Hope (like thy foole) at thy Beds head,
Mockes thee, till Madnesse strike thee Dead,
As Phao, *thou dost mee with thy proud Eyes,*
In thee poore Sapho *liues, for thee shee dies.*

Actus

Actus tertius, Scæna prima.

Mileta, Phao, Ismena, Sapho, Venus.

Mil. I Would either your cunning *Phao*, or your fortune, might by simples prouoke my Ladies to some slumber.

Phao My simples are in operation as my simplicitie is, which if they doe little good, assuredly they can doe no harme.

Melit. Were I sicke, the very sight of thy faire face, would driue me into a sound sleepe.

Phao Indeede Gentlewomen are so drowsie in their desires, that they can scarse hold vp their eyes for loue.

Milet. I meane the delight of beauty would so bind my senses, as I should bee quickly rocked into a deepe rest.

Phao You women haue an excuse for an aduantage, which must be allowed, because onely to you women it was allotted.

Milet. *Phao*, thou art passing faire, and able to draw a chaste eie not only to glance, but to gaze on thee. Thy young yeares, thy quicke wit, thy stayed desires are of force to controll those which should command.

Phao

Phao Lady, I forgot to commend you first: and least I should haue ouerslipped to praise you at all, you haue brought in my beauty, which is simple, that in curtesie I might remember yours, which is singular.

Mil. You mistake of purpose, or misconster of malice.

Phao I am as farre from malice, as you from loue, and to mistake of purpose were to mislike of peeuishnes.

Milet. As farre as I from loue? Why, thinke you mee so dull I cannot loue, or so spitefull I will not?

Phao Neither Lady: but how should men imagine women can loue, when in their mouthes there is nothing rifer, than in faith I doe not loue.

Milet. Why, will you haue womens loue in their tongues?

Pha. Yea, else do I thinke there is none in their hearts.

Milet. Why?

Phao. Because there was neuer any thing in the bottome of a womans heart, that commeth not to her tongues ende.

Milet.

Milet. You are too young to cheapen loue.

Phao Yet old enough to talke with market folkes.

Milet. Well, let vs in.

Isme. *Phao* is come.

Sapho Who? *Phao*? *Phao*, let him come neere: but who sent for him?

Milet. You Madame.

Sapho I am loath to take any medicines: yet must I rather chuse in these maladies. *Phao*, you may make me sleep, if you will.

Phao If I can, I must, if you will.

Sapho What herbs haue you brought *Phao*?

Phao Such as will make you sleepe Madame, though they cannot make me slumber.

Sapho Why, how can you cure mee, when you cannot remedie your selfe.

Phao. Yes madame, the causes are contrarie. For it is onely a drinesse in your braines, that keepeth you from rest. But.

Sapho But what?

Phao Nothing, but mine is not so.

Sapho

Sapho Nay, then I deſpaire of helpe, if if our diſeaſe be not all one.

Phao I would our diſeaſes were all one.

Sapho It goes hard with the patient, when the Phiſition is deſperate.

Phao Yet *Medea* made the euer-waking Dragon to ſnort, when ſhee poore ſoule could not winke.

Sap. *Medea* was in loue, and nothing could cauſe her reſt but *Iaſon*.

Ph. Indeede I knowv no herb to make louers ſleepe, but Hearts-eaſe, which becauſe it groweth ſo high, I cannot reach for.

Sapho For whom?

Phao For ſuch as loue.

Sap. It ſtoopeth very low; and I can neuer ſtoop to it, that,

Phao That what?

Sapho That I may gather it: but why doe you ſigh ſo *Phao*?

Phao It is mine vſe Madame.

Sapho It will doe you harme, and me too: for *I* neuer heare one ſigh, but *I* muſt ſigh alſo.

Phao It were beſt then that your Ladyſhip giue me leaue to be gone: for *I* can but ſigh.

Sapho

Sapho Nay ſtay, for now I begin to ſigh, I ſhall not leaue though you bee gone. But what doe you thinke beſt for your ſighing to take it away.

Phao Yew Madame.

Sapho Mee?

Phao No Madame, yevv of the tree.

Sapho Then will I loue yevv the better. And indeed I thinke it would make me ſleepe too, therefore all other ſimples ſet aſide, I will ſimply vſe only yew.

Phao Do Madame: for I thinke nothing in the world ſo good as yew.

Sapho Farvvell for this time.

Venus Is not your name *Phao*?

Phao. *Phao*, faire *Venus*, whom you made ſo faire.

Venus So paſſing faire, O faire *Phao*, O ſweete *Phao*: what wilt thou doe for *Venus*?

Phao Any thing that commeth in the compaſſe of my poore fortune.

Venus. *Cupid* ſhall teach thee to ſhoote, and I will inſtruct thee in diſſembling.

Phao. I will learne any thing but diſſembling.

Venus Why my boy? *Phao*

Phao Because then I must learne to be a woman.

Venus Thou heardest that of a man.

Phao Men speake truth.

Venus But truth is a *Shee*, and so alwaies painted.

Phao I thinke a painted truth.

Venus Wel, farwell for this time: for I must visit *Sapho*.

Phao exit.

Actus quartus, Scæna prima.

Venus, Sapho, Cupid.

Ven. *Sapho*, I haue heard thy complaints, and pittied thine agonies.

Sapho O *Venus*, my cares are onely knowne to thee, and by thee onely came the cause. *Cupid*, why didst thou wound me so deepe?

Cupid My mother bad mee draw mine arrow to the head.

Sapho Venus, why didst thou proue so hatefull?

Venus Cupid tooke a wrong shaft.

Sapho

Sapho O *Cupid* too vnkind to make me so kind, that almost I transgresse the modesty of my kinde.

Cupid I was blinde, and could not see mine arrow.

Sapho How came it to passe, thou didst hit my heart?

Cupid That came by the nature of the head, which being once let out of the bow, can finde none other lighting place but the heart.

Venus Bee not dismaid, *Phao* shall yeeld.

Sapho If he yeelde, then shall I shame to embrace one so meane, if not, die: because I cannot embrace one so meane. Thus doe *I* finde no meane.

Venus Well, I will worke for thee, Farwell.

Sapho Farwell sweete *Venus*, and thou *Cupid*, which art sweetest in thy sharpnesse. *Exit Sapho.*

Actus quartus, Scæna secunda.

Venus, Cupid.

Venus. *Cupid*, what hast thou done? put thine arrowes in *Phaos* eyes, and woun-

wounded thy mothers heart.

Cupid You gaue him a face to allure, then why ſhould not I giue him eyes to pearce?

Venus O *Venus*, vnhappie *Venus*, who in beſtovving a benefit vpon a man, haſt brought a bane vnto a Goddeſſe. What perplexities doſt thou feele? O faire *Phao*, and therefore made faire to breed in mee a frenzie. O would that when I gaue thee golden locks to curle thy head, I had ſhackled thee with yron locks on thy feete. And when I nourſed thee *Sapho* with lettice, would it had turned to hemlocke. Haue I brought a ſmooth skin ouer thy face, to make a rough ſcarre in my heart? And giuen thee a freſh colour like the damask roſe, to make mine pale like the ſtained Turkis? O *Cupid*, thy flames with Pſyches were but ſparkes, and my deſires with *Adonis* but dreames, in reſpect of theſe vnacquainted torments. Laugh *Iuno*, *Venus* is in loue, but *Iuno* ſhall not ſee with whom, leaſt ſhe be in loue. *Venus* belike is become ſtale: *Sapho* forſooth becauſe ſhe hath many vertues, therefore

ſhe

shee must haue all the fauours. *Venus* waxeth old: & thē she was a pretie wēch, when *Iuno* was a yong wife, now crowes foote is on her eye, & the black oxe hath trod on her foot. But were *Sapho* euer so vertuous, doth she think to cōtend with *Venus* to be as amorous? Yeeld *Phao*, but yeeld to mee *Phao*, I intreat where I may command, command thou, where thou shouldst intreat. In this case *Cupid* what is thy counsell? *Venus* must both play the louer & the dissembler, & therefore the dissembler, because the Louer.

Cupid You will euer be playing with arrowes, like children with kinne, & thē when you bleed, you cry: go to *Vulcan*, intreat by prayers, threaten with blowes, woo with kisses, ban with curses, trie all meanes to rid these extremities.

Venus. To what end?

Cup. That he might make me new arrowes: for nothing can roote out the desires of *Phao*, but a new shaft of inconstancie, nor any thing turne *Saphos* heart, but a new arrow of disdaine. And then they disliking one the other, who shall enioy *Phao* but *Venus*?

Ven. I will follow thy counſell, For Venus though ſhe be in her latter age for yeares: yet is ſhe in her Nonage for affections. When Venus ceaſeth to loue let loue ceaſe to rule, But come let vs to *Vulcan.* *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus, Scæna tertia.

Sapho, Mileta, Iſmena, Eugenna, Lamya, Fauilla, Canope.

Sap. What dreames are theſe *Mileta?* And can there be no truth in dreams? yea dreames haue their truth. Me thought I ſaw a ſtockdoue or woodquiſt, I know not how to tearme it, that brought ſhort ſtrawes to build his neſt in a tall Cedar, where, whilſt with his bil he was framing his building, he loſt as many feathers frō his wings, as he laid ſtrawes in his neſt: yet ſcambling to catch hold to harbor in the houſe he had made, he ſodainely fell from the bough where he ſtood. And thē pittifully caſting vp his eyes, he cryed in ſuch tearmes (as I imagined) as might either condemne the nature of ſuch a tree, or the daring of ſuch a mind. Whileſt he lay quaking vpon the ground, and I gazing on the Cedar, I might perceiue

Antes to breed in the rinde, coueting only to hoord, & caterpillers to cleaue to the leaues, labouring only to ſuck, which cauſed moe leaues to fall from the tree, than there did feathers before from the doue. Me thought *Mileta*, I ſighed in my ſleepe, pittying both the fortune of the bird & the misfortune of the tree: but in this time quils began to bud againe in the bird, which made him looke as though he would flie vp, & then wiſhed I that the body of the tree would bow, that he might but creep vp the tree, then and ſo, Hey ho.

Milet. And ſo what?

Sa. Nothing *Mileta*: but and ſo I waked. But did no body dreame but I?

Mi. I dreamed laſt night, but I hope dreames are contrarie, that holding my head ouer a ſweete ſmoake, all my haire blazd on a bright flame. Me thought *Iſmena* caſt water to quench it: yet the ſparkes fel on my boſom, & vviping thē avvay vvith my hand, I vvas all in a goare bloud, till one vvith a few freſh flowers ſtanched it. And ſo ſtretching my ſelfe as ſtiffe I ſtarted, it was but a dream.

Isme. It is a signe you shall fall in lōue with hearing faire words. Water signifieth counsell, flowers death. And nothing can purge your louing humor but death.

Milet. You are no interpreter, but an interprater, harping alwaies vpon loue, till you be as blind as a Harper.

Isme. I remember last night but one, I dreamed mine eye tooth was lose, and that I thrust it out with my tongue.

Mil. It fortelleth the losse of a friend: and I euer thought thee so ful of prattle, that thou wouldest thrust out the best friend with thy tatling.

Isme. Mileta: but it was loose before, and if my friend bee loose, as good thrust out with plaine words, as kept in with dissembling.

Eug. Dreames are but dotings, which come either by things we see in the day, or meates that we eate, & so the cōmon sense preferring it to be imaginatiue.

Isme. Soft *Philosofatrix*, well seene in secrets of art, and not seduced with the superstitions of nature.

Sap. Ismenaes tongue neuer lyeth still, I thinke all her teeth will be loose, they

are

are so often iogged against her tongue. But say on *Eugenia.*

Euge. There is all.

Sapho What did you dreame *Canope?*

Cano. I seldome dreame Madam: but sithence your sickness I cannot tell whether with out watching, but I haue had many phantasticall visions: for euen now slumbring by your beds side, mee thought I was shadowed with a cloud, where laboring to vnwrap my selfe, I was more intangled. But in the midst of my striuing it seemed to my selfe gold, with faire drops, I filled my lap, & running to shew it my fellowes, it turned to dust, I blushed, they laughed, and then I waked, being glad it was but a dreame.

Isme. Take heede *Canope*, that gold tempt not your lap, and then you blush for shame.

Ca. It is good lucke to dreame of gold.

Isme. Yea, if it had continued gold.

La. I dreame euery night, and the last night this. Me thought that walking in the sunne, I was stung with the flie *Tarantula*, whose venom nothing can expell but the sweet consent of Musick. I

tried all kinde of instruments, but found no ease, till at the last two Lutes tuned in one key so glutted my thirsting eares, that my griefe presentlie ceased: for ioy whereof as I was clapping my hands, your Ladyship called.

Miles. It is a signe that nothing shall assvvage your loue but marriage: for such is the tying of two in vvedlocke, as is the tuning of two Lutes in one key: for striking the strings of the one, strawes will stirre vpon the strings of the other, & in two minds linked in loue, one cannot be delighted, but the other reioiceth.

Fanil. Me thought going by the sea side among Pebels, I savv one playing with a rounde stone, euer throwing it into the vvater, vvhen the sunne shined, I asked the name, he saide, it vvas called *Abeston*, vvhich being once hot, vvould neuer be cold, he gaue it me, & vanished. I forgetting my selfe, delighted with the faire shovv, vvould alwaies shew it by candle light, pull it out in the Sunne, and see hovv bright it vvould looke in the fire, where catching heate, nothing could coole it: for anger I threw it against the

the wall, and with the heauing vp of mine arme I waked.

Milet. Beware of loue *Fauilla*: for womens hearts are such stones which warmed by affection, cannot be cold by wisdome.

Faui. I warrant you: for I neuer credit mens words.

Is. Yet be vvarie: for vvomen are scorched sometimes with mens eyes, though they had rather consume than confesse.

Sap. Cease your talking: for I would faine sleep, to see if I can dream, whether the bird hath feathers, or the Ant wings. Drawv the curtaine.

Actus quartus, Scæna quarta.

Venus, Vulcan, Cupid.

Venus Come *Cupid*, *Vulcans*, flames must quench *Venus* fires. *Vulcan*?

Vulc. Who?

Ve. Venus.

Vulc. Ho ho *Venus*.

Ve. Come sweet Vulcan, thou knowest how sweet thou hast found *Venus*, who being of all the Goddesses the most faire, hath chosen thee of all the Gods the most soule, thou must needes

then

then confeſſe I was moſt louing. Enquire not the cauſe of my ſuit by queſtions: but preuent the effects by curteſie. Make me ſix arrow heads, It is giuen thee of the Gods by permiſſion to frame them to any purpoſe, *I* ſhall requeſt them by prayer. Why lowreſt thou *Vulcan*? wilt thou haue a kiſſe? hold vp thy head, *Venus* hath young thoughts, and freſh affections. Rootes haue ſtrings, when boughes haue no leaues. But harken in thine eare *Vulcan*: how ſayeſt thou?

Vu. Vulcã is a God with you, whē you are diſpoſed to flatter. A right woman, whoſe tongue is like a Bees ſting, which pricketh deepeſt, when it is fulleſt of hony. becauſe you haue made mine eyes drunke with faire lookes, you will ſet mine eares on edge with ſweet words. You were wont to ſay that the beating of hammers made your head ake, & the ſmoake of the forge your eyes water, and euery coale was a block in your way. You weepe roſe water, when you aske, and ſpit vineger, when you haue obtained. What would you now with new arrowes? belike *Mars* hath a tougher

skin

skin on his heart, or *Cupid* a weaker arme, or *Venus*, a better courage. Well *Venus*, there is neuer a smile in your face but hath made a wrinckle in my forhead, *Ganymedes* must fill your cup, & you wil pledge none but *Iupiter*. But I will not chide *Venus* Come *Cyclops*, my wife must haue her will, let vs doe that in earth, which the Gods cannot vndoe in heauen.

Venus Gramercie sweet *Vulan*, to to your worke.

The Song, in making of the Arrowes.

Vu. MY *shag-haire* Cyclops, *come, lets ply*
Our Lemnion *hammers lustily,*
By my wifes sparrowes,
I sweare these arrowes,
Shall singing fly,
Through many a wantons Eye,
These headed are with golden Blisses,
These siluer-ones featherd with Kisses;
But this of Lead
Strikes a Clowne Dead,
When in a Dance
Hee fals in a Trance,
To sehis black-brow Lasse not busse him,
And then whines out for death t' vntrusse him.

So, ſo, our worke being don lets play,
Holliday (Boyes) cry Holliday.

Vu. Here *Venus*, I haue finiſhed theſe arrowes by art, beſtow thē you by wit: for as great aduiſe must he vſe that hath them, as he cunning that made them.

Ve. *Vulcan*, now you haue done with your forge, let vs alone with the fancie: you are as the Fletcher, not the Archer, to medle with the arrows, not the aime.

Vulc. I thought ſo: when I haue done working, you haue done wooing. Where is now ſweet *Vulcan*? Well, I can ſay no more, but this, which is enough, & as much as any can ſay, *Venus* is a womā.

Ven. Be not angry *Vulcan*, I will loue thee againe, when I haue either buſines, or nothing elſe to doe.

Cupid My mother will make much of you, when there are no more men than *Vulcan*.

Actus quintus, Scæna prima.

Venus, Cupid.

Ve. COme *Cupid*, receiue with thy fathers inſtruments thy mo-

thers

thers inſtructions: for thou muſt bee vviſe in conceit, if thou wilt be fortunate in executiõ. This arrow is feathered with the wings of *Ægitus*, which neuer ſleepeth for feare of his hen: the head toucht with the ſtone *Perillus*, vvhich cauſeth miſtruſt & iealouſie. Shoote this *Cupid*, at men that haue faire wiues, vvhich will make them rub the brovves, when they ſvvell in the braines. This ſhaft is headed with *Lydiã* ſteel, which ſtriketh a deepe daine of that which wee moſt deſire, the feathers are of *Turtle*, but dipped in the bloud of *Tigreſſe*, draw this vp cloſe to the head at *Sapho*, that ſhe may deſpiſe, where now ſhee doates. Good my boy gall her on the ſide, that for *Phaos* loue ſhee may neuer ſigh. This arrovv is feathered with the *Phœnix* wing, and headed with the Eagles bill, it maketh men paſſionate in deſires, in loue conſtant, and vviſe in conueyance, melting as it vvere their fancies into faith: this arrovv ſweet childe, and with as great aime as thou canſt, muſt *Phao* be ſtriken withal, & cry ſoftly to thy ſelf in the very looſe, *Venus*.

Svveet

Sweet *Cupid* miſtake it not, I will make a quiuer for that by it ſelfe. The fourth hath feathers of the Peacok, but glewed with the gumme of the *Mirtle* tree, headed with fine golde, and faſtned with brittle *Chryſocoll*: this ſhoot at dainty & coy Ladies, at amiable & yong Nymphes, chuſe no other white but vvomen: for this vvill vvorke liking in their mindes, but not loue, affabilitie in ſpeech, but no faith, courtly fauours to bee miſtreſſes ouer many, but conſtant to none: ſighes to befetcht from the lungs, not the heart, & teares to be wrung out with their fingers, not their eyes, ſecret laughing at mens pale looks and neate attire, open reioycing at their ovvne comelineſſe and mens courting. Shoote this arrovv among the thickeſt of them, vvhoſe boſomes lie open, becauſe they would bee ſtriken vvith it. And ſeeing men terme vvomen *Iupiters* fooles, vvomen ſhall make men *Venus* fooles. This ſhaft is lead in the head, and vvhoſe feathers are of the night Rauen a deadly and poyſoned ſhaft, vvhich breedeth hate only againſt thoſe, vvhich ſue for loue. Take

heed

heede *Cupid* thou hit not *Phao* with this ſhaft: for then ſhall *Venus* periſh. This laſt is an old Arrow, but newly mended, the Arrow which hit both *Sapho* and *Phao*, working onely in meane minds an aſpiring to ſuperiours, and in high eſtates a ſtooping to inferiours: with this *Cupid I* am galled my ſelfe, till thou haue galled *Phao* with the other.

Cupid. *I* warrant you *I* will cauſe *Phao* to languiſh in your loue, and *Sapho* to diſdaine his.

Venus. Goe, loyter not, nor miſtake your ſhaft. Now *Venus*, haſt thou playd a cunning part, though not currant. But why ſhould *Venus* diſpute of vnlawfulneſſe in loue, or faith in affection; being both the Goddeſſe of loue and affection? knowing there is as little truth to be vſed in loue, as there is there reaſon. No ſweet *Phao*, *Venus* will obtaine, becauſe ſhe is *Venus*. Not thou loue with thunder in thy hand, ſhalt take him out of my hands. *I* haue new arrowes now for my body, and freſh flames, at which the Gods ſhall tremble, if they begin to trouble me. But *I* will expect the euent, and tarrie for *Cupid* at the forge.

Actus

Cupid. Yes.

Sapho. It is a good boy.

Venus. What haue wee here, you the Goddesse of loue? and you her sonne, *Cupid?* I will tame that proud heart, else shall the Gods say, they are not *Venus* friends. And as for you, sir boy, I will teach you how to run away: you shall be stript from top to toe, and whipt with Nettles, not Roses, I will set you to blow *Vulcans* coales, not to beare *Venus* quiuer, I will handle you for this geere: well, I say no more. But as for the new Mistris of loue, or Lady I cry you mercie, I thinke you would be called a Goddesse, you shall know what it is to vsurpe the name of *Venus*. I will pull those plumes, and cause you to cast your eyes on your feete, not your feathers: your soft haire will I turne to hard bristles, your tongue to a sting, and those alluring eyes to vnluckinesse: in which if the Gods aide mee not, I will curse the Gods.

Sapho. *Venus*, you are in a vaine answerable to your vanitie, whose high words neither become you, nor feare mee. But let this suffice, I will keepe *Cupid* in despight

despight of you, and yet with the consent of the Gods.

Venus. Will you? Why then we shall haue pretie Gods in Heauen, when you take Gods prisoners on earth. Before I sleepe you shall both repent, and finde what it is but to thinke vnreuerently of *Venus*. Come *Cupid*, shee knowes not how to vse thee, come with me, you know what I haue for you, will you not?

Cupid. Not I.

Venus. Well, I will be euen with you both, and that shortly.

Exit.

Sapho. *Cupid*, feare not, I will direct thine arrowes better: euery rude Asse shal not say hee is in loue. It is a toye made for Ladies, & I wil keepe it onely for Ladies.

Cupid. But what will you doe for *Phao*?

Sapho. I will wish him fortunate. This will I doe for *Phao*, because I once loued *Phao*: for neuer shall it be said that *Sapho* loued to hate, or that out of loue shee could not be as courteous, as shee was in loue passionate. Come *Mileta*, shut the doore.

Exeunt.

Actus

the cauſe, *I* loued *Phao*, *Mileta*, a thing vnfit for my degrre, but forced by my deſire.

Milet. Phao.

Sapho. *Phao*, *Mileta*, of whom now *Venus* is enamoured.

Mileta. And doe you loue him ſtill?

Sapho. No, *I* feele relenting thoughts, and reaſon not yeelding to appetite. Let *Venus* haue him, no, ſhee ſhall not haue him. But here comes *Cupid*: How now my boy, haſt thou done it?

Cupid. Yea, and left *Phao* rayling on *Venus*, and curſing her name: yet ſtill ſighing for *Sapho*, and blazing her vertues.

Sapho. Alas poore *Phao*, thy extreme loue ſhould not be requited with ſo mean a fortune, thy faire face deſerued greater fauours: *I* cannot loue, *Venus* hath hardned my heart.

Venus. *I* maruaile *Cupid* commeth not all this while. How now, in *Saphoes* lap?

Sapho. Yea *Venus*, what ſay you to it, in *Saphoes* lap?

Venus. Sir boy, come hither.

Cupid.

Cupid. I will not.

Venus. What now? will you not? hath *Sapho* made you so sawcie?

Cupid. I will bee *Sapho's* sonne, I haue as you commanded striken her with a deepe disdaine of *Phao*, and *Phao* as she entreated mee, with a great despite of you.

Venus. Vnhappy Wag, what hast thou done? I will make thee repent it euery vaine in thy heart.

Sapho. *Venus*, be not cholericke, *Cupid* is mine, he hath giuen me his arrowes, and I will giue him a new bow to shoote in. You are not worthy to bee the Ladie of loue, that yeeld so often to the impressions of loue. Immodest *Venus*, that to satisfie the vnbridled thoughts of thy heart, transgressest so farre from the stay of thine honour. How sayst thou *Cupid*, wilt thou be with me?

Cupid. Yes.

Sapho. Shall not I be on earth the Goddesse of affections?

Cupid. Yes.

Sapho. Shall not I rule the fancies of men, and lead *Venus* in chaines like a captiue?

Cu-

Actus quintus, Scæna ſecunda.

Sapho, Cupid, Mileta, Venus.

Sapho. What haſt thou done *Cupid*?

Cupid. That my mother commanded, *Sapho.*

Sapho. Me thinkes, I feele an alteration in my minde, and as it were a withdrawing in my ſelfe of mine owne affections.

Cupid. Then hath mine arrow his effect.

Sapho. I pray thee tell me the cauſe?

Cupid. I dare not.

Sapho. Feare nothing: for if *Venus* fret, *Sapho* can frowne, thou ſhalt be my ſonne. *Mileta*, giue him ſome ſweete meates, ſpeake good *Cupid*, and I will giue thee many pretie things.

Cupid. My mother is in loue with *Phao*, ſhee willed mee to ſtrike you with diſdaine of him, and him with deſire of her.

Sapho. O ſpiteſull *Venus*; *Mileta*, giue him ſome of that. What elſe *Cupid*?

Cupid.

Cupid. I could bee euen with my mother: and so I will, if I shall call you mother.

Sapho. Yea *Cupid*, call mee any thing, so I may be euen with her.

Cupid. I haue an arrow, with which if I strike *Phao*, it will cause him to loath only *Venus*.

Sapho. Sweet *Cupid*, strike *Phao* with it. Thou shalt sit in my lap, I will rocke thee asleepe, and feed thee with all fine knackes.

Cupid. I will about it.

Exit Cupid.

Sapho. But come quickly againe. Ah vnkind *Venus*, is this thy promise to *Sapho*? But if I get *Cupid* from thee, I my selfe will be the Queene of Loue. I will direct these Arrowes with better ayme, and conquer mine owne affections with greater modestie. *Venus* heart shall flame, and her loue bee as common as her craft. O *Mileta*, time hath disclosed that, which my temperance hath kept in: but sith I am rid of the disease, will not bee ashamed to confesse

the

Actus quintus. Scæna tertia.

Phao, Sybilla.

Phao. Goe to *Sybilla*, tell the beginning of thy loue, and the end of thy fortune. And loe how happily ſhee ſitteth in her caue. *Sybilla*?

Sybil. *Phao*, welcome, what newes?

Phao. *Venus* the Goddeſſe of loue I loath, *Cupid* cauſed it with a new ſhaft, *Sapho* diſdaineth me, *Venus* cauſed it for a new ſpite. O *Sybilla*, if *Venus* be vnfaithfull in loue, where ſhall one flie for truth, She vſeth deceit, is it not then likely ſhee will diſpenſe with ſubtiltie? And being carefull to commit iniuries, will ſhee not be careleſſe to reuenge them, I muſt now fall from loue to labour, and endeuour with mine Oare to get a fare, not with my pen to write a fancie. Loues are but ſmokes, which vaniſh in the ſeeing, and yet hurt whileſt they are ſeene. A Ferrie *Phao*, no the ſtarres cannot call it a worſer fortune. Range rather ouer the world, forſweare affections, entreate for death.

O

O *Sapho*, thou haſt *Cupid* in thine armes, I in myhart, thou kiſſeſt him for ſport, I muſt curſe him for ſpite: yet wil I not curſe him *Sapho*, whom thou kiſſeſt. This ſhall be my reſolution, where euer I wander to be as I were euer kneeling before *Sapho*, my loyaltie vnſpotted, though vnrewarded. With as little malice will I goe to my graue, as I did lie with all in my cradle. My life ſhal be ſpent in ſighing and wiſhing, the one for my bad fortune, the other for *Saphoes* good.

Sybil. Doe ſo *Phao*: for deſtinie calleth thee aſwell from *Sicily* as from loue. Other things hang ouer thy head, which I muſt neither tell, nor thou enquire. And ſo farewell.

Phao. Farewell *Sybilla*, and farewell *Sicily*. Thoughts ſhall be thy food, and in thy ſteps ſhall be printed behind thee, that there was none ſo loyall left behinde thee. Farewel *Syracuſa*, vnworthy to harbour faith, and when I am gone, vnleſſe *Sapho* be here, vnlikely to harbour any.

FINIS.

The Epilogue.

They that tread in a maze, walke oftentimes in one path, and at the last come out where they entred in. Wee feare wee haue lead you all this while in a Labyrinth of conceits diuers times hearing one deuice, and haue now brought you to an end, where we first began. Which wearisome trauaile you must impute to the necessitie of the Historie, as Theseus *did his labour to the art of the Labyrinth. There is nothing causeth such giddinesse, as going in a wheele, neither can there any thing breed such tedionsnesse, as hearing many words vttered in a small compasse. But if you accept this dance of a Farie in a Circle, wee will hereafter at your wils frame our fingers to all formes. And so wee wish euery*

one

The Epilogue.

one of you a thread to lead you out of the doubts, wherewith wee leame you intangled, that nothing be mistaken by our rash ouersights, nor misconstrued by your deepe insights.

FINIS.

GALLATHEA.

Played before the Queenes Maieſtie at Greenwich, on New-yeeres Day at Night.

By the Children of PAVLS.



LONDON,
Printed by *William Stansby*, for *Edward Blount*.
1632.

THE PROLOGVE.

IOS *and* Smyrna *were two ſweet Cities, the firſt named of the Violet, the latter of the Myrrhe:* Homer *was borne in the one, and buried in the other; Your Maieſties iudgement and fauour, are our Sunne and ſhadow, the one comming of your deepe wiſdome, the other of your wonted grace. Wee in all humilitie deſire, that by the former, receiuing our firſt breath, we may in the latter, take our laſt reſt.*

Auguſtus Cæſar *had ſuch piercing eyes, that whoſo looked on him, was conſtrained to winke. Your Highneſſe hath ſo perfit a iudgement, that whatſoeuer wee offer, wee are enforced to bluſh; yet as the* Athenians *were moſt curious, that the Lawne wherewith* Minerua *was couered, ſhould be without ſpot or wrinkle, ſo haue*

we endeuoured with all care, that what we
present your Highnesse, should neither of-
fend in Scene nor syllable, knowing that as
in the ground where gold groweth, nothing
will prosper but Gold, so in your Ma-
iesties mind, where nothing doth
harbour but vertue, nothing
can enter but ver-
tue.

GALLATHEA.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Tyterus, Gallathea.

Tyterus. THe Sunne doth beate vpon the plain fields, wherefore let vs sit down *Gallathea*, vnder this faire Oake, by whose broad leaues, being defended from the warme beames, wee may enioy the fresh aire, which softly breathes from *Humber* flouds.

Galla. Father, you haue deuised wel, and whilst our flocke doth roame vp and downe this pleasant greene, you shall recount to mee, if it please you, for what

cauſe this Tree was dedicated vnto *Neptune*, & why you haue thus diſguiſed me.

Tyterus. I doe agree thereto, and when thy ſtate and my care be conſidered, thou ſhalt know this queſtion was not asked in vaine.

Gallathea. I willingly attend.

Tyterus. In times paſt, where thou ſeeſt a heape of ſmall pyble, ſtood a ſtately Temple of white Marble, which was dedicated to the God of the Sea, (and in right being ſo neere the Sea) hither came all ſuch as either ventured by long trauell to ſee Countries or by great traffique to vſe merchandiſe, offering Sacrifice by fire, to get ſafetie by water; yeelding thankes for perils paſt, and making prayers for good ſucceſſe to come; but fortune, conſtant in nothing but inconſtancie, did change her copie, as the people their cuſtome, for the Land being oppreſſed by *Danes*, who in ſtead of Sacrifice, committed ſacrilege, in ſtead of Religion, rebellion, and made a prey of that in which they ſhould haue made their prayers; tearing downe the Temple euen with the earth, being almoſt equall with the skies,

en-

enraged so the God, who binds the winds in the hollowes of the earth, that he caused the Seas to breake their bounds, sith men had broke their vowes, and to swell as farre aboue their reach, as men had swerued beyond their reason: then might you see ships sayle where sheepe fed, anchors cast where ploughes goe, fishermen throw their nets, where husbandmen sow their Corne, and fishes throw their scales where fowles doe breed their quils: then might you gather froth where now is dew, rotten weeds for sweete Roses, and take view of monstrous Maremaides, in stead of passing faire Maides.

Galla. To heare these sweet maruailes, I would mine eyes were turned also into eares.

Tyte. But at the last, our Country-men repenting, and not too late, because at last, *Neptune* either weary of his wroth, or wary to doe them wrong, vpon condition consented to ease their miseries.

Galla. What condition will not miserable men accept?

Tyte. The condition was this, that at euery fiue yeeres day, the faireſt and

chaſteſt Virgin in all the Countrey, ſhould be brought vnto this Tree, and heere being bound, (whom neither parentage ſhall excuſe for honour, nor vertue for integrity) is left for a peace offering vnto *Neptune*.

Galla. Deere is the peace that is bought with guiltleſſe bloud.

Tyte. I am not able to ſay that, but hee ſendeth a Monſter called the *Agar*, againſt whoſe comming the waters roare, the fowles flie away, and the Cattell in the field for terrour, ſhunne the bankes.

Galla. And ſhee bound to endure that horrour?

Tyte. And ſhee bound to endure that horror.

Galla. Doth this Monſter deuoure her?

Tyte. Whether ſhee bee deuoured of him, or conueyed to *Neptune*, or drowned betweene both, it is not permitted to know, and incurreth danger to coniecture: Now *Gallathea* heere endeth my tale, and beginneth thy tragedie.

Galla. Alas father, and why ſo?

Tyte.

Tyte. I would thou hadst beene lesse faire, or more fortunate, then shouldest thou not repine that I haue disguised thee in this attire, for thy beautie will make thee to be thought worthy of this God; to auoide therefore destinie (for wisdome ruleth the starres) I thinke it better to vse an vnlawfull meanes (your Honour preserued) then intolerable griefe, both life and honour hazarded, and to preuent (if it be possible) thy Constellation by my craft. Now hast thou heard the custome of this Countrey, the cause why this Tree was dedicated vnto *Neptune*, and the vexing care of thy tearefull Father.

Galla. Father, I haue beene attentiue to heare, and by your patience am readie to answere. Destinie may bee deferred, not preuented: and therefore it were better to offer my selfe in triumph, then to be drawne to it with dishonour. Hath nature (as you say) made mee so faire aboue all, and shall not vertue make mee as famous as others? Doe you not know (or doth ouercarefulnesse make you forget) that an honorable death is to bee preferred

red before an infamous life. *I* am but a childe, and haue not liued long, and yet not so childish, as *I* desire to liue euer: vertues *I* meane to carry to my graue, not gray haires. *I* would *I* were as sure that destiny would light on mee, as *I* am resolued it could not feare me. Nature hath giuen me beautie, Vertue courage, Nature must yeeld me death, Vertue honour. Suffer me therefore to die, for which *I* was borne, or let mee curse that *I* was borne, sith *I* may not die for it.

Tyte. Alasse *Gallathea*, to consider the causes of change, thou art too young, and that *I* should find them out for thee, too too fortunate.

Galla. The destinie to mee cannot be so hard as the disguising hatefull.

Tyte. To gaine loue, the Gods haue taken shapes of beasts, and to saue life art thou coy to take the attire of men?

Galla. They were beastly Gods, that lust could make them seeme as beasts.

Tyte. In health it is easie to counsell the sicke, but it's hard for the sicke to follow wholesome counsaile. Well let vs depart, the day is far spent. *Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus primus, Scæna secunda.

Cupid, Nymph of Diana.

Cupid. Faire Nymph, are you strayed from your company by chance, or loue you to wander solitarily on purpose?

Nymph. Faire boy, or God, or what euer you bee, *I* would you knew these woods are to me so well knowne, that *I* cannot stray though *I* would, and my minde so free, that to bee melancholy *I* haue no cause. There is none of *Dianaes* traine that any can traine, either out of their way, or out of their wits.

Cupid. What is that *Diana?* a Goddesse? What, her Nymphs Virgins? What, her pastimes hunting?

Nymph. A Goddesse? who knowes it not? Virgins? Who thinkes it not? Hunting? Who loues it not?

Cupid. I pray thee sweete Wench, amongst all your sweet troupe, is there not one that followeth the sweetest thing. Sweet loue?

Nymph. Loue good sir, what meane you by it? or what doe you call it?

Cupid. A heate full of coldneſſe, a ſweet full of bitterneſſe, a paine full of pleaſantneſſe, which maketh thoughts haue eyes, and hearts eares, bred by deſire, nurſed by delight, weaned by iealouſie, kilde by diſſembling, buried by ingratitude, and this is loue, faire Lady will you any?

Nymph. If it be nothing elſe, it is but a fooliſh thing.

Cupid. Try, and you ſhall find it a pretie thing.

Nymph. I haue neither will nor leyſure, but I will follow *Diana* in the Chace, whoſe Virgins are all chaſte, delighting in the bow that wounds the ſwift Hart in the Forreſt, not fearing the bowe that ſtrikes the ſoft heart in the chamber. This difference is betweene my Miſtris *Diana*, and your Mother (as I gheſſe) *Venus*, that all her Nymphes are amiable and wiſe in their kind, the other amorous and too kind for their ſexe; and ſo farewell little God.

Exit.

Cupid. Diana, and thou, and all thine, ſhall know that *Cupid* is a great God, I will

will practise a while in these woodes, and play such prancks with these Nymphes, that while they ayme to hit others with their Arrowes, they shall bee wounded themselues with their owne eyes.

Exit.

Actus primus. Scæna tertia.

Melebeus. Phillida.

Meleb. Come *Phillida*, faire *Phillida*, and I feare me too faire being my *Phillida*, thou knowest the custome of this Country, and I the greatnes of thy beautie, we both the fiercenes of the monster *Agar*. Euery one thinketh his owne child faire, but I know that which I most desire, and would least haue, that thou art fairest. Thou shalt therefore disguise thy selfe in attire, least I should disguise my selfe in affection, in suffering thee to perish by a fond desire, whom I may preserue by a sure deceipt.

Phil. Deare father, Nature could not make me so faire as she hath made you kinde, nor you more kinde then me dutifull. Whatsoeuer you command I will not refuse, because you command

me.

nothing but my safetie, and your happinesse. But how shall I be disguised?

Mele. In mans apparell.

Phil. It will neither become my bodie, nor my mind.

Mele. Why *Phillida*?

Phil. For then I must keepe company with boyes, and commit follies vnseemelie for my sexe, or keepe company with girles, and bee thought more wanton then becommeth: Besides I shall be ashamed of my long hose and short coate, and so vnwarilie blabbe out something by blushing at euery thing.

Mele. Feare not *Phillida*, vse will make it easie, feare must make it necessarie.

Phil. I agree, since my father wil haue it so, and fortune must.

Mele. Come let vs in, and when thou art disguised, roame about these woods till the time be past, and Neptune pleased.

Exeunt.

Actus

Actus primus, Scæna quarta.

Mariner, Raffe, Robin, and Dicke.

Rob. Now Mariner, what calleſt thou this ſport on the Sea?

Mar. It is called a wracke.

Raf. I take no pleaſure in it. Of all deaths I would not bee drowned, ones clothes will be ſo wet when he is taken vp.

Dicke What calſt thou the thing wee were bound to?

Mar. A raughter.

Raff. I will rather hang my ſelfe on a raughter in the houſe, then be ſo haled in in the Sea, there one may haue a leape for his life; but I maruaile how our Maſter ſpeedes.

Dicke. Ile warrant by this time he is wetſhod. Did you euer ſee water bubble as the Sea did? But what ſhall we doe?

Mar. You are now in Lyncolnſhire, where you can want no foule, if you can deuiſe meanes to catch them, there bee woods hard by, & at euery miles end houſes: ſo that if you ſeeke on the Land, you ſhall ſpeed better than on the Sea.

Rob.

Rob. Sea, nay I will neuer saile more, I brooke not their diet: their bread is so hard, that one must carie a whetstone in in his mouth to grinde his teeth: the meate so salt, that one would thinke after dinner his tongue had beene powdred ten daies.

Rafe. O thou hast a sweet life Mariner to be pind in a few boords, and to be within an inch of a thing bottomlesse. I pray thee how often hast thou beene drowned?

Mar. Foole thou seest I am yet aliue.

Rob. Why bee they dead that bee drownd, I had thought they had bin with the fish, and so by chance bin caught vp with them in a Net againe. It were a shame a little cold water should kill a man of reason, when you shall see a poore Mynow lie in it, that hath no vnderstanding.

Mar. Thou art wise from the crowne of thy head vpwards; seeke you new fortunes now, I will follow mine olde. I can shift the Moone and the Sun, and know by one Carde, what all you cannot do by a whole paire. The Load-stone that alwaies

waies holdeth his nose to the North, the two and thirty points for the winde, the wonders I see would make all you blind: you be but boyes, I feare the Sea no more then a dish of water. Why fooles, it is but a liquid element, farewell.

Rob. It were good we learned his cunning at the Cardes, for we must liue by cosenage, wee haue neither Lands nor wit, nor Masters, nor honestie.

Ra. Nay I would faine haue his thirty two, that is, his three dozen lacking foure points, for you see betwixt vs three there is not two good points.

Dick. Let vs call him a little back that we may learne those points. Sirra a word, I pray thee shew vs thy points.

Mar. Will you learne?

Dick. I.

Mar. Then as you like this *I* will instruct you in all our secrets: for there is not a clowte nor carde, nor boord, nor post, that hath not a speciall name, or singular nature.

Dic. Well begin with your points, for *I* lacke only points in this world.

Mar. North. North and by East.

North

North North East. North-east and by North, North-east. North-east and by East. East North-east, East & by North. East.

Dicke Ile say it. North, north-east, North-east, Nore nore and by Nore-east. I shall neuer doe it.

Mar. This is but one quarter.

Rob, I shall neuer learne a quarter of it. I will try. North, North-east, is by the West side, North and by North.

Dicke Passing ill.

Mar. Hast thou no memorie. Try thou.

Raf North North and by North. I can goe no further.

Mar. O dullard, is thy head lighter then the wind, and thy tongue so heauie it will not wagge? I will once againe say it.

Raf. I will neuer learne this language, it will get but small liuing, when it will scarce be learned till one be olde.

Mar. Nay then farwell. and if your fortunes exceed not your wits, you shall starue before ye sleepe. *Exit.*

Raf. Was there euer such cosening?

Come

Come let vs to the woods, and ſee what fortune wee may haue before they bee made ſhippes: as for our Maſter hee is drowned.

Dicke I will this way.

Robin I this

Raſe I this, and this day twelue-mounth let vs all meete heere againe: it may bee we ſhall either beg together, or hang together.

Dicke It skils not ſo we be together. But let vs ſing now, though wee cry heereafter. *Exeunt.*

Song:

Omn. *ROckes, ſholues, and ſands and Seas, farewell.*

Fie! who would dwell
In ſuch a hell
As is a ſhip, which (Drunke) does reele,
Taking ſalt healths from deck to keele.
Ro. *Vp were we ſwallowed in wet graues,*
Dick. *All ſowc't in waues,*
Raſe. *By* Neptunes *ſlaues.*
Omn. *What ſhall weedoe being toſs'd to ſhore?*

Rob.

Rob. *Milke some blinde Tauerne, and (there) roare.*

Rafe. *Tis braue (my boyes) to saile on Land,*
For being well Man'd,
We can cry Stand,

Dic. *The trade of pursing neare shal faile,*
Until the Hangman cryes strike saile.

Omn. *Roue then no matter whither,*
In faire or stormy wether.
And as wee liue, lets dye together,
One Hempen Caper, Cuts a feather.

Actus secundus, Scæna prima.

Gallathea alone.

Gal. BLush *Gallathea* that must frame thy affection fit for thy habit, and therefore be thought immodest, because thou art vnfortunate. Thy tender yeares cannot dissemble this deceipt, nor thy sexe beare it. O would the gods had made mee as I seeme to bee, or that I might safely bee what I seeme not. Thy Father doteth *Gallathea*, whose blinde loue corrupteth his fond iudgement, and iealous of thy death, seemeth to

to dote on thy beauty, whose fond care carrieth his partiall eye as farre from ureth, as his hart is frō falshood. But why dost thou blame him, or blab what thou art, when thou shouldest onely counterfet what thou art not. But whist, heere commeth a lad: I will learne of him how to behaue my selfe.

Enter Phillida in mans attire.

Phil. I neither like my gate, nor my garments, the one vntoward, the other vnfit, both vnseemely. O *Phillida*, but yonder staieth one, and therefore say nothing. But O *Phillida*.

Galla. I perceiue that boyes are in as great disliking of themselues as maides, therefore though I weare the apparell, I am glad I am not the person.

Phil. It is a pretty boy and a faire, he might well haue beene a woman, but because he is not, I am glad I am, for now vnder the colour of my coate, I shall decipher the follies of their kind.

Galla. I would salute him, but I feare I should make a curtesie in stead of a legge,

Phil.

Ph. If I durſt truſt my face as well as I doe my habite, I would ſpend ſome time to make paſtime, for ſay what they will of a mans wit, it is no ſecond thing to be a woman.

Gal. All the bloud in my body would bee in my face, if he ſhould aske me (as the queſtion among men is common) are you a maide?

Phil. Why ſtand I ſtill? boyes ſhould be bolde, but heere commeth a braue traine that will ſpill all our talke.

Enter Diana, Teluſa, and Eurota.

Diana God ſpeed faire boy.

Galla. You are deceiued Lady.

Diana Why, are you no boy?

Galla. No faire boy.

Diana But I ſee an vnhappy boy.

Teluſa. Saw you not the Deare come this way, hee flew downe the wind, and I beleeue you haue blancht him.

Galla. Whoſe Deare was it Ladie?

Teluſa. Diana's Deare.

Gal. I ſaw none but mine owne Deare.

Teluſa This wagge is wanton or a foole, aske the other: *Diana.*

Galla

Galla. I know not how it commeth to paſſe, but yonder boy is in mine eye too beautifull, I pray the gods the Ladies thinke him not their Deare.

Diana Prettie lad; doe your ſheepe feed in the Forreſt, or are you ſtraied from your flocke, or on purpoſe come yee to marre *Diana's* paſtime?

Phil. I vnderſtand not one word you ſpeake.

Diana What art thou neither Lad nor ſhepheard?

Ph. My mother ſaid I could be no lad till I was twentie yeare old, nor keepe ſheepe till I could tell them; and therefore Lady neither lad nor ſhephard is heere.

Teluſa Theſe boyes are both agreed, either they are verie pleaſant or too peruerſe: you were beſt Lady make them tuske theſe Woodes, whileſt we ſtand with our bowes, and ſo vſe them as Beagles ſince they haue ſo good mouthes.

Diana I wil. Follow me without delay, or excuſe, and if you can doe nothing, yet ſhall you hallow the Deare.

Phil. I am willing to goe, not for theſe

these Ladies companie, because my selfe am a virgine, but for that fayre boyes fauour, vvho *I* thinke be a God.

Diana You sir boy shall also goe.

Galla. *I* must if you command, and would if you had not. *Exeunt.*

Actus secundus. Scæna secunda.

Cupid alone in Nymphes apparell, and Neptune lystning.

Cupid Now *Cupid*, vnder the shape of a silly girle shew the power of a mightie God. Let *Diana* & all her coy Nymphes know, that there is no heart so chaste but thy bow can wound, nor eyes so modest, but thy brandes can kindle, nor thoughts so staied, but thy shafts can make wauering, weake and wanton: *Cupid* though he bee a child, is no babie. *I* will make their paines my pastimes, and so confound their loues in their owne sexe, that they shall dote in their desires, delight in their affections, and practise onely impossibilities. Whilest *I* straine from my mother, *I* will vse some ty-

ranny

ranny in theſe woodes, and ſo ſhall their exerciſe in fooliſh loue, bee my excuſe for running away. I wil ſee whether faire faces be alwaies chaſt, or *Diana's* virgins onely modeſt, elſe wil I ſpende both my ſhafts and ſhifts, and then Ladies if you ſee theſe daintie Dames intrapt in loue, ſay ſoftly to your ſelues, we may all loue.

Exit.

Nept. Doe ſilly Shepheards goe about to deceiue great *Neptune*, in putting on mans attire vpon women: and *Cupid* to make ſport deceiue them all, by vſing a womans apparell vpon a God? then *Neptune* that haſt taken ſundry ſhapes to obtaine loue ſticke not to practiſe ſome deceipt to ſhew thy deity and hauing often thruſt thy ſelfe into the ſhape of beaſtes to deceiue men, be not coy to vſe the ſhape of a Shepheard, to ſhew thy ſelfe a God. *Neptune* cannot be ouer-reached by Swaines, himſelfe is ſubtile, and if *Diana* be ouer-taken by craft, *Cupid* is wiſe. I will into theſe woodes and marke all, and in the end wil marre all.

Exit.

Actus secundus. Scæna tertia.

Enter Raffe alone.

Rafe. Call you this seeking of fortunes when one can finde nothing but birds nestes? would *I* were out of these Woods, for *I* shall haue but woodden lucke, her's nothing but the skreeking of Owles, croking of Frogs, hissing of Adders, barking of Foxes, walking of Hagges. But what be these?

Enters Fairies dauncing and playing and so, Exeunt.

I will follovv them, to hel *I* shall not goe, for so faire faces neuer can haue such hard fortunes. What black boy is this?

Enter the Alcumists boy Peter.

Peter What a life doe *I* lead with my Master, nothing but blowing of bellowes, beating of spirits, and scraping of Croslets? it is a very secret Science, for none almost can vnderstand the language of it. Sublimation, Almigation, Calcination, Rubification, Encorporation, Circination, Sementation, Albification, and Frementation. With as many termes vnpossible to be vttered, as the Arte to bee compassed.

Rafe.

Rafe Let mee croſſe my ſelfe, I neuer heard ſo many great deuils in a little Monkies mouth.

Pet. Then our inſtruments, Croſlets, Subliuatories, Cucurbits, Limbecks, Decenſores, Violes, manuall and murall, for enbibing and conbibing, Bellowes, molificatiue and enduratiue.

Rafe What language is this? doe they ſpeak ſo?

Pet. Then our Metals, Saltpeeter, Vitrioll, Sal tartar, Sal perperat, Argoll, Reſagar, Sal Armonick, Egrimony, Lumany, Brimſtone, Valerian, Tartar Alam, Breeme-worte, Glaſſe, Vnſleked lyme, Chalke, Aſhes, hayre, & what not, to make I know not what.

Rafe My haire beginneth to ſtand vpright, would the boy would make an end.

Pet. And yet ſuch a beggerly Science it is, and ſo ſtrong on multiplication, that the end is to haue neither gold, wit, nor honeſtie.

Ra. Then am I iuſt of thy occupation. What fellow, well met.

Pet. Felow, vpon what acquaintance?

Rafe Why thou ſaiſt, the end of thy occupation is to haue neither wit, money nor honeſtie. & me thinks at a bluſh, thou ſhouldeſt be one of my occupation.

Peter Thou art deceiued, my Maſter is an Alcumiſt.

Rafe. Whats that, a man?

Peter A little more than a man, and a haires bredth leſſe than a God. Hee can make of thy cap gold, & by multiplication of one grote, three old Angels. I haue knowne him of the tagge of a point, to make a ſiluer boule of a pint.

Rafe That makes thee haue neuer a point, they be al turned to pots: but if he can do this, he ſhall be a god altogether.

Peter If thou haue any gold to worke on, thou art then made for euer: for with one pound of golde, hee will goe neere to paue tenne Akers of ground.

Rafe How might a man ſerue him and learne his cunning?

Pet. Eaſily. Firſt ſeeme to vnderſtand the termes, and ſpecially marke theſe points. In our Art there are four Spirits.

Rafe Nay I haue done if you worke with deuils.

Peter

Peter Thou art groſſe; we call thoſe Spirits that are the grounds of our Arte, and as it were the metals more incorporatiue for domination. The firſt Spirit is Quick-ſiluer.

Ra. That is my Spirit, for my ſiluer is ſo quicke, that I haue much adoe to catch it; & when I haue it, it is ſo nimble that I cannot hold it; I thought there was deuill in it.

Pet. The ſecond, Orpyment.

Raf. That's no Spirit, but a word to coniure a Spirit.

Pet. The third, Sal Armoniack.

Raf. A proper word.

Pet. The fourth, Brimſtone.

Ra. Thats a ſtincking Spirit, I thought there was ſome ſpirit in it becauſe it burnt ſo blew. For my Mother would often tell me that when the candle burnt blew, there was ſome ill Spirit in the houſe, and now I perceiue it was the ſpirit Brimſtone.

Pet. Thou canſt remember theſe foure ſpirits.

Raf. Let me alone to coniure them.

Pe. Now are there alſo ſeauen bodies,

but

but heere commeth my Maſter.

Enter Alcumiſt.

Rafe This is a begger.

Peter No, ſuch cunning men muſt diſguiſe themſelues, as though there were nothing in them, for otherwiſe they ſhal be compelled to worke for Princes, and ſo bee conſtrained to bewray their ſecrets.

Ra. I like not his attire, but am enamored of his Arte.

Alcumiſt. An ounce of Siluer limde, as much of crude *Mercury*, of Spirits foure, being tempered with the bodies ſeauen, by multipying of it ten times, comes for one pound, eight thouſand pounds, ſo that I may haue onely Beechen coales.

Rafe Is it poſſible?

Peter It is more certaine then certainty.

Rafe Ile tell thee one ſecret, I ſtole a ſiluer thimble, doſt thou thinke that hee will make it a pottle pot?

Peter A pottle pot, nay I dare warrant it a whole Cupbord of plate: why of the quinteſſence of a leaden plummet, hee hath

hath framed xx dozen of ſiluer Spoones. Looke how hee ſtudies, I durſt venture my life hee is now caſting about, how of his breath he may make golden bracelets, for often-times of ſmoke hee hath made ſiluer drops.

Rafe What doe I heare?

Peter Didſt thou neuer heare how *Iupiter* came in a golden ſhower to *Danae*?

Rafe I remember that tale.

Pet. That ſhower did my Maſter make of a ſpooneſull of Tartar-alom, but with the fire of bloud, and the coraſiue of the ayre, he is able to make nothing infinite, but whileſt he eſpieth vs.

Alcum. What *Peter* doe you loyter, knowing that euery minute increaſeth our Mine?

Peter I was glad to take ayre, for the metall came ſo faſt, that I feared my face would haue beene turned to ſiluer.

Alcum. But what ſtripling is this?

Peter One that is deſirous to learne your craft.

Alcum. Craft sir boy, you must call it mystery.

Raf. All is one, a craftie mystery, and a mysticall craft.

Alcum. Canst thou take paines?

Raf. Infinite.

Alcum. But thou must be sworne to bee secret, and then I will entertaine thee.

Raf. I can sweare though I be a poore fellow as well as the best man in the Shyre. But Sir I much maruaile that you being so cunning, should be so ragged.

Alcu. O my child, Grypes make their nests of gold though their coates are feathers, and wee feather our nests with Diamonds, though our garments be but frize. If thou knewest the secret of this Science the cunning would make thee so proud that thou wouldest disdaine the outward pompe.

Pet. My Master is so rauisht with his Arte, that wee many times goe supperlesse to bed, for he will make gold of his bread, and such is the drougth of his desire, that we all wish our very guts were gold.

Rafe

Rafe I haue good fortune to light vpon ſuch a Maſter.

Alcum. When in the depth of my skill I determine to try the vttermoſt of mine Arte, I am diſſwaded by the gods, otherwiſe, I durſt vndertake to make the fire as it flames, gold, the winde as it blowes, ſilner, the water as it runnes, lead, the earth as it ſtands, yron, the skie, braſſe, and mens thoughts, firme mettles.

Raf. I muſt bleſſe my ſelfe, and maruell at you.

Alcum. Come in, and thou ſhalt ſee all.

Exit.

Raf. I follow, I runne, I flye; they ſay my Father hath a golden thumbe, you ſhall ſee me haue a golden body.

Exit.

1 *Pet.* I am glad of this, for now I ſhall haue leyſure to runne away; ſuch a bald Arte as neuer was, let him keepe his new man, for he ſhall neuer ſee his olde againe; God ſhield me from blowing gold to nothing, with a ſtrong imagination to make nothing any thing.

Exit.

Actus secundus. Scæna quarta.

Gallathea alone.

Galla. How now *Gallathea?* miserable *Gallathea*, that hauing put on the apparel of a boy, thou canst also put on the minde. O faire *Melebeus*, I too faire and therefore I feare, too proud. Had it not bin better for thee to haue been a sacrifice to *Neptune*, then a slaue to *Cupid*? to die for thy Country, then to liue in thy fancie? to be a sacrifice, then a Louer? O would when I hunted his eye with my heart, hee might haue seene my heart with his eyes. Why did Nature to him a boy giue a face so faire, or to me a virgine a fortune so hard? I will now vse for the distaffe the bow, and play at quaites abroade, that was wont to sow in my Sampler at home. It may be *Gallathea*! foolish *Gallathea*, what may be? nothing. Let mee follow him into the Woods, and thou sweete *Venus* be my guide. *Exit.*

Actus secundus, Scæna quinta.

Enter Phillida alone.

Phill. Poore *Phillida*, curse the time of thy birth and rarenes of thy beauty, the

vn-

vnaptnes of thy apparell, and the vntamednes of thy affections. Art thou no sooner in the habite of a boy? but thou must bee enamored of a boy, what shalt thou do when what best liketh thee, most discontenteth thee? Goe into the Woods, watch the good times, his best moodes, and transgresse in loue a little of thy modestie; I will, I dare not; thou must, I cannot. Then pine in thine owne peeuishnes. I will not, I will. Ah *Phillida* doe something, nay any thing rather then liue thus. Well, what I will doe, my selfe knowes not, but what I ought I know too well, and so I goe resolute, eyther to bewray my loue, or suffer shame. *Exit.*

Actus tertius. Scæna prima.

Telusa alone.

Te. HOw now? what new conceits, what strange contraries breede in thy minde? is thy, *Diana* become a *Venus*, thy chast thoughts turned to wanton lookes thy conquering modestie to a captiue imagination? Beginnest thou with

with *Piralis* to die in the ayre and liue in the fire, to leaue the ſweet delight of hunting, and to follow the hote deſire of loue? O *Teluſa*, theſe words art vnfit for thy ſexe being a virgin, but apt for thy affections being a Louer. And can there in yeares ſo young, in education ſo preciſe, in vowes ſo holy, and in a heart ſo chaſt, enter either a ſtrong deſire, or a wiſh, or a wauering thought of loue? Can *Cupids* brands quench *Veſtas* flames, and his feeble ſhafts headed with feathers, pearce deeper then *Diana's* arrowes headed with ſteele? Breake thy bow *Teluſa* that ſeekeſt to breake thy vow, and let thoſe hands that aymed to hit the wild Hart, ſcratch out thoſe eyes that haue wounded thy tame hart. O vaine and onely naked name of Chaſtity, that is made eternal, & periſheth by time: holy, and is infected by fancy: diuine, and is made mortall by folly. Virgins harts *I* perceiue are not vnlike cottē trees, whoſe fruit is ſo hard in the bud, that it ſoundeth like ſteele, and being ripe, poureth forth nothing but wool, & their thoughts like the leaues of Lunary, which the further

ther they grow from the Sun, the ſooner they are ſcorched with his beames. O *Melebeus*, becauſe thou art faire, muſt I be fickle, and falſifie my vow becauſe I ſee thy vertue? Fond Girle that I am to thinke of loue, nay vaine profeſſion that I follow to diſdaine loue, but heere commeth *Eurota*, I muſt now put on a red maske and bluſh, leaſt ſhee perceiue my pale face and laugh.

Enter Eurota.

Eurota. Teluſa, Diana bid mee hunt you out, and ſaith that you care not to hunt with her, but if you follow any other Game then ſhee hath rowſde, your puniſhment ſhall bee, to bend all our bowes, and weaue all our ſtrings. Why looke yee ſo pale, ſo ſad, ſo wildly?

Teluſa. Eurota, the Game I follow is the thing I flie: my ſtrange diſeaſe my chiefe deſire.

Eurota. I am no *Oedipus* to expound Riddles, and I muſe how thou canſt bee *Sphinx* to vtter them. But I pray thee

Te-

Telusa tell mee what thou ayleſt, if thou be ſicke, this ground hath leaues to heale: if melancholy, heere are paſtimes to vſe: if peeuiſh, wit muſt weane it, or time, or counſell. If you bee in loue (for I haue heard of ſuch a beaſt called Loue) it ſhall bee cured; why bluſheſt thou *Telusa*?

Telusa. To heare thee in reckoning my paines to recite thine owne. I ſaw *Eurota* how amorouſly you glanced your eye on the faire boy in the white coate, and how cunningly (now that you would haue ſome talke of Loue) you hit mee in the teeth with Loue.

Eurota. I confeſſe that I am in loue, and yet ſweare that I know not what it is. I feele my thoughts vnknit, mine eyes vnſtayed, my heart I know not how affected, or infected, my ſleepes broken and full of Dreames, my wakeneſſe ſad and full of ſighes, my ſelfe in all things vnlike my ſelfe. If this be loue, I would it had neuer beene deuiſed.

Telusa. Thou haſt told what I am in vttering what thy ſelfe is: theſe are my paſſions *Eurota*, my vnbridled paſſions, my

my intolerable paſſions, which I were as good acknowledge and craue counſell, as to denie and endure perill.

Eurota. How did it take you firſt *Teluſa?*

Teluſa. By the eyes; my wanton eyes which conceiued the picture of his face, and hanged it on the very ſtrings of my heart. O faire *Melebeus*, O fond *Teluſa*, but how did it take you *Eurota?*

Eurota. By the eares, whoſe ſweete words ſunke ſo deepe into my head, that the remembrance of his wit hath bereaued me of my wiſdome; O eloquent *Tyterus*, O credulous *Eurota*. But ſoft here commeth *Ramia*, but let her not heare vs talke, wee will withdraw our ſelues, and heare her talke.

Enter Ramia.

Ramia. I am ſent to ſeeke others that haue loſt my ſelfe.

Eurota. You ſhall ſee *Ramia* hath alſo bitten on a loue leafe.

Ramia. Can there be no heart ſo chaſt, but loue can wound? nor vowes ſo holy,

but

but affection can violate. Vaine art thou vertue, and thou chastitie but a by word, when you both are subiect to loue, of all things the most abiect. If Loue bee a God, why should not Louers bee vertuous? Loue is a God, and Louers are vertuous.

Eurota. Indeed *Ramia*, if Louers were not vertuous, then wert thou vicious.

Ramia. What are you come so neere mee?

Telusa. I thinke wee came neere you when we said you loued.

Eurota. Tush *Ramia*, tis too late to recall it, to repent it a shame: therefore I pray thee tell what is loue?

Ramia. If my selfe felt onely this infection, I would then take vpon me the definition, but being incident to so many, I dare not my selfe describe it, but we will all talke of that in the Woods. *Diana* stormeth that sending one to seeke another, shee looseth all. *Sernia* of all the Nymphes the coyest, loueth deadly, and exclaymeth against *Diana*, honoureth *Venus*, detesteth *Vesta*, and maketh a

COM-

common ſcorne of vertue. *Clymene*, whoſe ſtately lookes ſeemed to amaze the greateſt Lords, ſtoopeth, yeeldeth, and fauneth on the ſtrange boy in the Woods. My ſelfe (with bluſhing I ſpeake it) am thrall to that boy, that faire boy, that beautifull boy.

Teluſa. What haue wee here, all in loue? no other food then fancie; no, no, ſhee ſhall not haue the faire boy.

Eurota. Nor you *Teluſa.*

Ramia. Nor you *Eurota.*

Teluſa. I loue *Melebeus*, and my deſerts ſhall be anſwerable to my deſires. I will forſake *Diana* for him. I will die for him.

Ramia. So ſaith *Clymene*, and ſhee will haue him. I care not, my ſweet *Tyterus*, though he ſeeme proud, I impute it to childiſhneſſe: who being yet ſcarce out of his ſwath-clowtes, cannot vnderſtand theſe deepe conceits; I loue him.

Eurota. So doe I, and I will haue him.

Teluſa. Immodeſt all that we are, vnfortunate all that we are like to be; ſhall Vir-

Virgins beginne to wrangle for loue, and become wanton in their thoughts, in their words, in their actions. O diuine Loue, which art therefore called diuine, becauſe thou ouer-reacheſt the wiſeſt, conquereſt the chaſteſt, and doeſt all things both vnlikely and impoſſible, becauſe thou art Loue. Thou makeſt the baſhfull, impudent; the wiſe, fond, the chaſt, wanton; and workeſt contraries to our reach, becauſe thy ſelfe is beyond reaſon.

Eurota. Talke no more *Telusa*, your words wound. Ah would I were no woman.

Rania. Would *Tyterus* were no boy.

Telusa. Would *Telusa* were no bodie.

Exeunt.

Actus tertius. Scæna ſecunda.

Phillida and Gallathea.

Phil. It is pittie that Nature framed you not a woman, hauing a face ſo faire, ſo louely a countenance, ſo modeſt a behauiour.

Gal.

Galla. There is a Tree in *Tylos*, whose Nuts haue shels like fire, and being cracked, the kernell is but water.

Phil. What a toy is it to tell mee of that Tree, being nothing to the purpose? I say it is pittie you are not a woman.

Galla. I would not wish to be a woman, vnles it were becaus thou art a man.

Phil. Nay, I doe not wish to be a woman, for then I should not loue thee, for I haue sworne neuer to loue a woman.

Galla. A strange humour in so prettie a youth, and according to mine; for my selfe will neuer a woman.

Phil. It were a shame if a Mayden should be a Suter, (a thing hated in that sexe) that thou shouldest deny to bee her seruant.

Galla. If it be a shame in mee, it can be no commendation in you, for your selfe is of that minde.

Phil. Suppose I were a Virgin (I blush in supposing my selfe one) and that vnder the habite of a boy were the person of a Maide, if I should vtter my affection with sighes, manifest my sweet loue by my salt teares,

teares, and proue my loyaltie vnſpotted, and my griefes intolerable, would not then that faire face, pittie this true heart?

Galla. Admit that I were, as you would haue me ſuppoſe that you are, and that I ſhould with intreaties, prayers, oathes, bribes, and what euer can be inuented in loue, deſire your fauour, would you not yeeld?

Philli. Tuſh, you come in with admit.

Galla, And you with ſuppoſe.

Philli. What doubtfull ſpeeches bee theſe? *I* feare mee hee is as *I* am, a Mayden.

Galla. What dread riſeth in my mind, *I* feare the boy to bee as *I* am a Mayden.

Philli. Tuſh, it cannot bee, his voice ſhewes the contrary.

Galla. Yet *I* doe not thinke it, for hee would then haue bluſhed.

Philli. Haue you euer a Siſter?

Galla. If *I* had but one, my brother muſt needs haue two, but *I* pray haue you euer a one?

Philli. My Father had but one daugh-

ter,

ter, and therefore *I* could haue no Si-ster.

Galla. Aye me, hee is as *I* am, for his speeches be as mine are.

Philli. What shall *I* doe, either hee is subtill or my sexe simple.

Galla. *I* haue knowne diuers of *Dianaes* Nymphes enamoured of him, yet hath hee reiected all, either as too proud to disdaine, or too childish not to vnderstand, or for that he knoweth himselfe to be a Virgin.

Philli. *I* am in a quandarie, *Dianaes* Nymphes haue followed him, and he despised them, either knowing too well the beautie of his owne face, or that himselfe is of the same mould. *I* will once againe try him. You promised me in the Woods, that you would loue mee before all *Dianaes* Nymphes.

Galla. *I*, so you would loue me before all *Dianaes* Nymphes.

Philli. Can you preferre a fonde boy as *I* am, before so faire Ladies as they are.

Galla. Why should not *I* as well as you?

Phil-

Phil. Come let vs into the Groue, and make much one of another, that cannot tell what to thinke one of another.

Exeunt.

Actus tertius. Scæna tertia.

Alcumist. Rafe.

Alcum. Rafe, my boy is run away, I truſt thou wilt not run after.

Rafe. I would I had a paire of wings that I might flie after.

Alcum. My boy was the verieſt thiefe, the arranteſt lyer, and the vileſt ſwearer in the World, otherwiſe the beſt boy in the World, hee hath ſtolne my apparell, all my money, and forgot nothing but to bid me farewell.

Rafe. That will not I forget, farewell Maſter.

Alcum. Why thou haſt not yet ſeene the end of my Art.

Rafe. I would I had not knowne the beginning. Did not you promiſe mee of my ſiluer Thimble to make a whole cup-boord of plate, and that of a *Spa-*

niſh

miſh Needle you would build a ſiluer ſteeple?

Alcum. I *Rafe*, the fortune of this Art conſiſteth in the meaſure of the fire, for if there bee a coale too much, or a ſparke too little, if it bee a little too hote, or a thought too ſoft, all our labour is in vaine; beſides, they that blow, muſt beat time with their breaths, as Muſicians doe with their breaſts, ſo as there muſt be of the metals, the fire and workers a very harmony.

Rafe. Nay, if you muſt weigh your fire by ounces, and take meaſure of a mans blaſt, you may then make of a dramme of winde a wedge of gold, and of the ſhadow of one ſhilling make another, ſo as you haue an Organiſt to tune your temperatures.

Alcum. So is it, and often doth it happen, that the iuſt proportion of the fire and all things concurre.

Rafe. Concurre, Condogge. I will [illegible]

Alcum. Then away. *Exit* Alcu[illegible]

Enter Aſtronomer.

Rafe. An arte quoth you, that one mul-

multiplyeth ſo much all day, that hee wanteth money to buy meate at night? But what haue we yonder? What deuout man? he will neuer ſpeake till hee be vrged. *I* will ſalute him. Sir, there lieth a purſe vnder your feet, if *I* thought it were not yours, *I* would take it vp.

Aſtron. Doeſt thou not know that *I* was calculating the natiuitie of *Alexanders* great horſe?

Rafe. Why what are you?

Aſtron. An Attronomer.

Rafe. What one of thoſe that makes Almanackes.

Aſtron. Ipſiſſimus. *I* can tell the minute of thy birth, the moment of thy death, and the manner. *I* can tell thee what weather ſhall bee betweene this and *Octogeſſimus octauus mirabilis annus.* When *I* liſt *I* can ſet a trap for the Sun, catch the Moone with lyme-twigs, and goe a bat-fowling for ſtars. *I* can tell thee things paſt, and things to come, and with my cunning, meaſure how many yards of Cloudes are beneath the Skie. Nothing can happen which *I* fore-ſee not, nothing ſhall.

Rafe.

Rafe. I hope Sir you are no more then a God.

Astron. I can bring the twelue Signes out of their Zodiacks, and hang them vp at Tauernes.

Rafe. I pray you sir tell mee what you cannot doe, for I perceiue there is nothing so easie for you to compasse as impossibilities. But what be those signes?

Astron. As a man should say, signes which gouerne the bodie. The Ram gouerneth the head.

Rafe. That is the worst signe for the head.

Astron. Why?

Rafe. Because it is a signe of an ill Ewe.

Astron. Tush, that signe must bee there. Then the Bull for the throte, *Capricornus* for the knees.

I will heare no more signes, if they be all such desperate signes: but seeing you are, (I know not who to terme you) shall I serue you? I would faine serue.

Astron. I accept thee.

Rafe. Happy am I, for now shall I reach thoughts, and tell how many drops of water goes to the greatest showre of

raine. You ſhall ſee me catch the Moone in the clips like a Cony in a purſnet.

Aſtron. I will teach thee the Golden number, the Epact and the Prime.

Rafe. I will meddle no more with numbring of gold, for multiplication is a miſerable action; I pray ſir what weather ſhall wee haue this houre threeſcore yeere?

Aſtron. That I muſt caſt by our Iudicials Aſtronomicall, therefore come in with me, and thou ſhall ſee euery wrinkle of my Aſtrologicall wiſdome, and I will make the Heauens as plaine to thee as the high way, thy cunning ſhall ſit cheeke by iole with the Sunnes Chariot; then ſhalt thou ſee what a baſe thing it is, to haue others thoughts creepe on the ground, when as thine ſhall bee ſtitched to the ſtarres.

Rafe. Then I ſhall be tranſlated from this mortality.

Aſtron. Thy thoughts ſhall be metamorphoſed, and made haile fellowes with the Gods.

Rafe. O fortune. I feele my very braines moralized, and as it were a certaine contempt

tempt of earthly actions is crept into my minde, by an Ætheriall contemplation. Come let vs in.

Exeunt.

Actus tertius. Scæna quarta.

Diana, Telusa, Eurota, Ramia, Larissa.

Diana. What newes haue we here Ladies, are all in loue? are *Dianaes* Nymphs become *Venus* Wantons? is it a shame to be chast, because you be amiable? or must you needs be amorous, because you are faire? O *Venus*, if this be thy spight, I will requite it with more then hate, well shalt thou know what it is to drib thine Arrowes vp and downe *Dianaes* leyes. There is an vnknowne Nymph that straggleth vp and downe these Woods, which I suspect hath beene the weauer of these woes, I saw her slumbring by the brooke side, go search her & bring her, if you find vpon her shoulder a burne, it is *Cupids* if any print on her backe like a leafe, it is *Medeas*: if any picture on her left brest like

a bird; it is *Calipso*; who euer it bee, bring her hither, and ſpeedily bring her hither.

Telusa. I will goe with ſpeed.

Diana. Goe you *Lariſſa* and helpe her.

Lariſſa. I obey.

Diana. Now Ladies, doth not that make your cheekes bluſh, that makes mine eares glowe? or can you remember that without ſobs, which *Diana* cannot thinke on without ſighes? What greater diſhonour could happen to *Diana*, or to her Nymphes ſhame, then that there can be any time ſo idle, that ſhould make their heads ſo addle? Your chaſt hearts my Nymphes, ſhould reſemble the Onix, which is hoteſt when it is whiteſt, and your thoughts, the more they are aſſaulted with deſires, the leſſe they ſhould be affected. You ſhould thinke Loue like *Homers Moly*, a white leafe and a blacke root, a faire ſhew, and a bitter taſte. Of all Trees the Cedar is greateſt, and hath the ſmalleſt ſeedes: of all affections, loue hath the greateſt name, and the leaſt vertue. Shall it bee ſaid, and

ſhall

ſhall *Venus* ſay it? nay, ſhall it bee ſeene, and ſhall Wantons ſee it? that *Diana* the Goddeſſe of Chaſtitie, whoſe thoughts are alwayes anſwerable to her vowes, whoſe eyes neuer glanced on deſire, and whoſe heart abateth the point of *Cupids* Arrowes, ſhall haue her Virgins to become vnchaſt in deſires, immoderate in affection, vntemperate in loue, in fooliſh loue, in baſe loue. Eagles caſt their quill feathers in the Sunne, but you caſt your beſt deſires vpon a ſhadow. The birds *Ibes* loſe their ſweetneſſe when they loſe their ſights, and Virgins all their vertues vvith their vnchaſt thoughts, vnchaſt, *Diana* calleth that, that hath either any ſhew or ſuſpicion of lightneſſe. O my deere Nymphes, if you knew how louing thoughts ſtaine louely faces, you would bee as carefull to haue the one as vnſpotted, as the other beautifull.

Caſt before your eyes the loues of *Venus* truls, their fortunes, their fancies, their ends. What are they elſe but *Silenus* pictures, without, Lambes and Doues, within, Apes, and Owles, who like *Ixion*

imbrace cloudes for *Iuno*, the ſhadowes of vertue in ſtead of the ſubſtance. The Eagles feathers conſume the feathers of all others, and loues deſire corrupteth all other vertues. I bluſh Ladies that you hauing beene heretofore patient of labours, ſhould now become Prentiſes to idlenes, and vſe the pen for Sonets, not the needle for Samplers. And how is your loue placed, vpon pelting boyes, perhaps baſeſt birth, without doubt weake of diſcretion. I but they are faire. O Ladies doe your eyes begin to loue colours, whoſe hearts were wont to loath them? is *Dianaes* Chaſe become *Venus* Court? and are your holy vowes turned to hollow thoughts?

Ramia. Madame, if loue were not a thing beyond reaſon, we might then giue a reaſon of our doings, but ſo diuine is his force, that it worketh effects as contrarie to that wee wiſh as vnreaſonable againſt that we ought.

Lariſſa. Lady, ſo vnacquainted are the paſſions of loue, that wee can neither deſcribe them nor beare them.

Diana. Fooliſh Girles, how willing you are to follow that which you ſhould

flie,

flie, but heere commeth *Telusa*.

Enter Telusa and other with Cupid.

Telusa. We haue brought the disguised Nymph, and haue found on his shoulder *Psiches* burne, and he confesseth himselfe to be *Cupid*.

Diana. How now sir, are you caught, are you *Cupid*?

Cupid. Thou shalt see *Diana* that I dare confesse my selfe to be *Cupid*.

Diana. And thou shalt see *Cupid* that I will shew my selfe to bee *Diana*, that is, Conqueror of thy loose and vntamed appetites. Did thy mother *Venus* vnder the colour of a Nymph, send thee hither to wound my Nymphes? Doth shee adde craft to her malice, and mistrusting her deitie, practise deceit: is there no place but my Groues, no persons but my Nymphes? Cruell and vnkind *Venus*, that spighteth onely chastitie, thou shalt see that *Dianaes* power shall reuenge thy policie, and tame this pride. As for thee *Cupid*, I will breake thy bow, and burne thine Arrowes, binde thy hands, clip thy

thy wings ; and fetter thy feet. Thou that fatteſt others with hopes, ſhalt be fed thy ſelfe with wiſhes, and thou that bindeſt others with golden thoughts, ſhalt be bound thy ſelfe with golden fetters, *Venus* rods are made of Roſes, *Dianaes* of Bryers. Let *Venus* that great Goddeſſe, ranſome *Cupid* that little God. Theſe Ladies here whom thou haſt infected with fooliſh loue, ſhall both tread on thee & triumph ouer thee. Thine owne Arrow ſhal be ſhot into thine owne boſome, and thou ſhalt bee inamoured, not on *Pſiches*, but on *Circes*. I will teach thee what it is to diſpleaſe *Diana*, diſtreſſe her Nymphs, or diſturbe her Game.

Cupid. Diana, what I haue done, cannot be vndone, but what you meane to doe, ſhall. *Venus* hath ſome Gods to her friends, *Cupid* ſhall haue all.

Diana. Are you prating? I will bridle thy tongue and thy power, and in ſpight of mine owne thoughts, I will ſet thee a taske euery day, which if thou finiſh not, thou ſhalt feele the ſmart. Thou ſhalt bee vſed as *Dianaes* ſlaue, not *Venus* ſonne. All the World ſhall ſee that I will vſe

thee

thee like a captiue, and shew my selfe a Conqueror. Come haue him in, that wee may deuise apt punishments for his proud presumptions.

Enrota. Wee vvill plague yee for a little God.

Telusa. Wee vvill neuer pittie thee, though thou be a God.

Ramia. Nor I.

Larissa. Nor I.

Exeunt.

Actus quartus. Scæna prima.

Augur, Melebeus, Tityrus, Populus.

Augur. THis is the day wherein you must satisfie *Neptune* and saue your selues, call together your faire Daughters, and for a Sacrifice take the fairest, for better it is to offer a Virgin then suffer ruine. If you thinke it against nature to sacrifice your children, thinke it also against sense to destroy your Countrey. If you imagine *Nep-*

tune pittileſſe to deſire ſuch a pray, confeſſe your ſelues peruerſe to deſerue ſuch a puniſhment. You ſee this tree, this fatall Tree, whoſe leaues though they gliſter like gold, yet it threatneth to faire Virgins griefe. To this Tree muſt the beautifulleſt be bound vntill the Monſter *Agar* carrie her away, and if the Monſter come not, then aſſure your ſelues that the faireſt is concealed, and then your Countrey ſhall bee deſtroyed, therefore conſult with your ſelues, not as fathers of children, but as fauourers of your Countrey. Let *Neptune* haue his right if you will haue your quiet; thus haue I warned you to bee carefull, and would wiſh you to bee wiſe, knowing that who ſo hath the faireſt daughter, hath the greateſt fortune, in looſing one to ſaue all, and ſo I depart to prouide Ceremonies for the Sacrifice, and command you to bring the Sacrifice.

Exit Augur.

Mel. They ſay *Tyterus* that you haue a faire daughter, if it be ſo, diſſemble not, for you ſhall be a fortunate father. It is a thing holy to preſerue ones Country, and honourable to be the cauſe. *Ty-*

Tyterus. Indeed *Melebeus* I haue heard you boast that you had a faire daughter, then the which none was more beautiful. I hope you are not so carefull of a childe, that you will be careleſſe of your Countrey, or adde ſo much to nature, that you will detract from wiſdome.

Mele. I muſt confeſſe that I had a daughter, and I know you haue, but alas my Childes cradle was her graue, and her ſwath-clowte her winding ſheete. I would ſhee had liued till now, ſhe ſhould willingly haue died now; for what could haue happened to poore *Melebeus* more comfortable, then to bee the father of a faire childe, and ſweet Countrey.

Tyterus. O *Melebeus*, diſſemble you may with men, deceiue the Gods you cannot, did not I ſee, (and very lately ſee) your daughter in your armes, when as you gaue her infinite kiſſes with affection I feare me more then fatherly. You haue conueyed her away, that you might caſt vs all away, bereauing her the honour of her beautie, and vs the benefit, preferring a common inconuenience, before a priuate miſchiefe.

Mele.

Melle. It is a bad cloth *Tyterus* that will take no colour, and a ſimple Father that can vſe no cunning; you make the people beleeue that you wiſh vvell, vvhen you practiſe nothing but ill, vviſhing to be thought religious towards the Gods, vvhen I knovv you deceitfull towards men. You cannot ouer-reach mee *Tyterus*, ouer-ſhoot your ſelfe you may. It is a vvily Mouſe that vvill breed in the Cats eare, and hee muſt halt cunningly, that vvill deceiue a Cripple. Did you euer ſee me kiſſe my Daughter? you are deceiued, it vvas my wife. And if you thought ſo young a piece vnfit for ſo old a perſon, and therefore imagined it to be my child, not my ſpouſe, you muſt knovv that ſiluer haires delight in golden lockes, and the old fancies craue young Nurſes, and froſtie yeeres muſt be thavved by youthfull fires. But this matter ſet aſide, you haue a faire daughter *Tyterus*, and it is pittie you are ſo fond a Father.

Pepo. You are both either too fond or too frovvard: for vvhileſt you diſpute to ſaue your Daughters, vve neglect to preuent our deſtruction.

Al-

Alt. Come let vs away and seeke out a sacrifice. We must sift out their cunning, and let them shift for themselues.

Exeunt.

Actus quartus. Scæna secunda.

Cupid, Telusa, Eurota, Larissa, enter singing.

Te. *O Yes, O yes, if any Maid,*
Who̅ lering Cupid *has betraid*
To frownes of spite, to eyes of scorne,
And would in madnes now see torne
All 3. *The Boy in Pieces, let her come*
Hither, and lay on him her doome.
Eur. *O yes, O yes, has any lost,*
A Heart which many a sigh hath cost,
Is any cozened of a teare,
Which (as a Pearle) disdaine does weare?
All. 3. *Here stands the Thiefe, let her but come*
Hither, and lay on him her doome.
Lar. *Is any one vndone by fire,*
And Turn'd to ashes through desire?
Did euer any Lady weepe,
Being cheated of her golden sleepe?

All. 3.

All. 3. *Stolne by ſicke thoughts! the pirats found,*
And in her teares, hee ſhalbe drownd.
Reade his Inditement, let him heare,
What hees to truſt to: Boy giue eare.

Telusa Come Sirra, to your taske. Firſt you muſt vndoe all theſe Louers knots, becauſe you tyed them.

Cupid If they be true loue knots, tis vnpoſſible to vnknit them, if falſe, I neuer tied them.

Eur. Make no excuſe, but to it.

Cup. Loue-knots are tyde with eyes, and cannot be vndone with hands, made faſt with thoughts, and cannot be vnloſed with fingers, had *Diana* no taske to ſet *Cupid* to but things impoſſible, I will to it.

Ramia Why how now? you tie the knots faſter.

Cupid I cannot chuſe, it goeth againſt my mind to make them looſe.

Euro. Let me ſee, now tis vnpoſſible to be vndone.

Cu. It is the true loue knot of a womans heart, therefore cannot be vndone.

Ramia That fals in ſunder of it ſelfe.

Cupid

Cupid It was made of a mans thought, which will neuer hang together.

Larissa You haue vndone that wel.

Cup. I, becauſe it was neuer tide wel.

Telusa To the reſt, for ſhee wil giue you no reſt. Theſe two knots are finely vntide.

Cup. It was becauſe *I* neuer tide them, the one was knit by *Pluto*, not *Cupid*, by money, not loue, the other by force, not faith, by appointment, not affection.

Ra. Why doe you lay that knot aſide?

Cupid For death.

Telusa Why?

Cu. Becauſe the knot was knit by faith, and muſt onely be vnknit of death.

Euro. Why laugh you?

Cupid Becauſe it is the faireſt and the falſeſt, done with greateſt arte and leaſt truth, with beſt colours, and worſt conceits.

Telusa Who tide it?

Cupid A mans tongue.

Eu. Why doe you put that in my boſome?

Cup. Becauſe it is onely for a Womans boſome.

Laris.

Lari. Why what is it?

Cupid A womans heart.

Telu. Come let vs goe in, and tell that *Cupid* hath done his taske, stay you behind *Larissa*, and see he sleepe not, for Loue will be idle, and take heede you surfet not, for Loue will bee wanton.

Exit Telusa.

Laris. Let mee alone, I will find him som-what to doe.

Cupid Lady, can you for pittie see *Cupid* thus punished.

Larissa Why did *Cupid* punish vs without pittie?

Cupid Is loue a punishment?

Larissa It is no pastime.

Cupid O *Venus*, if thou saweſt *Cupid* as a captiue; bound to obey that was wont to command, fearing Ladies threats, that once pearced their hearts, I cannot tell whether thou wouldeſt reuenge it for despight, or laugh at it for disport. The time may come *Diana*, and the time shal come, that thou that feareſt *Cupid* to vndoe knots, shalt intreat *Cupid* to tie knots, and you Ladies that with solace haue beheld my paines, shall with sighs intreat my pittie.

He

Hee offereth to sleepe.

Larissa How now *Cupid*, begin you to nod?

Ramia Come *Cupid*, *Diana* hath deuised new labours for you that are God of loues, you shall weaue Samplers all night, and lackie after *Diana*, all day. You shall shortly shoote at beastes for men, because you haue made beasts of men, and waite on Ladies traines, because thou intrappest Ladies by traines. All the stories that are in *Diana's* Arras, which are of loue, you must picke out with your needle, and in that place sow *Vesta* with her Nuns, and *Diana* with her Nymphes. How like you this *Cupid*?

Cupid I say I will pricke as well with my needle, as euer I did with mine arrowes.

Telusa. *Diana* cannot yeeld, she conquers affection.

Cup. *Diana* shall yeeld, shee cannot conquer destiny.

Larissa Come *Cupid*, you must to your busines.

Cupid You shall finde me so busie in your

your heads, that you ſhall wiſh I had bin idle with your hearts.

Actus quartus. Scæna tertia.

Neptune alone.

Neptune This day is the ſolemne Sacrifice at this Tree, wherein the faireſt virgine (were not the inhabitants faithleſſe) ſhould bee offered vnto me, but ſo ouer carefull are Fathers to their children, that they forget the ſafety of their Countrey, & fearing to become vnnaturall, become vnreaſonable; their ſlights may bleere men, deceiue me they cannot, I will bee here at the houre, and ſhew as great crueltie as they haue done craft, and well ſhall they know that *Neptune* ſhould haue beene intreated, not couſened.

Exit.

Actus quartus, Scæna quarta.

Enter Gallathea and Phillida.

Phil. I maruell what virgine the people will preſent, it is happy you are none, for then it would haue falne to your lot, becauſe you are ſo faire.

Gal.

Gal. If you had beene a Maiden too I neede not to haue feared, becauſe you are fairer.

Phillida. I pray thee ſweete boy flatter not mee, ſpeake truth of thy ſelfe, for in mine eye of all the world thou art faireſt.

Galla. Theſe be faire words, but farre from thy true thoughts, I know mine owne face in a true Glaſſe, and deſire not to feed it in a flattering mouth.

Phil. O would I did flatter thee, and that fortune would not flatter me. I loue thee as a brother, but loue not me ſo.

Gall. No I will not, but loue thee better, becauſe I cannot loue as a brother.

Phil. Seeing we are both boyes, and both louers, that our affection may haue ſome ſhow, and ſeeme as it were loue, let me call thee Miſtris.

Gal. I accept that name, for diuers before haue cald me Miſtris.

Phil. For what cauſe?

Gal. Nay there lie the Miſtriſſe.

Phillida. Will not you bee at the ſacrifice?

Gal. Noe.

Phil.

Phill. Why?

Galla. Becauſe I dreamt that if I were there, I ſhould bee turned to a virgine, and then being ſo faire (as thou ſaiſt I am) ſhould be offered as thou knoweſt one I muſt. But will not you bee there?

Phil. Not vnleſſe I were ſure that a boy might be ſacrificed, and not a maiden.

Galla. Why then you are in danger.

Phil. But I would eſcape it by deceite, but ſeeing we are reſolued to bee both abſent, let vs wander into theſe Groues, till the houre be paſt.

Galla. I am agreed, for then my feare will be paſt.

Phil. Why, what doſt thou feare?

Galla. Nothing but that you loue me not. *Exit.*

Phil. I will. Poore *Phillida*, what ſhouldeſt thou thinke of thy ſelfe, that loueſt one that I feare mee, is as thy ſelfe is; and may it not bee, that her Father practized the ſame deceit with her, that my Father hath with mee, and knowing her to bee faire, feared ſhee ſhould be vnfortunate, if it bee ſo, *Phillida* how

deſ-

desperate is thy case? if it be not, how doubtfull? For if she be a Mayden there is no hope of my loue, if a boy, a hazard: I will after him or her, and leade a melancholy life, that looke for a miserable death.

Exit.

Actus quintus, Scæna prima.

Enter Rafe alone.

Rafe NO more Masters now, but a Mistresse if I can light on her. An Astronomer? of all occupations thats the worst, yet wel fare the Alcumist, for he keeps good fires though he gets no golde, the other stands warming himselfe by staring on the starres, which I think he can as soone number as know their vertues. He told me a long tale of Octogessimus octauus, and the meeting of the Coniunctions and Planets, and the meane-time he fell backeward himselfe into a ponde. I askt him why he foresaw not that by the starres, hee

he knew it, but contemnd it. But soft, is not this my brother *Robin*?

Enter Robin.

Robin Yes as sure as thou art *Rafe*.

Rafe VVhat *Robin*? what newes? what fortune?

Robin Faith I haue had but bad fortune, but *I* prie-thee tell me thine.

Rafe I haue had two Masters, not by arte but by nature, one said, that by multiplying hee would make of a penny tenne pound.

Robin I but could he doe it?

Rafe Could he doe it quoth you? why man, *I* saw a prettie wench come to his shop, where with puffing, blowing, and sweating, he so plyed her, that hee multiplyed her.

Robin How?

Rafe VVhy he made her of one, two.

Robin VVhat by fire?

Rafe No, by the Philosophers stone.

Robin VVhy, haue Philosophers such stones?

Rafe, but they lie in a priuie cupboord.

Robin

Robin VVhy then thou art rich if thou haue learned this cunning.

Rafe Tush this was nothing, he would of a little fasting spittle, make a hose and doublet of cloth of siluer.

Ro. VVould *I* had beene with him, for *I* haue had almost no meate, but spittle since *I* came to the woods.

Rafe How then didst thou liue?

Robin VVhy man *I* serued a fortune-teller, who said *I* should liue to see my Father hang'd, & both my brothers beg. So *I* conclude the Mill shall be mine, and *I* liue by imagination still.

Rafe Thy Master was an Asse, & lookt on the lines of thy hands, but my other Master was an Astronomer, which could picke my natiuitie out of the starres. I should haue halfe a dozen starres in my pocket if *I* haue not lost them, but heere they be. *Sol, Saturne, Iupiter, Mars, Venus.*

Robin VVhy these be but names.

Rafe I, but by these he gathereth, that I was a *Iouialist*, borne of a Thursday, and that I should bee a braue *Venerian*, and get all my good lucke on a Friday.

Robin

Rob. Tis strange that a fish day should be a flesh-day?

Ra. O *Robin, Venus ortamari, Venus* was borne of the Sea, the Sea will haue fish, fish must haue wine, wine will haue flesh, for *Caro carnis genus est muliebre:* but soft, heere commeth that notable villaine, that once preferd me to the Alcumist.

Enter Peter.

Peter So I had a Master, I would not care what became of me.

Rafe Robin thou shalt see me fit him. So I had a seruant, I care neither for his conditions, his qualities nor his person.

Peter What *Rafe*? well met. No doubt you had a warme seruice of my master the Alcumist?

Rafe Twas warme indeed, for the fire had almost burnt out mine eyes, and yet my teeth still watred with hunger: so that my seruice was both too hote and too cold. I melted all my meate, & made only my slumber thoughts, and so had a full head and an empty belly. But where hast thou beene since?

Peter With a brother of thine I think, for

for he hath such a coate, & two brothers (as he saith) seeking of fortunes.

Robin Tis my brother *Dicke*, I prie-thee lets goe to him.

Rafe Sirra, what was he doing that he came not with thee?

Peter Hee hath gotten a Master now, that will teach him to make you both his younger brothers.

Rafe I, thou passest for deuising impossibilities, thats as true as thy Master could make siluer pots of tagges of points.

Peter Nay hee will teach him to cozen you both, and so get the Mill to himselfe.

Ra. Nay if he be both our cozens, I will be his great Grand-father, and *Robin* shall be his Vncle, but I pray thee bring vs to him quickly, for I am great bellied with conceite till I see him.

Peter Come then and goe with mee, and I will bring yee to him straight.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus, Scæna secunda.

Augur, Erictbinis.

Augur Bring forth the virgine, the

fatall virgine, the faireſt virgine, if you meane to appeaſe *Neptune*, and preſerue your Countrey.

Crict. Heere ſhee commeth, accompanied onely with men, becauſe it is a ſight vnſeemely (as all virgins ſay) to ſee the miſ-fortune of a maiden, and terrible to behold the fiercenes of *Agar* that Monſter.

Enter Hæbe with other to the ſacrifice.

Hæbe Miſerable and accurſed *Hæbe*, that being neither faire nor fortunate, thou ſhouldeſt bee thought moſt happy & beautiful. Curſe thy birth, thy life, thy death, being borne to liue in danger, & hauing liu'd, to die by deceite. Art thou the ſacrifice to appeaſe *Neptune*, & ſatisfie the cuſtome, the bloodie cuſtome, ordained for the ſafety of thy Country. I *Hæbe*, poore *Hæbe*, men will haue it ſo, whoſe forces command our weake natures, nay the Gods will haue it ſo, whoſe powers dally with our purpoſes.

The

The *Ægyptians* neuer cut their Dates from the tree, becauſe they are ſo freſh and greene. It is thought wickednes to pull Roſes from the ſtalkes in the Garden of Paleſtine, for that they haue ſo liuely a red : and who ſo cutteth the incenſe Tree in *Arabia* before it fall, committeth ſacriledge.

Shall it onely bee lawfull amongſt vs in the prime of youth, and pride of beautie, to deſtroy both youth and beautie : and what was honoured in fruits and flowres as a vertue, to violate in a virgine as a vice? But alas deſtiny alloweth no diſpute, die *Habe*, *Habe* die, wofull *Habe*, and onely accurſed *Habe*. Farewell the ſweete delights of life, and welcome now the bitter pangs of death. Fare-well you chaſt virgins, whoſe thoughts are diuine, whoſe faces faire, whoſe fortunes are agreeable to your affections, enioy and long enioy the pleaſure of your curled locks, the amiablenes of your wiſhed looks, the ſweetneſſe of your tuned voices, the content of your inward thoughts, the pompe of

your outward ſhowes, onely *Hebe* biddeth farwell to all the ioyes that ſhe conceiued, and you hope for, that ſhee poſſeſſed, and you ſhall; fare-well the pompe of Princes Courts, whoſe rooſes are imboſſt with golde, and whoſe pauements are decked with faire Ladies, where the dayes are ſpent in ſweete delights, the nights in pleaſant dreames, where chaſtitie honoreth affections, and commandeth, yeeldeth to deſire and conquereth.

Fare-well the Soueraigne of all vertue, and Goddeſſe of all virgins, *Diana*, whoſe perfections are impoſſible to bee numbred, and therefore infinite, neuer to be matched, & therfore immortall. Fare-well ſweet Parents, yet to be mine, vnfortunate Parents. How bleſſed had you beene in barrennes? how happy had I beene if I had not bin? Fare-well life, vaine life, wretched life, whoſe ſorrowes are long, whoſe end doubtfull, whoſe miſeries certaine, whoſe hopes innumirable, whoſe feares intolerable. Come death, and welcome death whom nature cannot reſiſt, becauſe neceſſitie ruleth,

nor

nor defer becauſe deſteny haſteth. Come *Agar* thou vnſatiable Monſter of Maidens blood, and deuourer of beauties bowels, glut thy ſelfe till thou ſurfet, and let my life end thine. Teare theſe tender ioynts with thy greedy iawes, theſe yellow lockes with thy blacke feete, this faire face with thy foule teeth. Why abateſt thou thy wonted ſwiftneſſe? I am faire, I am a virgine, I am readie. Come *Agar* thou horrible monſter, and farewell world thou viler Monſter.

Augur The Monſter is not come, and therefore I ſee *Neptune* is abuſed, whoſe rage will I feare me, be both infinite and intolerable: take in this Virgine, whoſe want of beauty hath ſaued her owne life, and all yours.

Erill. Wee could not finde any fairer.

Augur. *Neptune* will. Goe deliuer her to her father.

Heb. Fortunate *Hebe*, how ſhalt thou expreſſe thy ioyes? Nay vnhappy girle that art not the faireſt. Had it not beene better for thee to haue died with fame, then to liue with diſhonour, to haue

preferred the safetie of thy Countrey and rareneſſe of thy beautie, before ſweetnes of life, and vanity of the world? But alas, deſtiny would not haue it ſo, deſtiny could not, for it asketh the beautifulleſt. I would *Hæbe* thou hadſt beene beautifulleſt.

Erict. Come *Hæbe* heere is no time for vs to reaſon, it had beene beſt for vs thou hadſt beene moſt beautifull.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus. Scæna tertia.

Phillida. Gallathea.

Phil. We met the virgine that ſhould haue beene offered to *Neptune*, belike either the cuſtome is pardoned, or ſhee not thought faireſt.

Gal. I cannot coniecture the cauſe, but I feare the euent.

Phil. Why ſhould you feare? the God requireth no boy.

Gal. I would hee did, then ſhould I haue no feare.

Phil. I am glad he doth not tho, be-

cauſe

cauſe if he did, I ſhould haue alſo cauſe to feare. But ſoft, what man or God is this? Let vs cloſely withdraw our ſelues into the Thickets. *Exeunt ambo.*

Enter Neptune alone.

Nep. And doe men begin to be equall with Gods, ſeeking by craft to ouer-reach them that by power ouer-ſee them? Doe they dote ſo much on their daughters, that they ſticke not to dally with our deities? well ſhall the inhabitants ſee, that deſtinie cannot bee preuented by craft, nor my anger bee appeaſed by ſubmiſſion. I will make hauocke of *Diana's* Nymphes, my Temple ſhall bee died with Maidens blood, and there ſhall be nothing more vile then to bee a Virgine. To bee young and faire, ſhall be accounted ſhame & puniſhment, in ſo much as it ſhall bee thought as diſhonorable to bee honeſt, as fortunate to be deformed.

Enter Diana with her Nymphes.

Dia. O *Neptune*, haſt thou forgotten

why leſſe, or wilt thou cleane for-ſake me? Hath *Diana* therefore brought danger to her Nymphes, becauſe they be chaſt? ſhall vertue ſuffer both paine and ſhame, which alwayes deſerueth praiſe and honour?

Enter Venus.

Venus Praiſe and honour (*Neptune*) nothing leſſe, except it be commendable to be coy, and honorable to be peeuiſh. Sweet *Neptune*, if *Venus* can doe any thing, let her try it in this one thing, that *Diana* may finde as ſmall comfort at thy hands, as Loue hath found courteſie at hers.

This is ſhe that hateth ſweet delights, enuieth louing deſires, maſketh wanton eyes, ſtoppeth amorous eares, bridleth youthfull mouthes, and vnder a name, or a word conſtancie, entertaineth all kinde of crueltie: ſhee hath taken my ſonne *Cupid*, *Cupid* my louely ſonne, vſing him like a prentiſe, whipping him like a ſlaue, ſcorning him like a beaſt, therefore *Neptune* I intreate thee by no other God then the God of loue, that

thou

thou euill intreate this Goddesse of hare.

Neptune I muse not a little to see you two in this place, at this time, and about this matter, but what say you *Diana*, haue you *Cupid* captiue?

Diana I say there is nothing more vaine, then to dispute with *Venus*, whose vntamed affections haue bred more brawles in heauen, then is fit to repeate in earth, or possible to recount in number, I haue *Cupid*, and will keepe him, not to dandle in my lap, whom I abhorre in my heart, but to laugh him to scorne, that hath made in my virgins hearts such deepe scarres.

Venus Scarres *Diana* call you them that I know to bee bleeding woundes? alas weake deity, it stretcheth not so farre, both to abate the sharpnesse of his Arrowes, and to heale the hurts: No, Loues wounds when they seeme greene, rankle, & hauing a smooth skin without, fester to the death within. Therfore *Neptune*, if euer *Venus* stood thee in stead, furthered thy fancies, or shall at all times be at thy commandment

either *Diana* bring her Virgins to a continuall maſſacre, or releaſe *Cupid* of his martyrdome.

Diana It is knowne *Venus*, that your tongue is as vnruly as your thoughts, and your thoughts as vnſtaied as your eyes, *Diana* cannot chatter, *Venus* cannot chuſe.

Venus It is an honour for *Diana* to haue *Venus* meane ill, when ſhe ſo ſpeaketh well, but you ſhall ſee I come not to trifle, therefore once againe *Neptune*, if that bee not buried, which can neuer die, fancie, or that quenched which muſt euer burne, affection, ſhew thy ſelfe the ſame *Neptune* that I knew thee to be when thou waſt a Shepheard, and let not *Venus* words be vaine in thine eares, ſince thine were imprinted in my heart.

Nept. It were vnfit that Goddeſſes ſhould ſtriue, and it were vnreaſonable that I ſhould not yeeld, and therefore to pleaſe both, both attend; *Diana* I muſt honour, her vertue deſerueth no leſſe, but *Venus* I muſt loue, I muſt confeſſe ſo much.

Diana, reſtore *Cupid* to *Venus*, and

I will for euer releaſe the ſacrifice of Virgins, if therefore you loue your Nymphs as ſhee doth her Sonne, or preferre not a priuate grudge before a common griefe, anſwere what you will doe.

Diana I account not the choiſe hard, for had I twentie *Cupids*, I would deliuer them all to ſaue one Virgine, knowing loue to be a thing of all the vaineſt, virginitie, to bee a vertue of all the nobleſt. I yeeld, *Lariſſa* bring out *Cupid:* and now ſhall it be ſaid, that *Cupid* ſaued thoſe hee thought to ſpoile.

Venus I agree to this willingly: for I will bee wary how my Sonne wander againe. But *Diana* cannot forbid him to wound.

Diana Yes, chaſtitie is not within the leuell of his bow.

Venus But beautie is a faire marke to hit.

Neptune Well I am glad you are agreed: and ſay that *Neptune* hath dealt well with Beauty and Chaſtitie.

Enters

Enter Cupid.

Diana Here take your ſonne.

Venus Sir boy where haue you beene? alwaies taken, firſt by *Sapho*, now by *Diana*, how hapneth it you vnhappie Elphe?

Cupid Comming through *Diana's* woods, and ſeeing ſo many faire faces with fonde harts, I thought for my ſport to make them ſmart, and ſo was taken by *Diana*.

Venus I am glad I haue you.

Diana And I am glad I am rid of him.

Venus Alas poore Boy, thy Winges clypt? thy brandes quencht? thy Bow burnt? and thy Arrowes broke?

Cupid I but it skilleth not, I beare now mine Arrowes in mine eyes, my Winges on my thoughts, my brandes in mine eares, my bowe in my mouth, ſo as I can wounde with looking, fire with thinking, burne with hearing, ſhoot with ſpeaking.

Venus

Venus. Well you shall vp to Heauen with me, for on earth thou wilt lose me.

Enter Tyterus, Melebeus, Gallathea and Phillida.

Neptune. But soft, what bee these?

Tyterus. Those that haue offended thee to saue their daughters.

Neptune. VVhy, had you a faire daughter?

Tyterus. I, and *Melebeus* a faire daughter.

Neptune. Where be they?

Meleb. In yonder Woods, and mee thinkes I see them comming.

Neptune. Well, your deserts haue not gotten pardon, but these Goddesses iarres.

Meleb. This is my daughter, my sweet *Phillida.*

Tyterus. And this is my faire *Gallathea.*

Galla. Vnfortunate *Gallathea*, if this be *Phillida.*

Phil.

Phil. Accurſed *Phillida*, if that bee *Gallathea*.

Galla. And waſt thou all this while enamoured of *Phillida*, that ſweet *Phillida?*

Phillida. And couldeſt thou doate vpon the face of a Maiden, thy ſelfe being one, on the face of faire *Gallathea?*

Nept. Doe you both being Maidens loue one another?

Galla. I had thought the habit agreeable with the Sexe, and ſo burned in the fire of mine owne fancies.

Phillida. I had thought that in the attire of a boy, there could not haue lodged the body of a Virgin, and ſo was inflamed with a ſweete deſire, which now I find a ſower deceit.

Diana. Now things falling out as they doe, you muſt leaue theſe fond fond affections, nature will haue it ſo, neceſſitie muſt.

Gallathea. I will neuer loue any but *Phillida*, her Loue is engrauen in my heart, with her eyes.

Phillida. Nor I any but *Gallathea*, whoſe

whoſe faith is imprinted in my thoughts by her words.

Neptune. An idle choice, ſtrange and fooliſh, for one Virgin to dote on another, and to imagine a conſtant faith, where there can be no cauſe of affection. How like you this *Venus?*

Venus. I like well and allow it, they ſhall both bee poſſeſſed of their wiſhes, for neuer ſhall it bee ſaid that Nature or Fortune ſhall ouer-throw Loue, and Faith. Is your loues vnſpotted, begunne with truth, continued with conſtancie, and not to be altered till death?

Gallathea. Die *Gallathea*, if thy loue be not ſo.

Phillida. Accurſed be thou *Phillida*, if thy loue be not ſo.

Diana, Suppoſe all this *Venus*, what then?

Venus. Then ſhall it be ſeene, that I can turne one of them to bee a man, and that I will.

Diana. Is it poſſible?

Venus. What is to Loue or the Miſtris of Loue vnpoſſible? Was it not *Venus* that did the like to *Iphis* and *Ianthes*; how

ſay

ſay yee? are yee agreed? one to be a boy preſently?

Phillida. *I* am content, ſo *I* may imbrace *Gallathea.*

Gallathea. *I* wiſh it, ſo *I* may enioy *Phillida.*

Melebeus. Soft Daughter, you muſt know whether *I* will haue you a Sonne.

Tyterus. Take me with you *Gallathea*, *I* will keepe you as *I* begat you, a Daughter.

Melebeus. *Tyterus*, let yours bee a boy, and if you will, mine ſhall not.

Tyterus. Nay, mine ſhall not, for by that meanes my young ſonne ſhall loſe his inheritance.

Melebeus. Why then get him to be made a Maiden, and then there is nothing loſt.

Tyterus. *If* there bee ſuch changing, *I* would *Venus* could make my Wife a Man.

Melebeus. Why?

Tyterus. Becauſe ſhe loues alwayes to play with men.

Venus. Well you are both fond, therefore agree to this changing or ſuffer your

your Daughters to ondure hard chance.

Melebeus. How say you *Tyterus*, shall wee referre it to *Venus*?

Tyterus. I am content, because she is a Goddesse.

Venus. *Neptune* you will not dislike it.

Neptune. Not *I*.

Venus. Nor you *Diana*.

Diana. Not *I*.

Venus. *Cupid* shall not.

Cupid. *I* will not.

Venus. Then let vs depart, neither of them shall know whose lot it shall bee till they come to the Church-doore. One shall be, doth it suffice?

Phillida. And satisfie vs both, doth it not *Gallathea*?

Galla. Yes *Phillida*.

Enter Rafe, Robin, and Dicke.

Rafe. Come *Robin*, *I* am glad *I* haue met with thee, for now wee will make our Father laugh at these tales.

Diana.

Diana. What are theſe that ſo malepartly thruſt themſelues into our companies?

Robin. Forſooth Madame wee are fortune-tellers.

Venus. Fortune tellers; tell mee my fortune.

Rafe. We doe not meane fortune tellers, we meane fortune tellers: we can tel what fortune wee haue had theſe twelue monthes in the Woods.

Diana. Let them alone, they bee but peeuiſh.

Venus. Yet they will bee as good as Minſtrels at the marriage, to make vs all merrie.

Dicke. I Ladies we beare a very good Conſort.

Venus. Can you ſing?

Rafe. Baſely.

Venus. And you?

Dicke. Meanly.

Venus. And what can you doe?

Robin. If they double it, I will treble it.

Venus. Then ſhall yee goe with vs, and ſing *Hymen* before the marriage. Are you content?

Rafe.

Rafe. Content neuer better content, for there wee ſhall be ſure to fill our bellies with Capons rumpes, or ſome ſuch daintie diſhes.

Venus. Then follow vs.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

The Epilogue.

Gallathea.

GOe all, *tis I onely that conclude all. You Ladies may ſee, that* Venus *can make conſtancie ficklenesſe, courage cowardiſe, modeſtie lightneſſe, working things impoſſible in your Sexe, and tempering hardeſt hearts like ſofteſt Wooll. Yeeld Ladies, yeeld to loue Ladies, which lurketh vnder your eye-lids whileſt you ſleepe, and playeth with your heart-ſtrings whileſt you wake: whoſe ſweetneſſe neuer breedeth ſatietie, labour wearineſſe, nor griefe bitterneſſe,* Cupid *was begotten in a miſt, nurſed in Cloudes, and ſucking only vpon conceits. Confeſſe him a Conqueror, whom yee ought to regard, ſith it is vnpoſſible to reſiſt, for this is infallible, that Loue conquereth all things but it ſelfe, and Ladies all hearts but their owne.*

FINIS.

MYDAS.

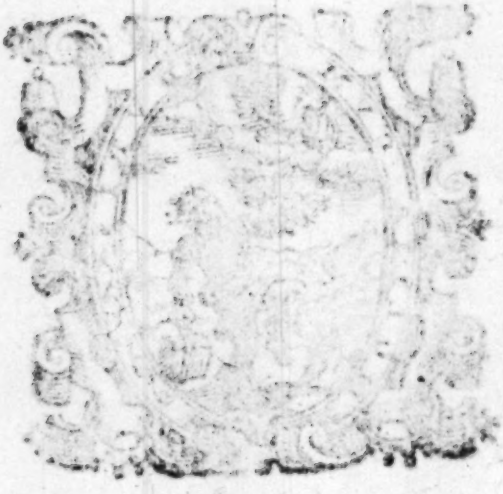
Played before the Queenes Maiestie upon Twelfe Day at Night.

By the Children of PAVLS.



LONDON,
Printed by *William Stansby*,
for *Edward Blount*.
1632.

MAYDAS.



LONDON,

1632.

THE PROLOGVE in PAVLS.

GEntlemen, ſo nice is the World, that for apparell there is no faſhion, for Muſique no Inſtrument, for Diet no Delicate, for Playes no Inuention but breedeth ſatietie before noone, and contempt before night.

Come to the Taylor, hee is gone to the Painters, to learne how more cunning may lurke in the faſhion, then can be expreſſed in the making. Aske the Muſicians, they will ſay their heads ake with deuiſing notes beyond Ela. Enquire at Ordinaries, there muſt be Sallads for the Italian; *Picktooths for the* Spaniard; *Pots for the* Germane; *Pottage for the* Engliſhman. *At our Exercıſes, Souldiers cal for Tragedies, their obiect is bloud: Courtiers for Comedies, their ſubiect is Loue: Countrimen for Paſtorals, Sheepheards are their Saints.*

Traffique and trauell hath wouen the nature of all Nations into ours, and made this Land like Armat, full of deuise, which was Broad-cloth, full of workmanship.

Time hath confounded our mindes, our minds the matter, but all commeth to this passe, that what heretofore hath beene serued in seuerall dishes for a Feast, is now minced in a Charger for a Gallimaufrey. If we present a mingle-mangle, our fault is to be excused, because the whole World is become an Hodge-podge.

We are iealous of your iudgements, because you are wise; of our owne performance, because wee are vnperfect; of our Authors deuice, because he is idle. Onely this doth encourage vs, that presenting our studies before Gentlemen, though they receiue an inward mislike, wee shall not be hist with an open disgrace.

Stirps rudis vrtica est: stirps generosa, rosa.

Actus

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Bacchus, Mydas, Eriſtus. Martius.

Bacchus MYdas, where the Gods beſtow benefits they aske thankes, but where they receiue good turnes, they giue rewards. Thou haſt filled my belly with meat, mine eares with Muſick, mine eies withwōders. *Bacchus* of all the Gods is the beſt fellow, & *Mydas* amongſt men, a King of fellowes. All thy grounds are Vineyards, thy corne Grapes, thy chambers, ſellers, thy houſhold ſtuffe ſtanding cups: and therefore aske any thing it ſhall be granted. Wouldeſt thou haue the pipes of thy Conduits to runne

Wine, the vdders of thy beasts to drop *Nectar*, or thy trees to bud *Ambrosia?* Desirest thou to be fortunate in thy loue, or in thy victories famous, or to haue the yeeres of thy life as many as the haires on thy head? Nothing shall be denied, so great is *Bacchus*, so happy is *Mydas*.

Myd. Bacchus, for a King to beg of a God it is no shame, but to aske with aduise, wisdome; giue me leaue to consult: least desiring things aboue my reach, I be fiered with *Phaeton:* or against nature, and be drowned with *Icarus:* and so perishing, the World shall both laugh and wonder, crying, *Magnis tamen excidit ausis.*

Bacchus. Consult, *Bacchus* will consent.

Myd. Now my Lords, let mee heare your opinions, what wish may make *Mydas* most happy, and his Subiects best content?

Erist. Were I a King I would wish to possesse my Mistresse, for what sweetnesse can there be found in life, but Loue? whose wounds the more mortall they are

to

to the heart, the more immortall they make the poſſeſſors: and who knoweth not that the poſſeſſing of that muſt bee moſt precious, the purſuing whereof is ſo pleaſing.

Mar. Loue is a paſtime for children, breeding nothing but folly, & nouriſhing nothing but idleneſſe. I would wiſh to be Monarch of the World, conquering Kingdomes like Villages, and being greateſt on the earth bee Commander of the whole earth: for what is there that more tickles the minde of a King, then a hope to be the only King, wringing out of euery Country tribute, and in his owne to ſit in triumph. Thoſe that call Conquerors ambitious, are like thoſe that tearme thrift couetouſneſſe, cleanlineſſe pride, honeſtie preciſeneſſe. Command the World, *Mydas*, a greater thing you cannot deſire, a leſſe you ſhould not.

Myd. What ſay you *Mellacrites*?

Mel. Nothing, but that theſe two haue ſaid nothing. I would wiſh that euery thing I touched might turne to gold: this is the ſinewes of War, and the ſweetneſſe of Peace. Is it not Gold that ma-

keth the chasteſt to yeeld to luſt, the honeſteſt to lewdneſſe, the wiſeſt to folly, the faithfulleſt to deceit, and the moſt holy in heart, to be moſt hollow of heart? In this word Gold are all the powers of the Gods, the deſires of men, the wonders of the World, the miracles of nature, the looſeneſſe of fortune & triumphs of time. By Gold may you ſhake the Courts of other Princes, and haue your owne ſetled, one Spade of Gold vndermines faſter then an hundred Mattockes of ſteele. Would one bee thought religious and deuout? *Quantum quiſque ſua nummorum ſervat in arca, tantum habet & fidei:* Religions ballance are golden bags. Deſire you vertue? *quærenda pecunia primum eſt, virtus poſt nummos:* the firſt ſtaire of vertue is money Doth any thirſt after Gentrie, and wiſh to be eſteemed beautifull? *& genus & formam regina pecunia donat:* King Coine hath a Mint to ſtampe Gentlemen, and art to make amiablenes. I deny not but Loue is ſweet, and the marrow of a mans mind, that to cõquer Kings is the quinteſſence of the thoughts of Kings: why then follow both, *Aurea ſunt*

verè

verè nunc ſæcula, plurimus auro venit honos, auro conciliatur amor: it is a World for Gold, Honor and Loue are both taken vp on intereſt. Doth *Mydas* determine to tempt the minds of true Subiects? to draw them from obedience to trecherie, from their allegiance and oaths to treaſon and periurie *quid non mortalia pectora cogit auri ſacra fames?* What holes doth not Gold bore in mens hearts? Such vertue is there in Gold, that being bred in the barreneſt ground, and trodden vnder foot, it mounteth to ſit on Princes heads. Wiſh Gold *Mydas*, or wiſh not to be *Midas*. In the counſell of the Gods, was not *Anidris* with his long noſe of Gold, preferred before *Neptunes*, whoſe ſtature was but braſſe? And *Æſculapius* more honoured for his golden beard, than *Apollo* for his ſweet harmonie?

Eriſt. To haue Gold and not Loue, (which cannot be purchaſt by Gold) is to be a ſlaue to Gold.

Mar. To poſſeſſe mountaines of gold, and a miſtris more precious then gold, and not to command the World, is to make *Mydas* new prentiſe to a Mint, and Iourneyman to a woman.

Mel.

Mel. To enioy a faire Ladie in loue, and want faire Gold to giue : to haue thousands of people to fight, and no peny to pay, will make ones mistresse wilde, and his souldiers tame. *Iupiter* was a God, but he knew Gold was a greater: and flew into those grates with his golden wings, where he could not enter with his Swans wings. What staid *Atlantas* course with *Hippomanes?* an Apple of Gold; what made the three Goddesses striue? an Apple of Gold. If therefore thou make not thy Mistresse a Gold-finch, thou mayest chance to find her a Wag-taile: beleeue me, *Res est ingeniosa dare.* Besides, how many gates of Cities this golden Key hath opened, wee may remember of late, and ought to feare hereafter. That iron world is worne out, the golden is now come, *Sub* Ioue *nunc mundus, insta sequare* Iouis.

Erist. Gold is but the guts of the earth.

Mel. I had rather haue the earths guts, then the Moones braines. What is it that Gold cannot command, or hath not conquered? Iustice her selfe, that sitteth

ʒeth wimpled about the eyes, doth it not becauſe ſhee will take no Gold, but that ſhee would not bee ſeene bluſhing when ſhe takes it: the ballance ſhe holdeth are not to wey the right of the cauſe, but the weight of the bribe: ſhe will put vp her naked Sword, if thou offer her a golden ſcabberd.

Myd. Ceaſe you to diſpute, I am determined. It is Gold, *Bacchus*, that *Mydas* deſireth, let euery thing that *Mydas* toucheth be turned to Gold, ſo ſhalt thou bleſſe thy gueſt, and manifeſt thy Godhead. Let it be Gold *Bacchus.*

Bac. *Mydas* thy wiſh cleaueth to hy laſt word. Take vp this ſtone.

Myd. Fortunate *Mydas.* It is Gold *Mellacrites*, Gold, it is Gold.

Mel. This ſticke.

Myd. Gold *Mellacrites*, my ſweete boy all is Gold: for euer honoured bee *Bacchus*, that aboue meaſure hath made *Mydas* fortunate.

Bac. If *Mydas* bee pleaſed *Bacchus* is, I will to my temple with *Silenus*, for by this time there are many to offer vnto me ſacrifices: *Pœnam pro munere poſcis.*

Myd. Come my Lords, I will with gold paue my Court, and decke with gold my turrets, these petty Islands neere to *Phrygia* shall totter, and other Kingdomes bee turned topsie turuie: I wil command both the affections of men and their fortunes. Chastitie will grow cheape where Gold is thought deare, *Celia*, chast *Celia* shall yeeld. You my Lords shall haue my hands in your houses, turning your brazen gates to fine Gold. Thus shall *Mydas* be Monarch of the World, the darer of Fortune, the Commander of Loue. Come let vs in.

Mel. Wee follow, desiring that our thoughts may bee touched with thy finger, that they also may become Gold.

Erist. Well, I feare the euent, because of *Bacchus* last words, *pœnam pro munere poscis.*

Myd. Tush, he is a drunken God, else hee would not haue giuen so great a gift. Now it is done, I care not for any thing he can doe.

Exeunt.

Actus

Actus quintus, Scæna secunda.

Licio, Peiulus.

Licio. Thou seruest *Mellacrites*, and his daughter, which is the better man?

Pet. The Masculine gender is more worthy than the feminine. Therefore *Licio* backare.

Li. That is when those two genders are at iarre, but when they belong both to one thing, then.

Pet. What then?

Li. Then they agree like the fiddle and the sticke.

Pet. Pulchrè sanè. Gods blessing on thy blue Nose, but *Licio*, my Mistresse is a proper woman.

Li. I but thou knowest not her properties.

Pet. I care not for her qualities, so I may embrace her quantitie.

Li. Are you so peart?

Pet. I and so expert, that I can as well tell the thoughts of a womans heart by her eyes, as the change of the weather by an Almanacke.

Li.

Li. Sir boy you must not be saucie.

Pet. No, but faithfull and seruiceable.

Li. Locke vp your lips, or I will lop them off. But sirrha, for thy better instructions I will vnfold euery wrinkle of my Mistresse dispositon.

Pet. I pray thee doe.

Li. But for this time I will only handle the head and purtenance.

Pet. Nothing else?

Li. Why, will not that bee a long houres worke to describe, that is almost a whole dayes worke to dresse?

Pet. Proceed.

Li. First, she hath a head as round as a tennis ball.

Pet. I would my bed were a hazard.

Li. Why?

Pet. Nothing, but that I would haue her head there among other balls.

Li. *Video, pro Intellige.* Then hath she an Haukes eye.

Pet. O that I were a Partridge head.

Li. To what end?

Pet. That shee might tire with her eyes on my countenance.

Li.

Li. Wouldſt thou be hanged?

Pet. *Scilicet.*

Li. Well, ſhee hath the tongue of a Parret.

Pet. Thats a leaden dagger in a veluet ſheath, to haue a blacke tongue in a faire mouth.

Li. Tuſh, it is not for the blackneſſe, but for the babling, for euery houre ſhe will cry walke knaue, walke.

Pet. Then will I mutter, a rope for Parrat, a rope.

Li. So maiſt thou be hanged, not by the lippes, but by the neck. Then ſir hath ſhe a calues tooth.

Pet. O monſtrous mouth! I would then it had beene a ſheepes eye, and a neates tongue.

Li. It is not for the bignes, but the ſweetneſſe: all her teeth are as ſweet as the ſweet tooth of a calfe.

Pet. Sweetly meant.

Li. She hath the eares of a Want,

Pet. Doth ſhe want eares?

Li. I ſay the eares of a Want, a Mole, thou doſt want wit to vnderſtand mee. She will heare though ſhee bee neuer ſo low on the ground.

Pet.

Pet. Why then if one aske her a queſtion, it is likely ſhe will hearken to it.

Li. Hearken thou after that, ſhe hath the noſe of a ſow.

Pet. Then belike there ſhe weares her wedding ring.

Li. No, ſhee can ſmel a knaue a mile off.

Pet. Let vs go farther *Licio*, ſhe hath both vs in the wind.

Li. She hath a beetle brow.

Pet. What, is ſhe beetle browed?

Li. Thou haſt a beetle head, I ſay the brow of a beetle, a little flie, whoſe brow is as blacke as veluet.

Pet. What lips hath ſhe?

Li. Tuſh, the lips are no part of the head, only made for a double leafe-dore for the mouth.

Pet. What is then the chin?

Li. That is onely the threſhold to the doore.

Pet. I perceiue you are driuen to the wall that ſtands behind the dore, for this is ridiculous: but now you can ſay no more of the head, begin with the purtenances, for that was your promiſe.

Li

Li. The purtenances, it is impoſſible to reckon them vp, much leſſe to tell the nature of them. Hoods, frontlets, wires, caules, curling-irons, perriwigs, bodkins, fillets, hairlaces, ribbons, roles, knotſtrings, glaſſes, combs, caps, hats, coifes, kerchers, clothes, earetings, borders, crippins, ſhadowes, ſpots, and ſo many other trifles, as both I want the words of arte to name them, time to vtter them, and wit to remember them: theſe be but a few notes.

Pet. Notes quoth you, I note one thing.

Li. Whats is that?

Pet. That if euery part require ſo much as the head, it will make the richeſt husband in the world ake at the heart.

Enter Pipenetta.

Li. But ſoft here comes *Pipenetta*, what newes?

Pip. I would not be in your coates for any thing.

Li. Indeed if thou ſhouldeſt rigge vp and downe in our iackets, thou wouldſt be thought a very tomboy.

Pi.

Pi. I meane I would not bee in your caſes.

Pet. Neither ſhalt thou *Pipenetta*, for firſt, they are too little for thy body, and then too faire, to pull ouer ſo fowle a skinne.

Pi. Theſe boyes be drunke, I would not be in your takings.

Li. I thinke ſo, for we take nothing in our hands but weapons, it is for thee to vſe needles and pinnes, a ſampler, not a buckler.

Pi. Nay then wee ſhall neuer haue done, I meane I would not be ſo curſt as you ſhalbe.

Pet. Worſe and worſe. Wee are no chaſe (prettie mops) for Deare, we are not, neither red nor fallow, becauſe wee are Batchelers and haue not *cornu copiæ*, we want heads: Hares we cannot be, becauſe they are male one yeare, and the next female, wee change not our ſex: Badgers we are not, for our legges are one as long as another: and who will take vs to be Foxes, that ſtand ſo neare a gooſe, and bite not?

Pi. Fooles you are, and therefore good

good game for wiſe men to hunt: but knaues I leaue you, for honeſt wenches to talke of.

Li. Nay ſtay ſweet *Pipenetta*, we are but diſpoſed to be merrie.

Pi. I maruel how old you will bee before you be diſpoſed to be honeſt. But this is the matter, my maſter is gone abroad, and wants his page to wait on him: my miſtreſſe would riſe, and lacks your worſhip to fetch her haire.

Pet. Why, is it not on her head?

Pi. Mee thinks it ſhould, but I meane the haire that ſhee muſt weare to day.

Li. Why, doth ſhe weare any but her owne?

Pi. In faith ſir no, I am ſure its her owne when ſhee paies for it. But doe you heare the ſtrange newes at the Court?

Pet. No, except this bee it, to haue ones haire lie all night out of the houſe from ones head.

Pi. Tuſh, euery thing that *Mydas* toucheth is gold.

Pet. The deuill it is.

Pi.

Pi. Indeed gold is the deuil.

Li. Thou art deceiued wench, angels, are gold. But is it true?

Pi. True? Why the meate that hee toucheth turneth to gold, so doth the drinke, so doth his raiment.

Pet. I would hee would giue mee a good boxe on the eare, that I might haue a golden cheeke.

Li. How happy shall wee bee if hee would but stroke our heads, that wee might haue golden haires. But let vs all in, least hee lose the vertue of the gift before we tast the benefit.

Pi. If he take a cudgel & that turne to gold, yet beating you with it, you shall only feele the weight of gold.

Pet. What difference to bee beaten with gold, and to be beaten gold?

Pi. As much as to say, drinke before you goe, and goe before you drinke.

Li. Come let vs goe, least we drinke of a drie cup for our long tarrying.

Exeunt.

Actus

Actus ſecundus, Scæna prima.

Eriſtus, Cælia, Sophronia, Mellacrites, Martius.

Eriſt. FAire *Cælia*, thou ſeeſt of gold there is ſatiety, of loue there cannot.

Cæl. If thou ſhouldſt wiſh that whatſoeuer thou thoughteſt might be loue, as *Mydas* what euer he toucht might be gold, it may bee loue would bee as lothſome to thine eares, as gold is to his eyes, and make thy heart pinch with melancholy, as his guts doe with famine.

Eriſt. No ſweet *Cælia*, in loue there is varietie.

Cæ. Indeed men varie in their loue.

Eri. They vary their loue, yet change it not.

Cæ. Loue and change are at variance, therefore if they varie, they muſt change.

Er. Men change the maner of their loue, not the humor the meanes how to obtaine, not the miſtreſſe they honour.

So

So did *Iupiter*, that could not intreate *Danae* by golden words, posses his loue by a golden shoure, not altering his affection, but vsing art.

Cæ. The same *Iupiter* was an Egle, a Swan, a Bull, and for euery Saint a new shape, as men haue for euery mistresse a new shadow. If you take example of the gods, who more wanton, more wauering? if of your selues, being but men, who will thinke you more constant then gods? *Eristus*, if gold could haue allured mine eyes, thou knowest *Mydas* that commandeth all things to bee gold, had conquered: if threats might haue feared my heart, *Mydas* being a king, might haue commanded my affections: if loue, gold, or authoritie might haue inchanted me, *Mydas* had obtained by loue, gold, and authoritie, *Quorum si singula nostrum flectere non poterant, potuissent omnia mentem.*

Erist. Ah *Calia*, if kings say they loue and yet dissemble, who dare say that they dissemble, and not loue? They cõmand the affections of others to yeeld, and their owne to bee beleeued. My

teares

teares which haue made furrowes in my cheekes, and in mine eyes fountaines: my ſighes, which haue made of my heart a furnace, and kindled in my head flames: my body that melteth by peecemeale, and my minde that pineth at an inſtant, may witneſſe that my loue is both vnſpotted, and vnſpeakeable, *Quorum ſi ſingula duram flectere non poterant, deberent omnia mentem.* But ſoft, here commeth the Princeſſe, with the reſt of the Lords.

Enter Sophronia.

Sophro. Mellacrites, I cannot tell whether I ſhould more miſlike thy counſell, or *Mydas* conſent, but the couetous humour of you both I contemne and wonder at, being vnfit for a king, whoſe honour ſhould conſiſt in liberalitie, not greedines; and vnworthy the calling of *Mellacrites*, whoſe fame ſhould riſe by the Souldiers god, *Mars*, not by the merchants god, Gold.

Mel. Madam, things paſt cannot be recalled, but repented; and therefore are rather to bee pittied than puniſhed. It

now

now behoueth vs how to redreſſe the miſerable eſtate of our king, not to diſpute of the occaſion. Your highnes ſees, and without griefe you cannot ſee, that his meate turneth to maſſie gold in his mouth, and his wine ſlideth downe his throate like liquid gold: if he touch his roabes they are turned to gold, and what is not that toucheth him, but becommeth gold?

Eriſt. I *Mellacrites*, if thy tongue had bin turned to gold before thou gaueſt our king ſuch counſell, *Mydas* heart had beene full of eaſe, and thy mouth of gold.

Mar. If my aduiſe had taken place, *Mydas* that now ſitteth ouer head and eares in crownes, had worne vpon his head many kings crownes, and beene conquerour of the world, that now is commander of droſſe. That greedines of *Mellacrites*, whoſe heart-ſtrings are made of *Plutus* purſe-ſtrings hath made *Mydas* a lumpe of earth, that ſhould be a god on earth; and thy effeminate minde *Eriſtus*, whoſe eyes are ſtitcht on *Celia* face, and thoughts guide to her beautie, hath bred in all the court ſuch a tender

wan-

wantonnes, that nothing is thought of but loue, a paſſion proceeding of beaſtly luſt, and coloured with a courtly name of loue. Thus whileſt we follow the nature of things, wee forget the names. Since this vnſatiable thirſt of gold, and vntemperate humor of luſt crept into the kings court, Souldiers haue begged alms of Artificers, and with their helmet on their head beene glad to follow a Louer with a gloue in his hat, which ſo much abateth the courage of true Captaines, that they muſt account it more honorable, in the court to be a coward ſo rich and amorous, than in a campe to bee valiant, if poore and maimed. He is more fauoured that pricks his finger with his miſtreſſe needle, then he that breakes his launce on his enemies face: and hee that hath his mouth full of faire words, than he that hath his body full of deep ſcarres. If one bee olde, and haue ſiluer haires on his beard, ſo he haue golden ruddocks in his bagges, hee muſt bee wiſe and honourable. If young and haue curled lockes on his head, amorous glances with his eyes, ſmooth ſpeeches in his

mouth

mouth, euery Ladies lap shalbe his pillow, euery Ladies face his glasse, euery Ladies eare a sheath for his flatteries; only Souldiers, if they bee old, must begge in their owne countries; if young, try the fortune of warres in another. Hee is the man, that being let bloud carries his arme in a scarfe of his mistresse fauour, not hee that beares his legge on a stilt for his Countries safetie.

Soph. Stay *Martius*, though I know loue to grow to such loosenes, and hoarding to such misery, that I may rather greiue at both, than remedy either: yet thy animating my father to continuall armes, to conquer crownes hath onely brought him into imminent danger of his owne head. The loue hee hath followed, I feare vnnaturall; the riches he hath got, I know vnmeasurable; the warres he hath leuied, I doubt vnlawfull, hath drawne his body with graie haires to the graues mouth; and his minde with eating cares to desperate determinations: ambition hath but two steps, the lowest bloud; the highest enuie: both these hath my vnhappie father

climbde,

climbde, digging mines of gold with the liues of men; and now enuied of the whole world, is enuironed with enemies round about the world, not knowing that ambition hath one heele nayled in hell, though she stretch her finger to touch the heauens. I would the Gods would remoue this punishment, so that *Mydas* would be penitent. Let him thrust thee, *Eristus* with thy loue, into Italie, where they honour lust for a God, as the Ægyptians did dogs: thee *Mellacrites* with thy greedines of gold, to the vtmost parts of the West, where all the guts of the earth are gold: and thee, *Martius*, that soundest but bloud and terror, into those barbarous Nations, where nothing is to be found but bloud and terror. Let *Phrygia* be an example of chastitie, not lust; liberalitie, not couetousnes, valor, not tyrannie. I wish not your bodies banisht, but your minds, that my father and your king, may be our honor, and the worlds wonder. And thou *Celia*, and all you Ladies, learne this of *Sophronia*, that beautie in a minute is both a blossome

and a blaſt : Loue, a worme which ſeeming to liue in the eye, dies in the heart. You bee all young, and faire, endeuour all to bee wiſe and vertuous, that when, like roſes, you ſhall fall from the ſtalke, you may be gathered and put to the ſtill.

Cæ. Madam, I am free from loue, and vnfortunate to bee beloued.

Eriſt. To be free from loue is ſtrange, but to think ſcorne to be beloued monſtrous.

Soph. *Eriſtus*, thy tongue doth itch to talke of loue, and my eares tingle to heare it. I charge you all, if you owe any duty to your king, to goe preſently vnto the temple of *Bacchus*, offer praiſe-gifts, and ſacrifice, that *Mydas* may be bee releaſed of his wiſh, or his life : this I entreate you, this *Mydas* commands you. Iarre not with your ſelues, agree in one for your king, if euer you tooke *Mydas* for your lawfull king.

Mel. Madam we will goe, and omit nothing that duty may performe, or paynes.

Soph. Goe ſpeedily, leaſt *Mydas* die

die before you returne : and you *Calia* ſhall goe with me, that with talke wee may beguile the time, and my father think of no meate.

Cal. I attend. *Exeunt.*

Actus ſecundus, Scæna ſecunda.

Licio, Petulus, Pipenetta.

Li. Ah my girle, is not this a golden world?

Pi. It is all one as if it were lead wth me, and yet as golden with mee as with the king, for I ſee it, and feele it not, hee feeles it, and enioyes it not.

Li. Gold is but the earths garbadge, a weed bred by the ſunne, the very rubbiſh of barren ground.

Pet. Tuſh *Licio*, thou art vnlettered, all the earth is an egge, the white, ſilüer, the yolk, gold.

Li. Why thou foole, what hen ſhould lay that egge?

Pi. I warrant a Gooſe.

Li. Nay I beleeue a Bull.

Pet. Blirt to you both, it was laid by the Sunne.

Pi. The Sunne is rather a cock than a hen.

Li. Tis true girle, elſe how could *Titan* haue troden *Daphne*?

Pet. I weepe ouer both your wits, if I proue in euerie reſpect no difference betweene an egge and gold, will you not then grant gold to be an egge?

Pi. Yes, but I beleeue thy idle imagination will make it an addle egge.

Li. Let vs heare. Proceed Doctor egge.

Pet. Gold wilbe crackt: A common ſaying, a crackt crowne.

Pi. I thats a broken head.

Pet. Nay then *I* ſee thou haſt a broken wit.

Li. Wel, ſuppoſe gold wil crack.

Pet. So will an eg.

Li. On.

Pet An egge is roſted in the fire.

Pi. Well.

Pet. So is gold tried in the fire.

Li. Forth.

Pet. An egge (as Phyſicions ſay) will make one luſtie.

Pi. Conclude.

Pe

Pet. And who knowes not that gold will make one frolike?

Li. Pipenetta this is true, for it is called eg, as a thing that doth eg on, so doth gold.

Pi. Let vs heare all.

Pet. Egs potcht are for a weake stomach, and gold boyld, for a consuming body.

Li. Spoken like a Physition.

Pi. Or a foole of necessitie.

Pet. An egge is eaten at one sup, and a portague lost at one cast.

Li. Gamester-like concluded.

Pet. Egges make custards, and gold makes spoones to eate them.

Pi. A reason dow-baked.

Li. O! the ouen of his wit was not throwly heated.

Pet. Onely this ods I finde betweene money and egges, which makes mee wonder, that being more pence in the world than egges, that one should haue three egges for a peny, & not three pence for an egge.

Pi. A wonderfull matter, but your wisdome is ouer-shot in your comparison,

for egges haue chickens, gold hath none.

Pet. Mops I pittie thee, gold hath egges, change an angel into ten ſhillings, and all thoſe peeces are the angels eggs.

Li. He hath made a ſpoke, wilt thou eate an egge? but ſoft, here come our maſters, let vs ſhrinke aſide.

Enter Mellacrites, Martius, Eriſtus.

Mel. A ſhort anſwere, yet a ſound, *Bacchus* is pithy and pitifull.

Oracle. In Pactolus goe bath thy wiſh, and thee,
Thy wiſh the wanes ſhal haue, and thou be free.

Mar. I vnderſtand no Oracles, ſhall the water turne euery thing to gold what then ſhall become of the fiſh: ſhall he be free from gold? what then ſhall become of vs, of his crowne, of our Countrie? I like not theſe riddles.

Mel. Thou *Martius* art ſo warlike, that thou wouldeſt cut of the wiſh with a ſword, not cure it with a ſalue: but the Gods that can giue the deſires of the hart, can eaſily withdraw the torment. Suppoſe *Vulcan* ſhould ſo temper thy ſword,

ſword, that were thy hart neuer ſo valiant, thine arme neuer ſo ſtrong, yet thy blade ſhould neuer draw bloud, wouldeſt not thou wiſh to haue a weaker hand, and a ſharper edge?

Mar. Yes.

Mel. If *Mars* ſhould anſwere thee thus, goe bath thy ſword in water, and waſh thy hands in milke, and thy ſword ſhall cleaue adamant, and thy heart anſwere the ſharpnes of thy ſword, wouldſt not thou trie the concluſion?

Mar. What elſe?

Mel. Then let *Mydas* beleeue till he haue tried, and thinke that the Gods rule as well by giuing remedies, as granting wiſhes. But *Eriſtus* is mum.

Mar. *Cælia* hath ſealed his mouth.

Eriſt. *Cælia* hath ſealed her face in my heart, which I am no more aſhamed to confeſſe, than thou that *Mars* hath made a ſcarre in thy face *Martius*. But let vs in to the king. Sir boies you wait well.

Pet. We durſt not go to *Bacchus*, for if I ſee a grape, my head akes.

Eriſt. And if I find a cudgell, Ile make your ſhoulders ake.

Me. And you *Licio*, wait on your ſelfe.

Li. I cannot chuſe ſir, I am alwayes ſo neere my ſelfe.

Mel. Ile be as neere you as your skin preſently. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius. Scæna prima.

Mydas, Mellacrites, Martius, Eriſtus.

My. *IN Pactolus goe bath thy wiſh and thee,*
Thy wiſh the waues ſhall haue, and thou be free.

Miſerable *Mydas*, as vnadviſed in thy wiſh, as in thy ſucceſſe vnfortunate. O vnquenchable thirſt of gold, which turneth mens heads to lead, and makeſt them blockiſh; their hearts to iron, and makeſt them couetous; their eyes to delight in the view, and makeſt them blind in the vſe. I that did poſſeſſe mines of gold, could not bee contented till my mind were alſo a mine. Could not the treaſure of *Phrygia* nor the tributes

of

of *Greece*, nor mountaines in the Eaſt, whoſe guts are gold, ſatisfie thy minde with gold? Ambition eateth gold, and drinketh blood; climeth ſo high by other mens heads, that ſhe breaketh her owne necke. What ſhould I doe with a world of ground, whoſe body muſt be content with ſeauen foot of earth? or why did I couet to get ſo many crownes, hauing my ſelfe but one head? Thoſe that tooke ſmal veſſels at the ſea, I accompted Pyrats; and my ſelfe that ſuppreſſed whole Fleetes, a Conquerour: as though robberies of *Mydas* might maske vnder the names of triumphs, and the traffike of other Nations be called trechery. Thou haſt pampred vp thy ſelf with ſlaughter, as *Diomedes* did his horſe with blood; ſo vnſatiable thy thirſt, ſo heauie thy ſword. Two bookes haue I alwaies carried in my boſome, calling them the dagger, and the ſword; in which the names of all Princes, Noblemen, and Gentlemen were dedicated to ſlaughter, or if not (which worſe is) to ſlaueric. O my Lords, when I call to minde my cruelties in *Lycaonia*, my vſurping in *Getulia*,

my oppreſſion in *Sola*: then doe I finde neither mercies in my conqueſts, nor colour for my warres, nor meaſure in my taxes. I haue written my lawes in blood, and made my Gods of gold; I haue cauſed the mothers wombes to bee their childrens tombes, cradles to ſwimme in bloud like boates, and the temples of the Gods a ſtewes for ſtrumpets. Haue not I made the ſea to groane vnder the number of my ſhips: and haue they not periſhed, that there was not two left to make a number? Haue I not thruſt my ſubiects into a Camp, like oxē into a Cart; whō hauing made ſlaues by vniuſt warres, I vſe now as ſlaues for all warres? Haue not I entiſed the ſubiects of my neighbor Princes to deſtroy their naturall Kings? like moaths that eate the cloth in which they were bred, like vipers that gnaw the bowels of which they were borne, & like wormes that cōſume the wood in which they were ingendred? To what kingdome haue not I pretended claime? as though I had beene by the Gods created heire apparant to the world, making euery trifle a title; and all the territories

about

about mee, traitours to me. Why did I wiſh that all might bee gold I toucht, but that I thought all mens hea ts would be touched with gold, that what policie could not compaſſe. Nor prowes, gold might haue commanded, and conquered. A bridge of gold did I meane to make in that Iſl nd where all my nau ie could not make a breach. Thoſe Iſl nds did I long to touch, that I might turne them to gold, and my ſelfe to glory. But vnhappy *Mydas*, who by the ſame meanes periſheth himſelfe, that hee thought to conquer others: being now become a ſhame to the world, a ſcorne to that petty Prince, & to thy ſelfe a conſumption. A petty Prince, *Mydas*? no, a Prince protected by the Gods, by Nature, by his owne vertue, and his Subiects obedience. Haue not all treaſons beene diſcouered by miracle, not counſell? that doe the Gods challenge. Is not the Country walled with huge waues? that doth N ture claime. Is hee not through the whole world a wonder, for wiſedome and temperance? that is his owne ſtrength. Doe not all

his Subiects (like Bees) ſwarme to preſerue the King of Bees? that their loyaltie maintaineth. My Lords, I faint both for lacke of food, and want of grace. I will to the riuer, where if I be rid of this intolerable diſeaſe of gold I will next ſhake off that vntemperate deſire of gouernment, and meaſure my Territories, not by the greatneſſe of my minde, but the right of my Succeſſion.

Mar. I am not a little ſorrie, that becauſe all that your Highneſſe toucheth turneth to pure gold, and therefore all your Princely affections ſhould bee conuerted to droſſe. Doth your Maieſtie begin to melt your owne Crowne, that ſhould make it with other Monarchies maſſie? Begin you to make incloaſure of your minde, and to debate of inheritance, when the ſword proclimes you conqueror? If your Highneſſe heart bee not of kingdome proofe, euery pelting Prince will batter it. Though you loſe this gariſh gold, let your minde be ſtill of ſteele, and let the ſharpeſt ſword decide the right of Scepters.

Myd. Euery little King is a King, and the title consisteth not in the compasse of ground, but in the right of inheritance.

Mar. Are not conquests good titles?

Myd. Conquests are great thefts.

Mar. If your Highnesse would be aduised by mee, then would I rob for Kingdomes, and if I obtained, faine would I see him that durst call the Conquerour a thiefe.

Myd. Martius, thy counsell hath shed as much bloud as would make another Sea. Valour I cannot call it, and barbarousnesse is a word too milde. Come *Mellacrites*, let vs goe, and come you *Eristus*, that if I obtaine mercie of *Bacchus*, wee may offer Sacrifice to *Bacchus*. *Martius*, if you be not disposed to goe, dispose as you will of your selfe.

Mar. I will humbly attend on your Highnesse, as still hoping to haue my hearts desire, and you your height of honour.

Exeunt.

Actus tertius. Scæna secunda.

Licio, Petulus, Dello, Motto.

Pet. Ah *Licio* a bots on the Barbar, euer since I coozened him of the golden beard I haue had the tooth-ach.

Li. I thinke *Motto* hath poysoned thy gummes.

Pet. It is a deadly paine.

Li. I knew a Dog runne mad with it.

Pet. I beleeue it *Licio*, and thereof it is that they call it a dogged paine. Thou knowest I haue tried all old womens Medicines, and cunning mens charmes, but *interim* my teeth ake.

Enter Dello the Barbers boy.

Del. I am glad I haue heard the wags, to be quittance for ouer-hearing vs. Wee will take the vantage, they shall finde vs quicke Barbers. Ile tell *Motto* my Master, and then we will haue *Quid pro quo*, a tooth for a beard. *Exit.*

Pet.

Pet. Licio, to make me merrie I pray thee goe forward with the deſcription of thy Miſtreſſe: thou muſt beginne now at the paps.

Li. Indeed (*Petulus*) a good beginning for thee, for thou canſt eat pap now, becauſe thou canſt bite nothing elſe. But I haue not minde on thoſe matters. If the King loſe his golden wiſh, wee ſhall haue but a brazen Court, but what became of the beard, *Petulus?*

Pet. I haue pawned it, for I durſt not coyne it.

Li. What doeſt thou pay for the pawning?

Pet. Twelue pence in the pound for the moneth.

Li. What for the herbadge?

Pet. It is not at herbadge.

Li. Yes *Petulus*, if it bee a beard it muſt be at herbadge for a beard is a badge of haire; and a badge of haire, haire-badge.

Enter Motto with Dello.

Mot. Dello, thou knoweſt *Mydas* toucht his beard, and twas Gold.

Del.

Del. Well.

Mot. That the Pages coozend mee of it.

Del. No lie.

Mot. That I muſt be reuenged.

Del. In good time.

Mot. Thou knoweſt I haue taught thee the knacking of the hands, the tickling on a mans haires, like the tuning of a Citterne.

Del. True.

Mot. Beſides, I inſtructed thee in the phraſes of our eloquent occupation, as how ſir will you be trim'd? Will you haue your beard like a ſpade, or a bodkin? A penthouſe on your vpper lip, or an ally on your chin? A low curle on your head like a Bull, or dangling locke like a Spaniell? your Muſtachoes ſharpe at the ends, like Shomakers aules, or hanging downe to your mouth like Goates ſlakes? your Loue-lockes wreathed with a ſilken twiſt, or ſhaggie to fall on your ſhoulders?

Del. I confeſſe you haue taught me *Tully de Oratore*, the very art of trimming.

Mot.

Mot. Well for all this I desire no more at thy hands, than to keepe secret the reuenge I haue prepared for the Pages.

Del. O sir, you know I am a Barber, and cannot tittle tattle, I am one of those whose tongues are sweld with silence.

Mot. Indeed thou shouldest bee no blab, because a Barber, therefore be secret. Was it not a good cure *Dello*, to ease the tooth-ach, and neuer touch the tooth?

Del. O Master, he that is your patient for the tooth-ach, I warrant is patient of all aches.

Mot. I did but rub his gummes, and presently the rheume euaporated.

Li. Deus bone, is that word come into the Barbers Bason.

Del. I sir and why not? My Master is a Barber and a Surgeon.

Li. In good time.

Pet. O *Motto*, I am almost dead with the tooth-ach, all my gummes are swolne, and my teeth stand in my head like thornes.

Mot. It may bee that it is only the breeding of a beard, and being the first beard, you shall haue a hard trauell.

Pet.

Pet. Old foole, doeſt thou thinke haires will breed in my teeth?

Mot. As likely ſir, for any thing I know, as on your chinne.

Pet. O teeth, O torments, O torments, O teeth!

Mot. May I but touch them *Dello*, Ile teach his tongue to tell a tale, what villany it is to coozen one of a beard, but ſtand not thou nigh, for it is oddes when hee ſpits, but that all his teeth flie in thy face.

Li. Good *Motto* giue ſome eaſe, for at thy comming in, I ouer-heard of a cure thou hadſt done.

Pet. My teeth: I will not haue this paine, thats certaine.

Mot. I, ſo did you ouer-heare mee, when you coozened me of a beard: but I forget all.

Del. My Maſter is mild and mercifull: and mercifull, becauſe a Barber, for when hee hath the throat at command, you know hee taketh reuenge but on a ſilly haire.

Mot. How now *Petulus*, doe they ſtill ake?

Pet.

Pet. I *Motto.*

Mot. Let me rub your gummes with this leafe.

Pet. Doe *Motto*, and for thy labour I will requite thee. Out rascall, what hast thou done? all my nether teeth are loose, and wag like the keyes of a paire of Virginals.

Del. O sir, if you will, I will sing to them, your mouth being the instrument.

Pet. Doe *Dello.*

Del. Out Villaine, thou biteſt. I cannot tune these Virginall keyes.

Pet. They were the Iackes aboue, the keyes beneath were easie.

Del. A bots on your Iackes and Iawes too.

Li. They were Virginals of your Masters making.

Pet. O my teeth, good *Motto* what will ease my paine?

Mot. Nothing in the World, but to let me lay a golden beard to your chinne.

Pet. It is at pawne.

Mot. You are like to fetch it out with your teeth, or goe without your teeth.

Pet. Motto, withdraw thy selfe, it

may

may be thou ſhalt draw my teeth; attend my reſolution. A doubtfull diſpute, whether I were beſt to looſe my golden beard, or my bone tooth? Helpe me *Lycio* to determine.

Ly. Your teeth ake *Petulus*, your beard doth not.

Pet. I but *Lycio*, if I part from my beard, my heart will ake.

Ly. If your tooth be hollow it muſt be ſtopt or puld out; and ſtop it the Barbar will not, without the beard.

Pet. My heart is hollow too, and nothing can ſtop it but gold.

Ly. Thou canſt not eate meate without teeth.

Pet. Nor buy it without money.

Ly. Thou mayſt get more Gold, if thou looſe theſe, more teeth thou canſt not.

Pet. I but the golden beard will laſt mee ten yeeres in porredge, and then to what vſe are teeth?

Ly. If thou want teeth, thy tongue will catch cold.

Pet. Tis true, and if I lacke money, my whole body may goe naked. But *Ly-*

cio

cio, let the Barbar haue his beard, I will haue a deuice (by thy helpe) to get it againe, and a coozenage beyond that, maugre his beard.

Ly. That's the beſt way, both to eaſe thy paines, and to try our wits.

Pet. Barber, eleuen of my teeth haue gone on a Iury, to try whether the beard be thine, they haue choſen my tongue for the foreman, which cryeth, guiltie.

Mot. Guilded, nay boy, all my beard was gold. It was not guilt, I will not be ſo ouer-matcht.

Del. You cannot poſe my Maſter in a beard. Come to his houſe you ſhall ſit vpon twenty, all his cuſhions are ſtuft with beards.

Ly. Let him goe home with thee, eaſe him, and thou ſhalt haue thy beard.

Mot. I am content, but I will haue the beard in my hand to be ſure.

Pet. And I thy finger in my mouth to be ſure of eaſe.

Mot. Agreed.

Pet. Dello, ſing a Song to the tune of my teeth doe ake.

Del. I will. *Exeunt.*

So ng

Song.

Pet. O *My Teeth! deare Barber eaſe me,*
Tongue tell mee, why my Teeth diſeaſe mee,
O! what will rid me of this paine.
Mot. *Some Pellitory fetcht from* Spaine.
Lic. *Take Maſticke elſe.*
Pet. *Maſtick's a patch.*
Maſticke does many a fooles face catch.
If ſuch a paine ſhould breed the Horne,
Twere happy to be Cuckolds borne.
Should Beards with ſuch an ach begin,
Each Boy to th'bone would ſcrub his chin.
Lic. *His Teeth now ake not.*
Mot. *Caper then,*
And cry vp checkerd-apron men:
There is no Trade but ſhaues,
For, Barbers are trimme Knaues,
Some are in ſhauing ſo profound,
By trickes they ſhaue a Kingdome round.

Actus tertius. Scæna tertia.

Sophronia, Cælia, Camilla, Amerula, Suania.

So. Ladies, here muſt wee attend the happy returne of my father, but in the meane ſeaſon what paſtime ſhall wee vſe to paſſe the time? I will agree to any, ſo it be not to talke of loue.

Sua. Then ſleepe is the beſt exerciſe.

Soph. Why *Suania*, are you ſo light, that you muſt chat of loue; or ſo heauie, that you muſt needs ſleepe? *Penelope* in the abſence of her Lord beguiled the dayes with ſpinning.

Sua. Indeed ſhe ſpun a faire threed, if it were to make a ſtring to the bow wherin ſhe drew her woers.

Soph. Why *Suania*, it was a bow which ſhe knew to be aboue thy ſtrength, and therein ſhe ſhewed her wit.

Sua. Qui latus arguerit, corneus arcus erat: it was made of horne Madame, and therein ſhe ſhewed her meaning.

Soph. Why, doeſt thou not thinke ſhe was chaſt?

Sua.

Sua. Yes, of all her woers.

Soph. To talke with thee is to loſe time, not well to ſpend it, how ſay you *Amerula*, what ſhall we doe?

Am. Tell tales.

Soph. What ſay you *Cælia?*

Cæ. Sing.

Soph. What thinke you *Camilla?*

Cam. Dance.

Soph. You ſee *Suania*, that there are other things to keepe one from idleneſſe; beſides loue: nay, that there is nothing to make idleneſſe, but loue.

Sua. Well, let mee ſtand by and feed mine owne thoughts with ſweetneſſe, whileſt they fill your eyes and eares with Songs and dancings.

Soph. Amerula, begin thy tale.

Am. There dwelt ſometimes in *Phrygia*, a Lady very faire, but paſſing froward, as much maruelled at for beautie, as for peeuiſhneſſe miſliked. High ſhee was in the inſtep, but ſhort in the heele; ſtraitlaced, but looſe bodied. It came to paſſe, that a Gentleman, as young in wit as yeeres, and in yeeres a very boy, chanced to glance his eyes on her, and there were they

they dazeled on her beautie, as Larkes that are caught in the Sunne with the glittering of a Glaſſe. In her faire lookes were his thoughts intangled, like the birds of *Canarie*, that fall into a ſilken Net. Doate hee did without meaſure, and die hee muſt without her loue. Shee on the other ſide, as one that knew her good, began to looke askaunce, yet felt thep aſſions of Loue eating into her heart, though ſhee diſſembled them with her eyes.

Sua. Ha, ha, he.

Soph. Why laugheſt thou?

Sua. To ſee you (Madame) ſo tame as to bee brought to heare a tale of Loue, that before were ſo wilde you would not come to the name; and that *Amerula* could deuiſe how to ſpend the time with a tale, onely that ſhee might not talke of Loue, and now to make Loue onely her tale.

Soph. Indeed I was ouerſhot in iudgement, and ſhee in diſcretion. *Amerula*, another tale or none, this is too louely.

Sua. Nay, let mee heare any woman tell a tale of tenne lines long without it

tend to loue, and I will be bound neuer to come at the Court. And you *Celia* that would faine trip on your petitoes; can you perſwade mee to take delight to dance, and not loue? or you that cannot rule your feet, can guide your affections, hauing the one as vnſtaid as the other vnſteddie: dancing is Loue ſauce, therefore I dare bee ſo ſaucie, as if you loue to dance, to ſay you dance for loue. But *Camilla* ſhe will ſing, whoſe voice if it ſhould vtter her thoughts, would make the tune of a heart out of tune. She that hath crochets in her head, hath alſo Loue conceits. I dare ſweare ſhee harpeth not onely on plaine Song: and before you (*Sophronia*) none of them all vſe plaine dealing; but becauſe they ſee you ſo curious they frame themſelues counterfet. For my ſelfe, as I know honeſt loue to be a thing inſeparable from our ſexe, ſo doe I thinke it moſt allowable in the Court; vnleſſe we would haue all our thoughts made of Church-worke, and ſo carry a holy face, and a hollow heart.

Soph. Ladies, how like you *Suania* in her louing vaine?

Cal.

Cal. Wee are content at this time to ſooth her in her vanitie.

Amer. Shee caſts all our mindes in the mould of her owne head, and yet erreth as farre from our meanings, as ſhee doth from her owne modeſtie.

Sua. *Amerula*, if you were not bitter, your name had beene ill beſtowed: but I thinke it as lawfull in the Court to be counted louing and chaſt, as you in the Temple to ſeeme religious, and be ſpitefull.

Camill. I marueil you will reply any more *Amerula*, her tongue is ſo nimble it will neuer lie ſtill.

Sua. The liker thy feet *Camilla*, which were taught not to ſtand ſtill.

Sophro. So, no more Ladies: let our comming to ſport not turne to ſpight. Loue thou *Suauia*, if thou thinke it ſweet: ſing thou *Calia* for thine owne content: tell thou tales, and dance thou *Camilla*: and ſo euery one vſing her owne delight, ſhall haue no cauſe to be diſcontent. But here commeth *Martius* and the reſt. What newes *Martius* of my Soueraigne and Father *Mydas*?

Mart. Madame, hee no sooner bathed his limbes in the Riuer, but it turned to a golden streame, the sands to fine Gold, and all to Gold that was cast into the water. *Mydas* dismaid at the sodaine alteration, assayed againe to touch a stone, but hee could not alter the nature of the stone. Then went wee with him to the Temple of *Bacchus*, where wee offered a Lance wreathed about with Iuy. Garlands of ripe Grapes, and skins of Wolues and Panthers, and a great standing cup of the water, which so lately was turn'd to gold. *Bacchus* accepted our gifts, commanding *Mydas* to honour the Gods, and also in wishing to be as wise, as he meant to haue made him fortunate.

Soph. Happie *Sophronia*, that hast liued to heare these newes, and happy *Mydas* if thou liue better to gouerne thy fortune. But what is become of our King?

Mel. *Mydas* ouer-ioyed with this good fortune, determined to vse some solace in the Woods; where, by chance wee rouzed a great bore, hee eager of the sport, out-rid vs: and wee thinking hee

hee had beene come to his Palace some other way, came our selues the next way. If hee bee not returned, hee cannot bee long: wee haue also lost our Pages, which wee thinke are with him.

Sophro. The Gods shield him from all harmes: the Woods are full of Tygres, and he of courage. wilde beasts make no difference betweene a King and a Clowne; nor Hunters in the heate of their pastime, feare no more the fiercenesse of the Bore, than the fearefulnesse of the Hare. But hope well, let vs in to see all well.

Exeunt.

Actus quartus, Scæna prima.

Apollo, Pan, Mydas, Nymphes.

Ap. PAn wilt thou contend with *Apollo*, who tunes the Heauens, and makes them all hang by harmony? *Orpheus* that caused trees to moue with the sweetnesse of his Harpe, offereth yeerely homage to my Lute: so doth

Arion, that brought Dolphins to his ſugred notes; and *Amphion*, that by Muſique rear'd the wals of *Thebes*. Onely *Pan* with his harſh whiſtle (which makes beaſts for feare, not men dance for ioy) ſeekes to compare with *Apollo*.

Pan. Pan is a God, *Apollo* is no more. Compariſons cannot bee odious, where the Deities are equall. This Pipe (my ſweet Pipe) was once a Nymph, a faire Nymph; once my loucly Miſtreſſe, now my heauenly Muſique. Tell mee *Apollo*, is there any inſtrument ſo ſweete to play on, as ones Miſtreſſe? Had thy Lute beene of Lawrell, and the ſtrings of *Daphnes* haire; thy tunes might haue beene compared to my notes: for then *Daphne* would haue added to thy ſtroke ſweetneſſe, and to thy thoughts melodie.

Ap. Doth *Pan* talke of the paſſions of Loue? Of the paſſions of diuine Loue? O, how that word *Daphne* wounds *Apollo*, pronounced by the barbarous mouth of *Pan*. I feare his breath will blaſt the faire Greene, if I dazle not his eyes, that hee may not be-

hold it. Thy Pipe a Nymph? Some Hagge rather, hanting theſe ſhadie Groues, and deſiring not thy loue, but the fellowſhip of ſuch a Monſter. What God is *Pan* but the God of beaſts, of Woods, and Hils? excluded from Heauen, and in Earth not honoured. Breake thy Pipe, or with my ſweete Lute will I breake thy heart. Let not Loue enter into thoſe ſauage lippes, a word for *Ioue*, for *Apollo*, for the heauenly Gods, whoſe thoughts are Gods, and Gods are all Loue.

Pan. *Apollo*, I told thee before that *Pan* was a God, I tell thee now againe, as great a God as *Apollo*, I had almoſt ſaid a greater: and because thou ſhalt know I care not to tell my thoughts, I ſay a greater. *Pan* feeles the paſſions of Loue deeply engrauen in his heart, with as faire Nymphes, with as great fortune, as *Apollo*, as *Neptune*, as *Ioue*; and better than *Pan* can none deſcribe Loue. Not *Apollo*, not *Neptune*, not *Ioue*. My Temple is in *Arcadie*, where they burne continuall flames to *Pan*. In *Arcadie* is mine Oracle, where *Erato* the

Nymph

Nymph giueth anſweres for *Pan*. In *Arcadie* the place of Loue, is the honour of *Pan*, I but I am God of Hils. So I am *Apollo*, and that of Hils ſo high, as I can pry into the iugling of the higheſt Gods. Of Woods? So I am *Apollo*, of Woods ſo thicke, that thou with thy beames canſt not pierce them. I knew *Apolloes* prying, I knew mine owne iealouſie. Sunne and ſhadow coozen one another. Bee thou Sunne ſtill, the ſhadow is faſt at thy heeles *Apollo*. I as neere to thy Loue, as thou to mine. A Carter with his Whiſtle and his Whip in true eare, moues as much as *Phœbus* with his fierie Chariot, and winged Horſes. Loue-leaues are as well for Countrie porridge, as heauenly Nectar. Loue made *Iupiter* a Gooſe, and *Neptune* a Swine, and both for loue of an earthly Miſtreſſe. What hath made *Pan*, or any God on earth (for Gods on earth can change their ſhapes) turne themſelues for an heauenly Goddeſſe? Beleeue me *Apollo*, our Groues are pleaſanter than your Heauens, our Milke-

maides

maides than your Goddeſſes, our rude Ditties to a Pipe than your Sonets to a Lute. Here is flat faith *amo amas*; where you cry, *O vtinam amarent vel non amaſſem.* I let paſſe (*Apollo*) thy hard words, as calling *Pan* monſter; which is as much, as to call all monſters: for *Pan* is all, *Apollo* but one. But touch thy ſtrings, and let theſe Nymphs decide.

Ap. Thoſe Nymphs ſhall decide, vnleſſe thy rude ſpeech haue made them deafe: as for any other anſwere to *Pan*, take this, that it becommeth not *Apollo* to anſwere *Pan*. *Pan* is all, and all is *Pan*; thou art *Pan* and all, all *Pan* and tinkerly. But to this Muſique, wherein all thy ſhame ſhall be ſeene, and all my skill.

Enter Mydas.

Myd. In the Chaſe, I loſt all my company, and miſſed the game too, I thinke *Mydas* ſhall in all things bee vnfortunate.

Ap. What is he that talketh?

Myd. *Mydas* the vnfortunate King of *Phrygia.*

Ap. To be a King is next being to a God. Thy fortune is not bad: what is thy folly?

Myd. To abuſe a God.

Ap. An vngratefull part of a King. But *Mydas*, ſeeing by chance thou art come, or ſent by ſome God of purpoſe; none can in the earth better iudge of Gods, than Kings. Sit downe with theſe Nymphes. I am *Apollo*, this *Pan*, both Gods. Wee contend for ſoueraigntie in Muſicke. Seeing it happens in earth, wee muſt bee iudged of thoſe on earth; in which there are none more worthy than Kings and Nymphes. Therefore giue eare, that thy iudgement erre not.

Myd. If Gods you be, although I dare wiſh nothing of Gods, being ſo deeply wounded with wiſhing; yet let my iudgement preuaile before theſe Nymphes, if wee agree not, becauſe I am a King.

Pan. There muſt be no condition, but iudge *Mydas*, and iudge Nymphes.

Ap. Then thus I begin both my Song and my play.

A Song of Daphne *to the Lute.*

Apol. MY Daphne's *Haire is twiſted Gold,*
Bright ſtarres a-piece her Eyes doe hold,
My Daphne's *Brow inthrones the Graces,*
My Daphne's *Beauty ſtaines all Faces,*
On Daphne's *Cheeke grow Roſe and Cherry,*
On Daphne's *Lip a ſweeter Berry,*
Daphne's *ſnowy Hand but touch'd does melt,*
And then no heauenlier Warmth is felt,
My Daphne's *voice tunes all the Spheres,*
My Daphne's *Muſick charmes all Eares.*
Fond am I thus to ſing her prayſe,
Theſe glories now are turn'd to Bayes.

Nymph Erato. O diuine *Apollo*, O ſweet conſent!

Thia. If the God of Muſicke ſhould not be aboue our reach, who ſhould?

Myd. I like it not.

Pan. Now let me tune my Pipes. I cannot pipe and ſing, that's the ods in the inſtrument, not the art: but I will pipe and then

then ſing; and then iudge both of the art and inſtrument.

He pipes, and then ſings.

Song.

Pan. PAn's Syrinx *was a Girle indeed,*
Though now ſhee's turn'd into a Reed,
From that deare Reed Pan's *Pipe does come,*
A Pipe that ſtrikes Apollo *dumbe;*
Nor Flute, nor Lute, nor Gitterne can,
So chant it, as the Pipe of Pan;
Croſſe-gartred Swaines, & Dairie girles,
With faces ſmug, and round as Pearles,
When Pans *ſhrill Pipe begins to play,*
With dancing weare out Night and Day:
The Bag-pipes Drone his Hum layes by,
When Pan *ſounds vp his Minſtrelſie,*
His Minſtrelſie! O Baſe! This Quill
Which at my mouth with winde I fill,
Puts me in minde though Her I miſſe,
That ſtill my Syrinx *lips I kiſſe.*

Ap. Haſt thou done *Pan?*

Pan.

Pan. I, and done well, as I thinke.

Apollo. Now Nymphes, what say you?

Er. We all say that *Apollo* hath shewed himselfe both a God, and of musick the God; *Pan* himselfe a rude Satyre, neither keeping measure, nor time; his piping as farre out of tune, as his body out of forme. To thee diuine *Apollo*, wee giue the prize and reuerence.

Ap. But what sayes *Mydas*?

Myd. Mee thinks theres more sweetnesse in the pipe of *Pan*, than *Apollos* lute; I brooke not that nice tickling of strings, that contents mee that makes one start. What a shrilnesse came into mine eares out of that pipe, and what a goodly noise it made? *Apollo*, I must needes iudge that *Pan* deserueth most praise.

Pan. Blessed bee *Mydas*, worthy to be a God: these girles, whose eares doe but itch with daintines, giue the verdit without weighing the vertue; they haue beene brought vp in chambers with soft musick, not where I make the woods ring with my pipe, *Mydas*.

Ap.

Ap. Wretched, vnworthie to bee a King, thou ſhalt know what it is to diſpleaſe *Apollo*. I will leaue thee but the two laſt letters of thy name, to bee thy whole name; which if thou canſt not geſſe, touch thine eares, they ſhall tell thee.

My. What haſt thou done *Apollo*? the eares of an Aſſe vpon the head of a King?

Ap. And well worthy, when the dulnes of an aſſe is in the eares of a King.

My. Helpe *Pan*, or *Mydas* periſheth.

Pan. I cannot vndoe what *Apollo* hath done, nor giue thee any amends, vnleſſe to thoſe eares thou wilt haue added theſe hornes.

1. *Nymph.* It were very well, that it might bee hard to iudge whether hee were more Ox or Aſſe.

Ap. Farwell *Mydas*.

Pan. *Mydas* farewell.

2. *Nymph.* I warrant they bee dainty eares, nothing can pleaſe them but *Pans* pipe.

Erato. Hee hath the aduantage of all eares, except the mouſe; for elſe there none ſo ſharpe of hearing, as the Aſſe. Farewell *Mydas*.

2. *Nymph.* *Mydas* farewell.
3. *Nymph.* Farwell *Mydas.*

Exeunt.

Myd. Ah *Mydas*, why was not thy whole body metamorphoſed, that there might haue beene no part left of *Mydas*? Where ſhall I ſhrowd this ſhame? or how may I bee reſtored to mine old ſhape? *Apollo* is angrie: blame not *Apollo*, whom being God of muſicke thou didſt both diſlike and diſhonour; preferring the barbarous noiſe of *Pans* pipe, before the ſweet melodie of *Apolloes* lute. If I returne to *Phrygia*, I ſhall be pointed at; if liue in theſe woods, ſauage beaſts muſt be my companions: and what other companions ſhould *Mydas* hope for than beaſts, being of all beaſts himſelfe the dulleſt? Had it not beene better for thee to haue periſhed by a golden death, than now to lead a beaſtly life? Vnfortunate in thy wiſh, vnwiſe in thy iudgement; firſt a golden foole, now a leaden aſſe. What will they ſay in *Lesbos* (if happily theſe newes come to *Lesbos*?) If they come *Mydas*? yes, report flies as ſwift as thoughts, gathe-

ring

ring wings in the aire, and doubling rumours by her owne running, insomuch as hauing here the eares of an asse, it will there be told, al my haires are asses eares, Then wil this be the by-word; is *Mydas* that sought to be Monarch of the world, become the mocke of the world? are his golden mines turn'd into water, as free for euery one that will fetch, as for himselfe, that possessed them by wish? Ah poore *Mydas*, are his conceipts become blockish, his counsels vnfortunate, his iudgements vnskilfull? Ah fooliſh *Mydas*, a iust reward, for thy pride to wax poore, for thy ouerweening to wax dull, for thy ambition to wax humble, for thy crueltie to say, *Sisque miser semper, nec sis miserabilis vlli.* But I must seeke to couer my shame by arte, least being once discouered to these petty Kings of *Mysia*, *Pisidia* & *Galatia*, they all ioyne to adde to mine Asses eares, of all the beasts the dullest, a sheepes heart, of all the beasts the fearefullest: and so cast lots for those Kingdomes, that I haue won with so many liues, and kept with so many enuies.

Exit.

Actus

Actus quartus, Scæna secunda.

Enter. 5. shepheards; Menalcas, Coryn, Celthus, Draipon, Amyntas.

Menal. I Muse what the Nymphs meant, that so sang in the groues, *Mydas* of *Phrygia* hath Asses eares.

Cor. I maruel not, for one of them plainely told me he had Asses eares.

Cel. I, but it is not safe to say it: he is a great King, and his hands are longer than his eares, therefore for vs that keep sheep, it is wisdome enough to tell sheepe.

Dria. Tis true, yet since *Mydas* grew so mischieuous, as to blurre his diademe with blood, which should glister with nothing but pittie; and so miserable, that he made gold his god, that was framde to bee his slaue, many broad speeches haue flowen abroad: in his owne Countrey they sticke not to call him Tyrant, and elsewhere vsurper. They flatly say, that hee eateth into other dominions, as the sea doth into the land, not

not knowing, that in ſwallowing a poore Iſland as big as *Lesbos*, hee may caſt vp three territories thrice as big as *Phrygia*: for what the ſea winneth in the marſh, it looſeth in the ſand.

Amint. Take me with you, but ſpeak ſoftly, for theſe reedes may haue eares, & heare vs.

Men. Suppoſe they haue, yet they may be without tongues, to bewray vs.

Cor. Nay let them haue tongues too, we haue eyes to ſee that they haue none, and therefore if they heare, and ſpeake, they know not from whence it comes.

Amint. Well, then this I ſay, when a Lyon doth ſo much degenerate from Princely kind, that he will borow of the beaſts, I ſay he is no Lyon, but a monſter; peec'd with the craftineſſe of the fox, the crueltie of the Tyger, the rauening of the Woolfe, the diſſembling of Hyena, hee is worthy alſo to haue the eares of an Aſſe.

Men. Hee ſeekes to conquer *Lesbos*, and like a fooliſh gameſter, hauing a bag-full of his owne, ventures it all to winne a groat of another.

Cor.

Cor. Hee that fiſhes for *Lesbos*, muſt haue ſuch a wooden net, as all the trees in *Phrygia* will not ſerue to make the cod, nor all the woods in *Piſidia* prouide the corks.

Driap. Nay, he meanes to angle for it with an hook of gold and a bait of gold, and ſo to ſtrike the fiſh with a pleaſing bait, that will ſlide out of an open net.

Amint. Tuſh, tuſh, thoſe Iſlanders are too ſubtil to nibble at craft, and too rich to ſwallow treaſure: if that be his hope, he may as wel diue to the bottome of the ſea, and bring vp an Anchor of a thouſand waight, as plod with his gold to corrupt a people ſo wiſe, And beſides, a Nation (as I haue heard) ſo valiant, that are readier to ſtrike than ward.

Cel. More than all this *Amintas* (though we dare not ſo much as mutter it,) their king is ſuch a one as dazeleth the cleareſt eyes with Maieſty, daunteth the valianteſt hearts with courage, and for vertue filleth all the world with wonder. If beautie goe beyond ſight, confidence aboue valour, and vertue

exceed

exceed miracle, what is it to bee thought, but that *Mydas* goeth to vndermine that by the ſimplicity of man, that is faſtened to a rocke, by the prouidence of the gods.

Men. Wee poore commons (who taſting warre, are made to relliſh nothing but taxes) can do nothing but grieue, to ſee things vnlawfull practiſed, to obtaine things impoſſible. All his mines doe but guild his combe, to make it gliſter in the warres, and cut ours that are forced to follow him in his vvarres.

Cor. Well, that muſt be borne, not blam'd, that cannot be changed: for my part, if I may enioy the fleece of my ſilly flock with quietnes, I vvill neuer care three flocks for his ambition.

Men. Let this ſuffice, wee may talke too much, and being ouer-heard, bee all vndone. I am ſo iealous, that mee thinks the very reedes bow downe, as though they liſtened to our talke: and ſoft, I heare ſome comming, let vs in, and meete at a place more meete.

Exeunt.

Actus

Actus quartus, Scæna tertia.

Licio, Petulus, Minutius, Huntſman.

Li. Is not hunting a tedious occupation?

Pet. I and troubleſome, for if you call a dog a dog, you are vndone.

Hu. You be both fooles, and beſides, baſe-minded, hunting is for kings, not peaſants. Such as you, are vnworthy to be hounds, much leſſe huntſmen, that know not when a hound is fleet, faire ſhewd, and well hangd, being ignorant of the deepeneſſe of a hounds mouth, and the ſweetnes.

Min. Why I hope ſir a curres mouth is no deeper than the ſea, nor ſweeter than a honey combe.

Hunt. Prettie cockſcombe, a hound wil ſvvallow thee as eaſily as a great pit a ſmall pibble.

Minu. Indeed hunting vvere a pleaſant ſport, but the dogs make ſuch barking, that one cannot heare the hounds cry.

Hunt. Ile make thee cry. If *I* catch thee in the forreſt thou ſhalt be laſht.

Minu.

Minu. Whats that?

Li. Doeſt thou not vnderſtand their language?

Minu. Not I.

Pet. Tis the beſt Calamance in the world, as eaſily deciphered, as the characters in a nutmeg.

Minu. I pray thee ſpeake ſome.

Pet. I will.

Hunt. But ſpeake in order, or Ile pay you.

Li. To it *Petulus.*

Pet. There was a boy laſht on the ſingle, becauſe when he was imboſt, hee tooke ſoyle.

Li. Whats that?

Pet. Why, a boy was beaten on the taile with a leathern thong, becauſe when hee fomde at the mouth with running, hee went into the water.

Hunt. This is worſe than fuſtian, mumme you were beſt. Hunting is an honorable paſtime, and for my part I had as leife hunt a deere in a parke, as court a Ladie in a chamber.

Minu. Giue mee a paſtie for a parke, and let mee ſhakeoff a whole kennel of

teeth

teeth for hounds, then ſhalt thou ſee a notable champing, after that will I carouſe a boule of wine, and ſo in the ſtomacke let the Veniſon take ſoyle.

Li. He hath laid the plot to be prudent, why tis paſtie cruſt, eate enough and it will make you wiſe, an old prouerb.

Pet. I and eloquent, for you muſt tipple wine freely, and *fœcundi calices quem non fecere diſertum?*

Hunt. *Fecere dizardum.* Leaue off theſe toyes, and let vs ſeeke out *Mydas* whom we loſt in the chaſe.

Pet. Ile warrant he hath by this ſtarted a couey of Bucks, or rouſed a ſcul of Phe-ſants.

Hunt. Treaſon to two braue ſports, hauking and hunting, thou ſhouldeſt ſay, ſtart a hare, rowſe the deere, ſpring the partri ge.

Pet. Ile warrant that was deuiſed by ſome ' ountry ſwad; that ſeeing a hare skip vp, which made him ſtart, he preſently ſa id, he ſtarted the hare.

Li. I, and ſome lubber lying beſides a ſpring, and ſeeing a partridge come by, ſaid he did ſpring the partridge.

Hunt.

Hunt. Well remember all this.

Pet. Remember all? nay then had we good memories, for there bee more phraſes than thou haſt haires, but let me ſee, I pray thee whats this about thy necke?

Hunt. A bugle.

Pet. If it had ſtoode on thy head I ſhould haue called it a horne. Wel, tis hard to haue ones browes imbrodered with bugle.

Li. But canſt thou blow it?

Hunt. What elſe?

Min. But not away.

Pet. No, twill make *Boreas* out of breath, to blow his hornes away.

Ly. There was good blowing Ile warrant before they came there.

Pet. Well, tis a ſhrowd blow.

Hunt. Spare your windes in this, or Ile wind your neckes in a cord: but ſoft I heard my maſters blaſt.

Myn. Some haue felt it.

Hunt. Thy mother when ſuch a fly-blow was buzd out; but I muſt be gone, I perceiue *Mydas* is come. *Exit.*

Ly. Then let not vs tarrie, for now ſhal

ſhal wee ſhaue the Barbars houſe. The world will grow full of wiles ſeeing *Mydas* hath loſt his golden wiſh.

Myn. I care not, my head ſhall digge deuiſes, and my tongue ſtampe them; ſo as my month ſhall bee a mint, and my braines a mine.

Ly. Then helpe vs to couſen the Barbar.

Min. The Barbar ſhall know euery haire of my chinne to bee as good as a choakepeare for his purſe.

Actus quartus, Scæna quarta.

Mellacrites, Martius, Eriſtus.

Eriſt. I maruell what *Mydas* meaneth to bee ſo melancholy ſince his hunting.

Mel. It is a good word in *Mydas*, otherwiſe I ſhould tearme it in another blockiſhnes. I cannot tell whether it be a ſowerneſſe commonly incident to age, or a ſeuereneſſe particular to the Kings of *Phrygia*, or a ſuſpition cleauing to great Eſtates; but me thinkes he ſeemeth

meth ſo iealous of vs all, and becomes ſo ouerthwart to all others, that either I muſt coniecture his wits are not his own, or his meaning very hard to ſome.

Mar. For my part, I neither care nor wonder, I ſee all his expeditions for warres are laid in water: for now when he ſhould execute, he begins to conſult; and ſuffers the enemies to bid vs good morrow at our owne doores, to whom wee long ſince might haue giuen the laſt Good night in their owne beds. Hee weareth (I know not whether for warmth or wantonneſſe) a great *Tyara* on his head, as though his head were not heauy enough, vnleſſe hee loaded it with great rolles: an attyre neuer vſed (that I could heare of) but of old women, or pelting prieſtes. This will make *Piſidia* wanton, *Lycaonia* ſtiffe, all his Territories wauering; and hee that hath coucht ſo many Kingdomes in one Crowne, will haue his Kingdomes ſcatteted into as many Crownes, as hee poſſeſſeth Countries. I will rouſe him vp, and if his eares be not Aſſes eares, I will make them tingle. I reſpect not

my life, I know it is my duetie, and certainly I dare ſweare Warre is my profeſſion.

Eriſt. Martius, wee will all ioyne: and though I haue beene (as in *Phrygia* they tearme) a braue Courtier, that is, (as they expound it) a fine Louer; yet will I ſet both aſide, Loue and Courting, and follow *Martius*: for neuer ſhall it bee ſaid, *Bella gerant alij, ſemper Eriſtus amet.*

Mel. And I (*Martius*) that honored gold for a god, and accounted all other gods, but lead, will follow *Martius*, and ſay; *Vilius argentum eſt auro, virtutibus aurum.*

Mar. My Lords, I giue you thanks, and am glad: for there are no ſtouter ſouldiers in the world, than thoſe that are made of louers, nor any more liberall in warres than they that in peace haue bin courtous. Then doubt not, if courage and coyne can preuaile, but we ſhall preuaile; and beſides, nothing can preuaile but fortune. But heres comes *Sophronia*, I will firſt talke with her.

Enter Sophronia, Camilla, Amerula.

Madame, either our King hath no eares to heare, or no care to consider, both in what state wee stand being his subiects, and what danger he is in being our King. Dutie is not regarded, courage contemned; altogether careles of vs, and his owne safety.

Soph. Martius, I mislike not thy plaine dealing: but pittie my Fathers trance; a trance I must call that, where nature cannot moue, nor counsell, nor musicke, nor physicke, nor danger, nor death, nor all. But that which maketh mee most both to sorrow and wonder, is that musicke (a mithridat for melancholy) should make him mad; crying still, *Uno namq; modo Pan & Apollo nocent*. None hath accesse to him but *Moto*, as though melancholy were to bee shau'n with a razor, not cur'd with a medicine. But stay, what noise is this in those reedes?

Mel. What sound is this? who dares vtter that he heares?

Sophronia I dare *Mellacrites*, the words

words are plaine, *Mydas* the King hath asses eares.

Cam. This is strange, and yet to bee told the King.

Soph. So dare I *Camilla*: for it concerneth me in duty, and vs all in discretion. But soft, let vs hearken better.

The Reeds. Mydas of *Phrygia* hath asses eares.

Er. This is monstrous, and either portends some mischiefe to the king, or vnto the state confusion. *Mydas* of *Phrygia* hath asses eares? It is vnpossible, let vs with speede to the king to know his resolution, for to some oracle he must send. Till his maiesty be acquainted with this matter, we dare not roote out the reeds; himselfe must both heare the sound, and gesse at the reason.

Sophronia. Vnfortunate *Mydas*, that being so great a king, there should out of the earth spring so great a shame.

Martius. It may be that his wishing for gold, being but drosse of the world, is by all the Gods accounted foolish, and so discouered out of the earth:

for, a King to thirſt for gold, in ſteede of honour, to preferre heapes of worldly coyne before triumphes in warlike Conqueſts, was in my minde no Princely minde.

Mel. Let vs not debate the cauſe, but ſeeke to preuent the ſnares, for in minde it foretelleth that which woundeth my minde. Let vs in.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus. Scæna prima.

Mydas, Sophronia, Mellicrates, Martius.

Myd. *Sophronia*, thou ſeeſt I am become a ſhame to the world, and a wonder. Mine eares glow. Mine eares? Ah miſerable *Mydas*, to haue ſuch eares as make thy cheekes bluſh, thy head monſtrous, and thy heart deſperate? Yet in bluſhing I am impudent, for I walke in the ſtreetes; in deformitie I ſeeme comely, for I haue left off my *Tyara*; and my heart the more

more heauy it is for griefe, the more hope it conceiueth of recouery.

Sophron. Dread Soueraigne and louing Syre, there are nine dayes past, and therefore the wonder is past; there are many yeares to come, and therefore a remedy to bee hoped for. Though your eares be long, yet is there roome left on your head for a diademe: though they resemble the eares of the dullest beast, yet should they not daunt the spirit of so great a King. The Gods dally with men, kings are no more: they disgrace kings, least they should bee thought gods: sacrifice pleaseth them, so that if you know by the Oracle what God wrought it, you shall by humble submission, by that God be released.

Myd. Sophronia, I commend thy care and courage, but let mee heare these reedes, that these lothsome eares may be glutted with the report, and that is as good as a remedy.

The reedes. *Mydas* of *Phrygia* hath asses eares.

My. *Mydas* of *Phrygia* hath asses eares? So hee hath, vnhappy *Mydas*. If these

reedes ſing my ſhame ſo lowd, will men whiſper it ſoftly? No, all the world already rings of it: and as impoſſible it is to ſtay the rumor, as to catch the winde in a net that bloweth in the aire; or to ſtop the wind of all mens mouths that breath out aire. I will to *Apollo*, whoſe Oracle muſt bee my doome, and I feare mee, my diſhonor becauſe my doome was his, if kings may diſgrace gods: and gods they diſgrace, when they forget their duties.

Mel. What ſaith *Mydas*?

Myd. Nothing, but that *Apollo* muſt determine all or *Mydas* ſee ruine of all. To *Apollo* will I offer an Iuory lute for his ſweet harmony, and berries of baies as blacke as ieat, for his loue *Daphne*, pure ſimples for his phyſicke, and continuall incenſe for his propheeying.

Mar. *Apollo* may diſcouer ſome odde riddle, but not giue the redreſſe, for yet did *I* neuer heare that his oracles were without doubtfulnes, nor his remedies without impoſſibilities. This ſuperſtition of yours is able to bring errors among the common ſort, not eaſe to your diſcontented mind.

My.

My. Doſt thou not know **Martius**, that when *Bacchus* commanded mee to bath my ſelfe in Pactolus, thou thoughtedſt it a meere mockerie, before with thine eyes thou ſaweſt the remedy.

Mar. *I Bacchus* gaue the wiſh, and therefore was like alſo to giue the remedie.

My. And who knowes whether *Apollo* gaue mee theſe eares, and therefore may releaſe the puniſhment. Well, reply not, for *I* will to *Delphos*: in the meane time let it be proclaimed, that if there be any ſo cunning, that can tell the reaſon of theſe reedes creaking, he ſhall haue my daughter to his wife, or if ſhe refuſe it, a Dukedome for his paines: and withall, that whoſoeuer is ſo bold as to ſay that M*ydas* hath aſſes eares, ſhall preſently loſe his.

Soph. Deare father then goe forwards, prepare for the ſacrifice, and diſpoſe of *Sophronia* as it beſt pleaſeth you.

Myd. Come let vs in.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus, Scæna secunda.

Licio. Petulus.

Pet. What a rascall was *Motto* to cosen vs, and say there were thirtie men in a roome that would vndoe vs, and when all came to all, they were but table-men.

Li. I and then to giue vs an inuentory of all his goods, only to redeeme the beard, but wee will bee euen with him; and Ile be forsworne but Ile bee reuenged.

Pet. And here I vow by my concealed beard, if euer it chance to be discouered to the world, that it may make a pike-deuant. I will haue it so sharpe pointed, that it shall stab *Motto* like a poynado.

Li. And *I* protest by these haires on my head, which are but casualties, for alas who knowes not how soone they are lost. Autumne shaues like a razor: if these locks bee rooted against winde and weather, spring and fall, I sweare they shall not be lopped, till *Motto* by my knauery bee so bauld, that *I* may write verses on his

his ſcalpe. In witneſſe whereof *I* eate this haire: now muſt thou *Petulus* kiſſe thy beard, for that was the booke thou ſwareſt by.

Pet. Nay *I* would *I* could come but to kiſſe my chinne, which is as yet the couer of my booke, but my word ſhall ſtand. Now let vs read the inuentorie, vveele ſhare it equally.

Li. What elſe?

Pe. An inuentorie of all *Mottoes* moueable baddes and goods, as alſo of ſuch debts as are owing him, with ſuch houſhould ſtuffe as cannot bee remoued. *Inprimis*, in the bed-chamber, one fowle vvife, and fiue ſmall children.

Li. Ile not ſhare in that.

Pet. *I* am content, take thou all. Theſe be his moueable baddes.

Li. And from me they ſhall be remoueables.

Pet. *Item* in the ſeruants chamber, two paire of curſt queanes tongues.

Li. Tongs thou wouldſt ſay.

Pet. Nay they pinch worſe than tongs.

Li. They are moueables Ile warrant.

Pet.

Pet. *Item*, one paire of hornes in the bride chamber, on the beds head.

Li. The beasts head, for *Motto* is stuft in the head, and these are among vnmoueable goods.

Pe. Wel, *Fœlix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum*, happie are they whom other mens hornes doe make to beware. *Item*, a broken pate owing me by one of the Cole house, for notching his head like a chest-boorde. Take thou that, and I giue thee all the rest of his debts.

Pet. *Noli me tangere*, I refuse the executorship, because I will not meddle with his desperate debts. *Item*, an hundred shrewd turnes owing mee by the Pages in the Court, because I will not trust them for trimming.

Li. Thats due debt.

Pet. Wel, because *Motto* is poore, they shalbe paid him *cum recumbentibus*. All the Pages shall enter into recognisance, but *ecce*, *Pipenetta* chaunts it.

Enter

Enter Pipenetta *singing.*

Song.

Pipe. 1. *LAs how long shall I*
And my Mayden-head lie
In a cold Bed all the night long,
I cannot abide it,
Yet away cannot chide it,
Though I find, it does me some wrong.

Pipe. 2. *Can any one tell*
Where this fine Thing doth dwell,
That carries nor forme, nor fashion?
It both heates and cooles,
Tis a Bable for Fooles,
Yet catch'd at in euery Nation.

Pipe. 3. *Say a Maide were so crost,*
As to see this Toy lost,
Cannot Hue and Cry fetch it agen?
Las! No, for tis driuen
Nor to Hell, nor to Heauen,
When tis found, tis lost euen then.

Pipe. Hey hoe, would I were a Witch,

Witch, that I might bee a Dutcheſſe.

Pet. I know not whether thy fortune is to be a Dutcheſſe, but ſure I am thy face ſerues thee well for a Witch, what's the matter?

Pipe. The matter, marry tis proclaimed, that whoſoeuer can tell the cauſe, and the Reeds Song, ſhall either haue *Sophronia* to wife, or (if ſhee refuſe it) a Dukedome for his wiſdome. Beſides, whoſoeuer ſaith, that *Mydas* hath Aſſes eares, ſhall loſe theirs.

Li. Ile be a Duke, I find honour to bud in my head, and mee thinkes euery ioynt of mine armes, from the ſhoulder to the little finger, ſayes ſend for the Herauld. Mine armes are all Armarie, Gules, Sables, Azure, Or, Vert, Pur, Poſt, Pare, &c.

Pet. And my heart is like a hearth where *Cupid* is making a fire, for *Sophronia* ſhall be my wife: mee thinkes *Venus* & Nature ſtand with each of them a paire of bellowes, the one cooling my low birth, the other kindling my lofty affections.

Pipe. *Apollo* will helpe me, becauſe I can ſing.

Li. *Mercurie* me, becauſe I can lie.

Pet. All the Gods mee, becauſe I can lie, ſing, ſweare, and loue. But ſoft, here comes *Motto*, now ſhall wee haue a fit time to be reuenged, if by deuice wee can make him ſay, *Mydas* hath Aſſes eares.

Enter Motto.

Ly. Let vs not ſeeme to be angry about the Inuentory, and you ſhall ſee my wit to be the Hangman for his tongue.

Pip. Why Fooles, hath a Barbar a tongue?

Pet. Weele make him haue a tongue, that his teeth that looke like a Combe, ſhall be the Ciſſars to cut it off.

Pip. I pray let me haue the odde ends. I feare nothing ſo much as to bee tongue taw'de.

Ly. Thou ſhalt haue all the ſhauings, and then a womans tongue ympt with a Barbars, will prooue a Razor or a raſer.

Pet. How now *Motto*, what all a mort?

Mot. I am as melancholy as a Cat.

Ly.

Ly. Melancholy? mary gup, is melancholy a word for a Barbars mouth? thou ſhouldſt ſay, heauie, dull, and doltiſh: Melancholy is the Creaſt of Courtiers Armes, and now euery baſe companion, being in his muble fubles, ſayes he is melancholy.

Petul. Motto, thou ſhouldſt ſay thou art lumpiſh. If thou ſencroach vpon our Courtly tearmes, weele trounce thee: belike if thou ſhouldſt ſpit often, thou wouldſt call it Rheume. *Motto* in men of reputation and credit it is the Rheume; in ſuch mechanicall muſhrumpes, it is a Catarre, a Poſe, the Water euill. You were beſt weare a veluet patch on your temples too.

Mot. What a World it is to ſee Egges forwarder than Cockes? theſe Infants are as cunning in diſeaſes, as I that haue runne them ouer all, backward, and forward. I tell you boyes, it is melancholy that now troubleth me.

Del. My Maſter could tickle you with diſeaſes, and that olde ones, that haue continued in his Anceſtors bones theſe three hundred yeares. Hee is

the

the laſt of the Family that is left vn-eaten.

Mot. What mean'ſt thou *Dello?*

Pet. Hee meanes you are the laſt of the Stocke aliue, the reſt the Wormes haue eaten.

Del. A pox of thoſe ſawcie Wormes, that eate men before they be dead.

Pet. But tell vs *Motto*, why art thou ſad?

Mot. Becauſe all the Court is ſad.

Ly. Why are they ſad in Court?

Mot. Becauſe the King hath a paine in his eares.

Pet. Belike it is the Wennes.

Mot. It may bee, for his eares are ſwolne very bigge.

Pet. Ten to one *Motto* knowes of the Aſſes eares.

Ly. If he know it, wee ſhall: for it is as hard for a Barbar to keepe a ſecret in his mouth, as a burning coale in his hand. Thou ſhalt ſee mee wring it out by wit. *Motto*, twas told me that the King will diſcharge you of your Office, becauſe you cut his eare when you laſt trimm'd him.

Mot.

Mot. Tis a lie; and yet if I had, hee might well ſpare an inch or two.

Pet. It will out, I ſeele him comming.

Del. Maſter, take heed, you will blab all anon, theſe Wags are craftie.

Mot. Let me alone.

Ly. Why *Motto*, what difference betweene the Kings eares, and thine?

Mot. As much as betweene an Aſſes eares and mine.

Pet. O, *Motto* is modeſt; to mitigate the matter, hee cals his owne eares, Aſſes eares.

Mot. Nay, I meane the Kings are Aſſes eares.

Ly. Treaſon, treaſon!

Del. I told your Maſter, you haue made a faire hand; for now you haue made your lips Ciſſars to cut off your eares.

Mot. Peryl, vnleſſe you pitie me, *Motto* is in a pit.

Pet. Nay *Motto*, treaſon is a worſe paine than tooth-ach.

Ly. Now *Motto*, thou knoweſt thine eares are ours to command.

Mot. Your ſeruants, or hand-maides.

Pet.

Pet. Then will I lead my maid by the hand.

He puls him by the eares.

Mot. Out Villaine, thou wringst too hard.

Del. Not so hard as he bit me.

Mot. Thou seest boy wee are both mortall. I enioy mine eares, but *durante placito*; nor thou thy finger, but *fauente dento.*

Pet. Yea *Motto*, hast thou Latine?

Mot. Alas, hee that hath drawne so many teeth, and neuer askt Latine for a tooth, is ill brought vp.

Ly. Well *Motto*, let vs haue the beard, without couin, fraud, or delay, at one entire payment, and thou shalt scape a payment.

Mot. I protest by Cissars, Brush and Combe, Bason, Ball and Apron, by Razor, Earepike & rubbing clothes, & all the *tria sequuntur triaes* in our secret occupation (for you know it is no blabbing art) that you shall haue the beard, in manner and forme following. Not onely the golden beard and euery haire, (though it be not haire) but a dozen of beards, to stuffe two dozen of Cushions. *Ly.*

Ly. Then they be big ones.

Del. They be halfe a yard broad, and a nayle, three quarters long, and a foote thicke; ſo ſir ſhall you finde them ſtuft enough, and ſoft enough. All my Miſtreſſe lines that ſhee dries her clothes on are made only of Muſtachio ſtuffe. And if I durſt tell the truth, as luſtie as I am heere, I lie vpon a bed of beards; about of their briſtles, and they that owe them, they are harder than flockes.

Pet. A fine diſcourſe: well *Motto*, wee giue thee mercie, but wee will not loſe the beard. Remember now our Inuentorie. *Item*, we will not let thee goe out of our hands, till we haue the beard in our hands.

Mot. Then follow.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus, Scæna tertia.

Mydas, Sophronia, Mellicrates, Martius.

Myd. This is *Delphos*. Sacred *Apollo*, whoſe

hose Oracles bee all diuine, though oubtfull: answere pdore *Mydas*, and itie him.

Soph. I maruell there is no answere.

Myd. Fond *Mydas*, how canst thou ske pittie of him whom thou hast so uch abusde; or why doest thou abuse he World, both to seeme ignorant in not cknowledging an offence; and impudent, o openly to craue pardon. *Apollo* will ot answere, but *Mydas* must not cease. *Apollo*, diuine *Apollo*, *Mydas* hath As- es eares, yet let pittie sinke into thine ares, and tell when hee shall be free from his shame, or what may mitigate his inne?

Mar. Tush, *Apollo* is tuning his pipes, r at Barly-breake with *Daphne*, or as- aying on some Sheepherds coate, or ta- ing measure of a Serpents skin. Were I *Mydas*, I would rather cut these eares off lose from my head, than stand whim- ring before such a blind God.

Myd. Thou art barbarous not valiant. Gods must bee entreated not comman- ed: thou wouldst quench fire with a word, and adde to my shame (which is more

more than any Prince can endure) thy rudeneſſe, (which is more than any ſenſible creature would follow.) Diuine *Apollo* what ſhall become of *Mydas*? Accept this Lute, theſe berries, theſe ſimples, theſe tapers; if *Apollo* take any delight in Muſique, in *Daphne*, in Phyſicke, in eternitie.

Apollo his Oracle.

When Pan Apollo *in Muſique ſhal excell,*
Mydas *of* Phrygia *ſhal loſe his Aſſes eares;*
Pan *did* Apollo *in Muſique farre excell;*
Therefore King Mydas *weareth Aſſes eares:*
Vnleſſe he ſhrinke his ſtretching hand from Lesbos,
His eares in length, at length ſhall reach to Delphos.

Mel. It were good to expound theſe Oracles, that the learned men in *Phrygia* were aſſembled, otherwiſe the remedie will bee as impoſſible to bee had, as the cauſe to be ſifted.

Mel. I foreſaw ſome old ſaw, which ſhould

ſhould be doubtfull. Who would gad to ſuch Gods, that muſt be honoured if they ſpeake without ſence: and the Oracle wondred at, as though it were aboue ſenſe?

Myd. No more *Martius*: I am the learnedſt in *Phrygia* to interprete theſe Oracles, and though ſhame hath hitherto cauſed me to conceale it, now I muſt vnfold it by neceſſitie. Thus deſtiny bringeth me, not only to bee cauſe of all my ſhame, but reporter. Thou *Sophronia*, and you my Lords, hearken; When I had bathed my ſelfe in *Pactolus*, and ſaw my wiſh to float in the waues, I wiſhed the waues to ouer-flow my bodie, ſo melancholy my fortune made me, ſo mad my folly: yet by hunting I thought to eaſe my heart. And comming at laſt to the hill *Tmolus*, I perceiued *Apollo* and *Pan* contending for excellencie in Muſique: among Nymphes they required alſo my iudgement. I (whom the loſſe of Gold made diſcontent, and the poſſeſſing deſperate) either dulled with the humours of my weake braine, or deceiued by thickneſſe of my deaffe eares, preferd the harſh

noyſe

noyſe of *Pans* Pipe, before the ſweete ſtroke of *Apollos* Lute, which cauſed *Phœbus* in iuſtice (as I now confeſſe, and then as I ſaw in anger) to ſet theſe eares on my head, that haue wrung ſo many teares from mine eyes. For ſtretching my hands to *Lesbos*, I find that all the Gods haue ſpurn'd at my practices, and thoſe Ilands ſcorn'd them. My pride the Gods diſdaine; my policie men: my mines haue beene emptied by Souldiers, my Souldiers ſpoyled by Warres, my Warres without ſucceſſe, becauſe vſurping, my vſurping without end, becauſe my ambition aboue meaſure. I will therefore yeeld my ſelfe to *Bacchus*, and acknowledge my wiſh to be vanitie, to *Apollo*, and confeſſe my iudgement to be fooliſh: to *Mars*, and ſay my Warres are vniuſt: to *Diana*, and tell my affection hath beene vnnaturall. And I doubt not, what a God hath done to make mee know my ſelfe, all the Gods will helpe to vndoe, that I may come to my ſelfe.

Soph. Is it poſſible that *Mydas* ſhould be ſo ouer-ſhot in iudgement? Vnhappy *Mydas*, whoſe wits melt with his Gold,

and

and whoſe Gold is conſumed with his wits.

Myd. What talketh *Sophronia* to her ſelfe?

Soph. Nothing, but that ſince *Mydas* hath confeſſed his fault to vs, hee alſo acknowledge it to *Apollo.*

Myd. I will *Sophronia.* Sacred *Apollo*, things paſſed cannot be recalled, repented they may be: behold, *Mydas* not only ſubmitting himſelfe to puniſhment, but confeſſing his peeuiſhneſſe, being glad for ſhame to call that peeuiſhneſſe, which indeed was folly. Whatſoeuer *Apollo* ſhall command, *Mydas* will execute.

Apollo. Then attend *Mydas.* I accept thy ſubmiſſion, and ſacrifice, ſo as yeerly at this Temple thou offer Sacrifice in ſubmiſſion: withall, take *Apollos* counſell, which if thou ſcorne, thou ſhalt finde thy deſtinie. I will not ſpeake in riddles, all ſhall be plaine, becauſe thou art dull, but all certaine, if thou be obſtinate.

Weigh not in one ballance Gold & Iuſtice.
With one hand wage not Warre and Peace.
Let thy head be glad of one Crowne.

And take care to keepe one friend.
The friend that thou wouldst make thy foe.
The Kingdome thou wouldst make the
World
The hand that thou doest arme with force.
The Gold that thou do'st thinke a God
Shall conquer, fall, shrinke short, be com-
mon:
With force, with pride, with feare, with
Traffique.
If this thou like shake off an Asses eares:
If not for euer shake an Asses eares.
Apollo *will not reply.*

Myd. It may bee *Sophronia*, that neither you, nor any else, vnderstand *Apollo*, because none of you haue the heart of a King: but my thoughts expound my fortunes, and my fortunes hang vpon my thoughts. That great *Apollo*, that ioyn'd to my head Asses eares, hath put into my heart a Lions minde. I see that by obscure shadowes, which you cannot discerne in fresh colours. *Apollo* in the depth of his darke answere, is to me the glistering of a bright Sunne. I perceiue (and yet not too late) that *Lesbos* will not be touched by gold,

gold, by force it cannot: that the Gods haue pitched it out of the World, as not to be controld by any in the World. Though my hand be gold, yet I muſt not thinke to ſpan ouer the maine Ocean. Though my Souldiers be valiant, I muſt not therefore thinke my quarrels iuſt. There is no way to naile the Crowne of *Phrygia* faſt to my daughters head; but in letting the crownes of others ſit in quiet on theirs.

Mar. *Mydas?*

Myd. How dareſt thou reply ſeeing me reſolued? thy counſell hath ſpilt more bloud than all my Souldiers Lances, let none be ſo hardie as to looke to croſſe me. Sacred *Apollo*, if ſacrifice yeerely at thy temple, and ſubmiſſion hourely in mine owne Court, if fulfilling thy counſell, and correcting my Counſellors may ſhake off theſe Aſſes eares, I here before thee vow to ſhake off all enuies abroad, and at home all tyrannie.

The eares fall off.

Soph. Honored be *Apollo*, *Mydas* is reſtored.

Myd. Fortunate *Mydas*, that feeleſt

thy head lightned of dull cares, and thy heart of deadly ſorrowes. Come my Lords, let vs repaire to our Palace, in which *Apollo* ſhall haue a ſtately Statue erected: euery moneth will we ſolemnize there a Feaſt, and here euery yeere a Sacrifice. *Phrygia* ſhall bee gouerned by Gods, not men, leaſt the Gods make beaſts of men. So my Counſell of Warre ſhall not make conqueſts in their owne conceits, nor my Counſellors in peace make me poore, to enrich themſelues. So bleſſed be *Apollo*, quiet be *Lesbos*, happie be *Mydas*, and to begin this ſolemnitie, let vs ſing to *Apollo*, for, ſo much as Muſique, nothing can content *Apollo*.

They ſing all.

Exeunt.

Song.

SIng to Apollo, *God of Day,*
Whoſe golden beames with morning play,
And make her eyes ſo brightly ſhine,
Aurora's face is call'd Diuine.

Sing

Sing to Phœbus *and that Throne*
Of Diamonds which he ſits vpon;
Iô *Paans let vs ſing,*
To Phyſickes, and to Poeſies King.

Crowne all his Altars with bright fire,
Laurels bind about his Lire,
A Daphnean *Coronet for his Head,*
The Muſes dance about his Bed,
When on his rauiſhing Lute he playes,
Strew his Temple round with Bayes,
Iô *Paans let vs ſing,*
To the glittering Delian *King.*

FINIS.

MOTHER BOMBIE.

As it was sundry times
Played by the Children
of PAVLS.



LONDON,
Printed by *William Stansby*,
for *Edward Blount*.
1632.

A PLEASANT CONCEITED Comedie, called *Mother Bombie.*

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Memphio, Dromio.

Memph. BOY, there are three things that make my life miserable, a threed-bare purse, a curst Wife, and a Foole to my heire.

Dromio. Why then ſir, there are three medicines, for theſe three maladies: a pike ſtaffe to take a purſe on the high way: a holly wand to bruſh choler from my miſtreſſe tongue: and a young Wench for my young maſter: ſo that as your Worſhip being wiſe begot a Foole: ſo hee being a Foole, may tread out a Wiſeman.

Memp. I but *Dromio*, theſe medicines bite hot on great miſchiefes, for ſo might I haue a Rope about my necke, Hornes vpon my head, and in my houſe a litter of Fooles.

Dromio. Then ſir you had beſt let ſome Wiſe man ſit on your ſonne, to hatch him a good wit: they ſay, if Rauens ſit on Hens egges, the Chickens will be blacke and ſo forth.

Memp. Why boy, my ſonne is out of the ſhell, and is growne a prettie Cocke.

Dro. Carue him maſter and make him a Capon, elſe all your breed will proue Cockeſcomes.

Memp. I maruell he is ſuch an Aſſe, he takes it not of his father.

Dro. He may for any thing you know

Memp.

Memp. Why Villaine, doeſt thou thinke me a foole?

Dro. O no ſir, neither are you ſure that you are his Father.

Memp. Raſcall, do'ſt thou imagine thy Miſtreſſe naught of her bodie?

Dro. No, but fantaſticall of her mind, and it may be, when this boy was begotten ſhe thought of a foole, and ſo conceiued a foole, your ſelfe being very wiſe, and ſhe ſurpaſſing honeſt.

Memp. It may be, for I haue heard of an *Ethiopian*, that thinking of a faire picture, brought forth a faire Lady, and yet no baſtard.

Dro. You are well read ſir, your ſonne may be a baſtard and yet legitimate, your ſelfe a Cuckold, and yet my Miſtreſſe vertuous, all this in conceit.

Memp. Come *Dromio*, it is my griefe to haue ſuch a ſonne that muſt inherit my Lands.

Dro. He needs not ſir, Ile beg him for a foole.

Memp. Vile boy, thy young Maſter?

Dro. Let me haue in a deuice.

Memp. Ile haue thy aduice, and if it

fadge,

fadge, thou ſhalt eate, thou ſhalt ſweate, play till thou ſleepe, and ſleepe till thy bones ake.

Dro. I marry, now you tickle mee, I am both hungry, gameſome, and ſleepie, and all at once, Ile breake this head againſt the wall, but ile make it bleed good matter.

Memp. Then this it is, thou knoweſt I haue but one ſonne, and he is a foole.

Dro. A monſtrous foole.

Memp. A Wife & ſhe an arrand Scold.

Dro. Ah Maſter I ſmell your deuice, it will be excellent.

Memp. Thou canſt not know it till I tell it.

Drom. I ſee it through your braines, your haire is ſo thinne, and your skull ſo tranſparãt, I may ſooner ſee it then heare it.

Memp. Then boy haſt thou a quicke wit, and I a ſlow tongue, but what iſt?

Dro. Marry either you would haue your Wiues tongue in your ſonnes head, that hee might be a prating foole, or his braines in her braine pan, that ſhee might be a foolliſh Scold.

Memp. Thou dreameſt *Dromio*, there is

no

no ſuch matter, thou knoweſt I haue kept him cloſe, ſo that my neighbours thinke him to bee wiſe, and her to bee temperate, becauſe they neuer heard them ſpeake.

Dro. Well.

Mem. Thou knoweſt that *Stellio* hath a good farme and a faire daughter, yea ſo faire that ſhee is mewed vp, and onely looketh out at the windowes, leaſt ſhee ſhould by ſome roiſting courtier bee ſtollen away.

Dro. So ſir.

Mem. Now if I could compaſſe a match betweene my ſonne and *Stellios* daughter, by conference of vs parents, and without theirs, I ſhould be bleſſed, hee cooſned, and thou for euer ſet at libertie.

Dro. A ſingular conceit.

Mem. Thus much for my ſon, now for my wife, I would haue this kept from her, elſe ſhall I not bee able to keepe my houſe from ſmoake: for let it come to one of her eares, and then woe to both mine: I would haue her goe to my houſe into the countrie whileſt wee conclude

this

this: and this once done, I care not if her tongue neuer haue done: these if thou canst effect, thou shalt make thy master happy.

Dro. Thinke it done, this noddie shall coyne such new deuice as you shall haue your sonne married by to morrow.

Mem. But take heede, that neither the father nor the maide speake to my sonne, for then his folly will marre all.

Dro. Lay all the care on mee, *Sublevabo te onere*, I will rid you of a foole.

Memphio. Wilt thou rid mee for a foole?

Dro. Tush quarrell not.

Mem. Then for the dowrie, let it be at least two hundreth ducats, and after his death the farme.

Dro. What else?

Mem. Then let vs in, that I may furnish thee with some better counsell, and my son with better apparell.

Dro. Let me alone, I lacke but a wag more to make of my counsell, and then you shall see an exquisite coosnage, and the father more foole then the sonne.

But

But heare you sir, I forgot one thing.

Mem. Whats that?

Dro. Nay, *Expellas furca licèt, vsque recurret.*

Mem. Whats the meaning?

Dro. Why though your sons folly be thrust vp with a paire of hornes on a forcke, yet being naturall, it will haue his course.

Mem. I pray thee no no more, but about it.

Exeunt.

Actus secundus, Scæna secunda.

Stellio, Riscio.

Stel. Riscio, my daughter is passing amiable, but very simple.

Ri. You meane a foole sir.

Stel. Faith I implie so much.

Ri. Then I applie it fit: the one shee takes of her father, the other of her mother: now you may be sure she is your owne.

Stel. I haue penned her vp in a chamber, hauing onely a window to look out,

that

that youths seeing her faire cheekes, may be enamored before they heare her fond speech. How likest thou this head?

Ri. There is very good workemanship in it, but the matter is but base, if the stuffe had bin as good as the mould, your daughter had beene as wise as shee is beautifull.

Stel. Doest thou thinke she tooke her foolishnesse of mee?

Ri. I, and so cunningly, that she tooke it not from you.

Stel. Well, *Quod natura dedit, tollere nemo potest.*

Ri. A good euidence to proue the fee-simple of your daughters follie.

Stel. Why?

Ri. It came by nature, and if none can take it away, it is perpetuall.

Stel. Nay *Riscio*, shee is no naturall foole, but in this consisteth her simplicity, that shee thinketh her selfe subtile in this her rudenesse, that she imagins she is courtly: in this the ouernooting of her selfe, that shee ouerweeneth of her selfe.

Ri. Well, what followes?

Stel.

Stel. *Riſcio*, this is my plot, *Memphio* hath a prettie ſtripling to his ſon, whom with cockring hee hath made wanton, his girdle muſt be warm'd, the aire muſt not breath on him, hee muſt lie a bed till noone, and yet in his bed breake his faſt: that which I doe to conceale the follie of my daughter, that doth he in too much cockering of his ſonne. Now *Riſcio*, how ſhall I compaſſe a match betweene my girle and his boy?

Ri. Why with a paire of compaſſes, and bring them both into the circle, Ile warrant the'il match themſelues.

St. Tuſh, plot it for me that neuer ſpeaking one to another, they be in loue one with another: I like not ſolemne woing, it is for courtiers, let countrie folkes beleeue others reports as much as their owne opinions.

Ri. O then, ſo it bee a match you care not.

Stel. Not I, nor for a match neither, were it not I thirſt after my neighbors fame.

Ri. A very good nature. Well if by ſlat wit I bring this to paſſe, whats my reward?

Stel.

Stel. Whatsoeuer thou wilt aske.

Ri. Ile aske no more then by my wit I can get in the bargaine.

Stel. Then about it. *Exit.*

Ri. If I come not about you neuer trust me, Ile seeke out *Romio*, the counsellor of my conceit.

Actus primus, Scæna tertia.

Prisius, Sperantus.

Pris. It is vnneighbourly done to suffer your son since he came from schoole, to spend his time in loue, and vnwisely done to let him houer ouer my daughter, who hath nothing to her dowrie but her needle, and must proue a sempster, nor hee any thing to take too but a grammer, & cannot at the best be but a schoolemaster.

Spe. *Prisius*, you bite and whine, wring me on the withers, and yet winch your selfe, it is you that goe about to match your girle with my boy, she being more fit for seames than for marriage, and he for a rod then a wife.

Pri.

Pri. Her birth requires a better bride-groome than ſuch a groome.

Spe. And his bringing vp another gates marriage than ſuch a minion.

Pri. Marie gup, I am ſure he hath no better bread than is made of wheate, nor worne finer cloth than is made of wooll, nor learned better manners than are taught in ſchooles.

Spe. Nor you minxe had no better Grandfather than a Tailour, who (as I haue heard) was poore and proude: nor a better father then your ſelfe, vnleſſe your wife borrowed a better, to make your daughter a Gentlewoman.

Pri. Twit not me with my anceſtors, nor my wiues honeſtie, for if thou doeſt,

Spe. Hold thy hands ſtill thou hadſt beſt, and yet it is impoſſible now I remember, for thou haſt the palſie.

Pr. My hands ſhake, ſo that wert thou in place where, I would teach thee to cogge.

Spe. Nay if thou ſhake thy hands, I warrant thou canſt not teach any to cog. But neighbour, let not two old fooles

fall

fall out for two young wantons.

Pri. Indeed it becommeth men of our experience to reason, not raile: to debate the matter, not to combat it.

Spe. Well, then this Ile tell thee freindly, I haue almost these two yeares cast in my head, how I might match my princocks with *Stellios* daughter, whom I haue heard to be very faire, and know shall bee very rich, shee is his heire, hee doates, he is stooping old, & shortly must die, yet by no meanes, either by blessing or cursing can I win my son to be a woer, which I know proceeds not of bashfulnesse, but stubbornnesse, for he knowes his good though I say it, hee hath wit at will: as for his personage, I care not who sees him, I can tell you he is able make a Ladies mouth water if she winke not.

Pri. Stay *Sperantus*, this is like my case, for *I* haue beene tampering as long to haue a marriage committed betweene my wench and *Memphios* onely sonne, they say hee is as goodly a youth as one shall see in a Summers day, and as neate a stripling as euer went on neates leather,

his

his father will not let him he forth of his sight, hee is so tender ouer him, hee yet lies with his mother for catching colde. Now my pretie elfe, as proude as the day is long, shee will none of him, shee forsooth will choose her owne husband. made marriages proue mad marriages, she will choose with her eye, and like with her heart, before she consent with her tongue, neither father nor mother, kith nor kinne shall bee her caruer in a husband, shee will fall too where shee likes best, and thus the chicke scarce out of the shel, cackles as though shee had beene troden with an hundreth cockes, and mother of a thousand egges.

Spe. Well then, this is our best, seeing we know each others minde, to deuise to gouerne our owne children: for my boy, Ile keepe to his bookes, and study shall make him leaue to loue, Ile breake him of his will, or his bones with a cudgell.

Pri. And Ile no more dandle my daughter, shee shall pricke on a clout till her fingers ake, or Ile cause her leaue to make my heart ake. But in good time, though

though with ill lucke, behold if they bee not both together, let vs ſtand cloſe and heare all, ſo ſhall we preuent all.

Enter Candius and Liuia.

Spe. This happens pat, take heed you cough not *Priſius.*

Pri. Tuſh, ſpit not you, and Ile warrant I, my beard is as good as a handkerchieffe.

Liui. Sweete *Candius*, if thy father ſhould ſee vs alone, would hee not fret? The old man me thinkes ſhould bee full of fumes.

Cand. Tuſh, let him fret one heart ſtring againſt another, hee ſhall neuer trouble the leaſt vaine of my little finger, the old churle thinkes none wiſe, vnleſſe hee haue a beard hang dangling to his waſt, when my face is bedawbed with haire as his, then perchance my conceit may ſtumble on his ſtaiedneſſe.

Pri. I in what booke read you that leſſon?

Spe. I know not in what booke hee read it, but I am ſure he was a knaue to learne it.

Can.

Can. I beleeue faire *Linia*, if your ſowre ſire ſhould ſee you with your ſweet hart, he would not be very patient.

Lin. The care is taken, Ile aske him bleſſing as a father, but neuer take counſell for an husband, there is as much oddes betweene my golden thoughts, and his leaden aduice, as betweene his ſiluer haires, and my amber lockes, I know hee will cough for anger that I yeeld not, but he ſhall cough me a foole for his labour.

Spe. Where pickt your daughter that worke, out of broad ſtitch?

Pri. Out of a flirts ſampler, but let vs ſtay the end, this is but the beginning, you ſhal heare two children wel brought vp.

Can. Parents in theſe daies are growne peeuiſh, they rocke their children in their cradles till they ſleepe, and croſſe them about their bridalles till their hearts ake. Marriage among them is become a market, what will you giue with your daughter? What Ioynter will you make for your ſonne? And many a match is broken off for a pennie more or leſſe as though

though they could not affoord their children at ſuch a price, when none ſhould cheapen ſuch ware, but affection, and none buie it but loue.

Spe. Learnedly and ſcholerlike.

Liu. Indeed our Parents take great care to make vs aske bleſſing, and ſay grace when we are little ones, and growing to yeares of iudgement, they depriue vs of the greateſt bleſſing, and the moſt gracious things to our mindes, the libertie of our mindes: they giue vs pap with a ſpoone before we can ſpeake, and when wee ſpeake for that wee loue, pap with a hatchet: becauſe their fancies being growen muſtie with hoarie age, therefore nothing can reliſh in their thoughts that ſauours of ſweete youth; they ſtudy twentie yeares together to make vs grow as ſtraight as a wand, and in the end, by bowing vs, as crooked as a cammocke. For mine owne part (ſweete *Candius*) they ſhall pardon me, for I will meaſure my loue by mine owne iudgement, not my fathers purſe or peeuiſhneſſe. Nature hath made mee his child, not his ſlaue: I hate *Memphio*

and

and his ſonne deadly, if I wiſt he would place his affection by his fathers appointment.

Pri. Wittily but vnciuilly.

Can. Bee of that minde ſtill my faire *Liuia*, let our fathers lay their purſes together, we our hearts, I will neuer woe where I cannot loue, let *Stellio* enioy his daughter. But what haue you wrought heere?

Liu. Flowers, fowles, beaſtes, fiſhes, trees, plants, ſtones, and what not. Among flowers, cowſlops & lillies, for our names *Candius* & *Liuia*. Among fowles, Turtles and Sparrowes, for our truth and deſires. Among beaſts, the Fox and the Ermin, for beautie and pollicie. And among fiſhes, the Cockle and the Tortuſe, becauſe of *Venus* among trees: the vine wreathing about the elme, for our embracings. Among ſtones, Abeſtor, which being hot will neuer bee colde, for our conſtancies. Among plants, Time and Hearts-eaſe, to note, that if wee take time, wee ſhall eaſe our hearts.

Pri. Theres a girle that knowes her lerripoope.

Spe. Listen and you shall heare my sonnes learning.

Liu. What booke is that?

Can. A fine pleasant Poet, who intreateth of the Art of Loue, and of the remedie.

Liu. Is there Art in loue?

Can. A short Art and a certaine, three rules in three lines.

Liu. I pray thee repeat them.

Can. *Principio quod amare velis reperire labora,*
Proximus huic labor est placidam euorare puellam,
Tertius vt longo tempore ducet amor.

Liu. I am no Latinist *Candius*, you must conster it.

Can. So I will, and pace it too: thou shalt be acquainted with case, gender, and number. First one must finde out a Mistresse, whom before all others he voweth to serue. Secondly, that he vse all the meanes that hee may to obtaine her. And the last, with deserts, faith and secrecie, to studie to keepe her.

Liu. Whats the remedie?

Can. Death.

Liu.

Liu. What of all the booke is the conclusion?

Can. This one verse, *Non caret effectu quod volunere duo.*

Liu. Whats that?

Can. Where two is agreed, it is impossible but they must speed.

Liu. Then cannot wee misse: therefore giue me thy hand *Candius.*

Pri. Soft *Liuia*, take mee with you, it is not good in law without witnesse.

Spe. And as I remember, there must bee two witnesses, God giue you ioy *Candius*, I was worth the bidding to dinner, though not worthy to be of the counsell.

Pri. I thinke this hot loue haue prouided but cold cheare.

Spe. Tush, in loue is no lacke, but blush not *Candius*, you neede not bee ashamed of your cunning, and haue made loue a booke-case, and spent your time well at schoole, learning to loue by art, and hate against nature, but I perceiue the worser childe, the better louer.

Pri. And my minion hath wrought well, where euerie stitch in her sampler,

is a pricking ſtitch at my heart: you take your pleaſure on Parents, they are peeuiſh, fooles, churles, ouergrowen with ignorance, becauſe ouerworn with age: little ſhalt thou know the caſe of a father, before thy ſelfe bee a mother, when thou ſhalt breede thy childe with continuall paines, & with deadly pangs, nurſe it with thine owne pappes, and nouriſh it vp with motherly tenderneſſe, and then finde them to curſe thee with their hearts, when they ſhould aske bleſſing on their knees, and the collops of thine own bowels to be the torture of thine owne ſoule, with teares trickling downe thy cheeks, and drops of bloud falling from thy heart, thou wilt in vttering of thy minde, wiſh them rather vnborne, than vnnaturall, and to haue had their cradles their graues, rather than thy death their bridals. But I will not diſpute what thou ſhouldeſt haue done, but correct what haſt done: I perceiue ſowing is an idle exerciſe, and that euery day there comes more thoughts into thine head, than ſtitches into thy worke: Ile ſee whether you can ſpinne a better

better minde then you haue ſtitched, and if I coope you not vp, then let me be the capon.

Spe. As for you ſir boy, in ſtead of poaring on a booke, you ſhall hold the plough, Ile make repentance reap what wantonneſſe hath ſowen: but wee are both well ſerued, the ſonnes muſt bee maſters, the fathers gaffers, what we get together with a rake, they caſt abroad with a forke, and wee muſt wearie our legges to purchaſe our children armes. Well, ſeeing that booking is but idlenes, Ile ſee whether threſhing bee any occupation, thy minde ſhall ſtoupe to my fortune, or mine ſhall breake the lawes of nature. How like a micher he ſtandes, as though he had trewanted from honeſtie, get thee in, and for the reſt let me alone. In villaine.

Pri. And you pretty minx, that muſt be fed with Loue vpon ſops, Ile take an order to cram' you with ſorrowes: get you in without looke or replie.

Exeunt Candius, Liuia.

Spe. Let vs follow, and deale as rigorouſly with yours, as I will with mine, &

you ſhall ſee that hot loue will waxe ſoone cold: Ile tame the proud boy, and ſend him as farre from his loue, as hee is from his dutie.

Pri. Let vs about it, and alſo goe on with matching them to our mindes, it was happy that wee preuented that by chance, which wee could neuer yet ſuſpect by circumſtance. *Exeunt.*

Actus ſecundus, Scæna prima.

Dromio, Riſio.

Dr. NOw if I could meete with *Riſio*, it were a world of waggerie.

Ri. Oh that it were my chance *Obuiam dare Dromio*, to ſtumble vpon *Dromio*, on whom I doe nothing but dreame.

Dro. His knauerie and my wit, ſhould make our Maſters that are wiſe, fooles: their chidren that are fooles, beggers; and vs two that are bond, free.

Riſ. Hee to coſin, and I to coniure, would make ſuch alterations, that our

Maſters

Maſters ſhould ſerue themſelues, the idiots their children ſerue vs, and wee to wake our wittes betweene them all.

Dro. *Hem quàm opportune*, looke if hee drop not full in my diſh.

Riſ. *Lupus in fabula*, *Dromio* imbrace me hugge mee, I muſt make thee fortunate.

Dro Riſio, honour me, kneele downe to mee, kiſſe my feete, I muſt make thee bleſſed.

Riſio. My Maſter old *Stellio* hath a foole to his daughter.

Dro. Nay, my Maſter old *Memphio* hath a foole to his ſonne:

Ri. *I* muſt conuey a contract.

Dro. And I muſt conuey a contract.

Ri. Betweene her and *Memphio's* ſon without ſpeaking one to another.

Dr. Betweene him & *Stellios* daughter, without one ſpeaking to the other.

Ri. Doeſt thou mocke me *Dromio*?

Dro. Thou doeſt me elſe.

Ri. Not *I*, for all this is true.

Dro. And all this.

Ri. Then are wee both driuen to our wittes endes, for if either of them had

beene wiſe, we might haue tempered, if no marriage, yet a cloſe marriage.

Dro. Well, let vs ſharpen our accounts, theres no better grindſtone for a young mans head, than to haue it whet vpon an olde mans purſe. Oh thou ſhalt ſee my knauerie ſhaue like a razor?

Ri. Thou for the edge, and *I* the point, will make the foole beſtride our Miſtres backes, and then haue at the bagge with the dudgin haſte, that is, at the dudgen dagger, by which hangs his tantonie pouch.

Dromio. Theſe old huddles haue ſuch ſtrong purſes with lockes, when they ſhut them, they goe off like a ſnaphance.

Ri. The old faſhion is beſt, a purſe with a ring round about it, is a circle to courſe a knaues hand from it: but *Dromio*, two they ſay may keepe counſell if one bee away: but to conuay knauerie, two are too few, and foure too many.

Dro. And in good time, looke where *Halfepenie Sperantus* boy commeth, though

though bound vp in *decimo ſexto* for car, riage, yet a wit *in folio*, for cooſenage. Single *Halfepenie*, what newes are now currant?

Enter Halfepenie.

Half. Nothing, but that ſuch double coiſtrels as you be are counterfeit.

Ri. Are you ſo dapper, weele ſend you for a halfepennie loafe.

Half. I ſhall goe for ſiluer though, when you ſhall bee nailed vp for ſlips.

Dro. Thou art a ſlipſtring Ile warrant.

Half. I hope you ſhall neuer ſlip ſtring, but hang ſteddy.

Ri. Dromio looke heere, now is my hand on my halfepeny.

Half. Thou lieſt, thou haſt not a farthing to lay thy hands on, I am none of thine: but let me be wagging, my head is full of hammers, and they haue ſo maletted my wit, that I am almoſt a malcontent.

Dro. Why, vvhats the matter?

Half. My maſter hath a fine ſcholler to his ſonne, *Priſius* a faire laſſe to his daughter.

Dro. Well.

Half. They two loue one another deadly.

Rif. In good time.

Hal. The fathers haue put them vp, vtterly diſliking the match, and haue appointed the one ſhall haue *Memphios* ſonne, the other *Stellios* daughter, this workes like wax, but how it will fadge in the end, the henne that ſits next the cocke cannot tell.

Rif. If thou haue but any ſpice of knauery, weele make thee happy.

Hal. Tuſh, doubt not of mine, I am as full for my pitch, as you are for yours, a wrens egge is as full of meat as a gooſe egge, though there be not ſo much in it: you ſhall find this head well ſtuft, though there went little ſtuffe to it.

Dro. Laudo ingenium, I like thy ſconce, then harken: *Memphios* made me of his counſell, about marriage of his ſon to *Stellios* daughter, *Stellio* made *Riſcio* acquainted to plot a match with *Memphios* ſonne. To be ſhort, they be both fooles.

Hal. But they are not fooles that be

bee ſhort; if I thought thou meaneſt ſo, *Senties qui virſim*, Thou ſhouldſt haue a crow to pull.

Ri. Bee not angrie *Halfepenie*, for fellowſhip, wee will bee all fooles: and for gaine all knaues. But why doeſt thou laugh?

Halfe. At mine owne conceit and quicke cenſure.

Ri. Whats the matter?

Half. Suddainly me thought you two were aſſes, and that the leaſt aſſe was the more aſſe.

Ri. Thou art a foole, that cannot bee.

Half. Yea, my young maſter taught me to proue it by learning, and ſo I can out of *Ouid* by a verſe.

Ri. Prethie how?

Half. You muſt firſt for faſhion ſake confeſſe your ſelues to be aſſes.

Dro. Well.

Half. Then ſtand you heere, and you there.

Ri. Go too.

Half. Then this is the verſe as I point it, *Cum mala per longas inualuêre moras.*

So

So you see the least asse is the more asse.

Ris. Weele bite for an ape, if thou bob vs like asses. But to end all, if thou wilt ioyne with vs, wee will make a match between the two fooles, for that must be our taskes, and thou shalt deuise to couple *Candius* and *Linia*, by ouer-reaching their fathers.

Half. Let me alone, *Non enim mea pigra inuentus*, theres matter in this noddle.

Enter Lucio.

But looke where *Prisius* boy comes, as fit as a pudding for a dogges mouth.

Liu. Pop three knaues in a sheath, Ile make it a right Tunbridge case, and bee the bodkin.

Ri. Nay, the bodkin is heere already, you must be the knife.

Half. I am the bodkin, looke well to your eares, I must boare them.

Dro. Mew thy tongue, or weele cut it out: this I speake representing the person of a knife, as thou didst that in shadow of a bodkin.

Liu. I must bee gone, *Tadet*, it liketh, *Oportet*,

Oportet, it behoueth my wits to worke like Barme, *alias* Yeaſt, *alias* Sizing, *alias* Riſing, *alias* Gods good.

Half. The new Wine is in thine head, yet was hee faine to take this Metaphor from Ale, and now you talke of Ale, let vs all to the Wine.

Dro. Foure makes a meſſe, and wee haue a meſſe of Maſters that muſt be coozened, let vs lay our heads together, they are married and cannot.

Half. Let vs conſult at the Tauerne, where after to the health of *Memphio*, drinke we to the life of *Stellio*, I carouſe to *Priſius*, and brinch you mas *Sperantus*, wee ſhall caſt vp our accounts, and diſcharge our ſtomackes, like men that can diſgeſt any thing.

Lu. I ſee not yet what you goe about.

Dro. *Lucio* that can pierce a mud wall of twentie foot thicke, would make vs beleeue hee cannot ſee a Candle through a paper Lanthorne, his knauery is beyond *Ela*, and yet hee ſayes hee knowes noa *Gamvt.*

Lu. I am readie, if any coozenage be ripe, ile ſhake the tree.

Half.

Half. Nay, I hope to see thee so strong, to shake three trees at once.

Dro. Wee burne time, for I must giue a reckoning of my dayes worke, let vs close to the bush, *ad deliberandum.*

Half. Indeed, *Inter pocula philosophandum*, it is good to plea among pots.

Ri. Thine will bee the Worst, I feare we shall leaue a Halfe-peny in hand.

Half. Why, sayest thou that thou hast left a print deeper in thy hand alreadie, then a Halfe-peny can leaue, vnlesse it should sing worse than an hot iron.

Lu. All friends, and so let vs sing, tis a pleasant thing to goe into the Tauerne, clearing the throat.

Exeunt.

Song.

Omnes. IO Bacchus! *To thy Table*
Thou call'st euery drunken
Rabble,
We already are stiffe Drinkers,
Then seale vs for thy iolly Skinckers.

Dro. *Wine, O Wine!*
O Iuyce Diuine!

How

How do'ſt thou the Nowle refine!
Riſ. *Plump thou mak'ſt mens Rubie faces,*
And from Girles canſt fetch embraces;
Half. *By thee our Noſes ſwell,*
With ſparkling Carbuncle.
Luc. *O the deare bloud of Grapes,*
Turnes vs to Anticke ſhapes,
Now to ſhew trickes like Apes.
Dro. *Now Lion-like to rore,*
Riſ. *Now Goatiſhly to whore,*
Half. *Now Hoggiſhly ith' mire.*
Luc. *Now flinging Hats ith' fire.*
Omnes. Iô Bacchus! *at thy Table,*
Make vs of thy Reeling Rabble.

Actus ſecundus, Scæna ſecunda.

Enter Memphio *alone.*

Mem. I maruell I heare no newes of *Dromio*, either he ſlackes the matter, or betrayes his Maſter, I dare not motion any thing to *Stellio*, till I know what my Boy hath done, Ile hunt him out, if the Loiter-ſacke bee gone ſpringing into a Tauerne, Ile fetch him reeling out, *Exeũt.*

Enter

Enter Stellio *alone.*

Stel. Without doubt *Risio* hath gone beyond himselfe, in casting beyond the Moone, I feare the Boy bee run mad with studying, for I know he loued me so well, that for my fauour he will venture to run out of his wits, and it may be, to quicken his inuention, hee is gone into this Iuy bush, a notable nest for a grape Owle, Ile firret him out, yet in the end vse him friendly, I cannot bee merry till I heare whats done in the Mariages.

Exit.

Enter Prisius *alone.*

Pri. I thinke *Lucio* be gone a squirelling, but ile squirrell him for it, I sent him on my arrand, but I must goe for an answere my selfe, I haue tied vp the louing worme my daughter, and will see whether fancie can worme fancie out of her head: this greene Nosegay I feare my Boy hath smelt too, for if hee get but a penny in his purse, he turnes it so suddenly

ly into *Argentum potabile*, I muſt ſearch euery place for him, for I ſtand on thornes till I heare what he hath done.

Exit.

Enter Sperantus *alone.*

Spe. Well, bee as bee may is no banning, I thinke I haue charm'de my young Maſter, a hungrie Meale, a ragged Coate, and a dry Cudgell, haue put him quite beſide his Loue and his Logicke too: beſides Pigſnie is put vp, and therefore now ile let him take the aire, and follow *Stellios* daughter with all his Learning, if he meane to be my heire, the Boy hath wit ſance meaſure, more than needs, Cats meate and Dogges meat enough for the vantage. Well, without *Halfpenie* all my wit is not worth a dodkin, that mite is miching in this Groue, for as long as his name is *Halfpenie*, hee will be banquetting, for the other *Halfpenie*.

Exit.

Actus

Actus ſecundus. Scæna tertia.

Candius, Silena.

Can. Hee muſt needs goe that the Deuill driues, a father, a fiend, that ſeekes to place affection by appointment, and to force loue by compulſion, I haue ſworne to woo *Sylena*, but it ſhall be ſo coldly, that ſhe take as ſmal delight in my words, as I doe contentment in his Commandement. Ile teach him one ſchoole-tricke in loue. But behold, who is that that commeth out of *Stellio's* houſe? it ſhould ſeeme to be *Silena* by her attire.

Enter Silena.

By her face I am ſure it is ſhe, oh faire face, oh louely countenance. How now *Candius*, if thou begin to ſlip at beautie on a ſudden, thou wilt ſurfet with carowſing it at the laſt. Remember that *Liuia* is faithfull, I, and let thine eyes witneſſe *Silena* is amiable, here ſhall I pleaſe my father and my ſelfe, I will learne to be obedient,

bedient, and come what will, Ile make away, if ſhe ſeeme coy, ile practice all the Art of Loue, if I her cunning, all the pleaſures of Loue.

Sil. My name is *Silena*, I care not who know it, ſo I doe not: my father keepes mee cloſe, ſo hee does, and now I haue ſtolne out, ſo I haue, to goe to old *Bombie* to know my fortune, ſo I will, for I haue as faire a face as euer trod on ſhooe ſole, and as free a foot as euer lookt with two eyes.

Can. What, I thinke ſhee is lunaticke or fool iſh? Thou art a foole *Candius*, ſo faire a face cannot bee the ſcabbard of a fooliſh minde, mad ſhe may be, for commonly in beautie ſo rare, there fals paſſions extreme, Loue and beautie diſdaine a meane, not therefore becauſe beautie is no vertue, but becauſe it is happineſſe, and we Schollers know that vertue is not to be prayſed, but honoured. I will put on my beſt grace, ſweet Wench, thy face is louely, thy body comely, and all that the eyes can ſee inchanting, you ſee how vnacquainted I am bold to boord you.

Sil. My Father boords me alreadie, there-

therefore I care not if your name were *Geoffrey*.

Cand. Shee raues or ouer-reaches. I am one ſweete ſoule that loues you, brought hither by report of your beautie, and here languiſheth with your rareneſſe.

Si. I thanke you that you would call.

Cand. I will alwayes call on ſuch a Saint that hath power to releaſe my ſorrowes, yeeld faire creature to Loue.

Sil. I am none of that Sect.

Candius Thy louing Sect is an ancient Sect, and an honourable, and therefore ſhould be in a perſon ſo perfect.

Sil. Much.

Cand. I loue thee much, giue me one word of comfort.

Sil. I faith ſir no, and ſo tell your Maſter.

Cand. I haue no Maſter, but come to make choice of a Miſtreſſe.

Sil. A ha, are you there with your Beares.

Can. Doubtleſſe ſhe is an Idiot of the neweſt cut, ile once more try her. I haue loued thee long *Silena*.

Si.

Si. In your tother hoſe.

Can. Too ſimple to be naturall: too ſenſleſſe to bee artificiall. You ſaid you went to know your fortune, I am a Scholler, and am cunning in Palmiſtrie.

Sil. The better for you ſir, here's my hand, what's a clocke?

Can. The line of life is good, *Venus* mount very perfect, you ſhall haue a ſcholler to your firſt husband.

Si. You are well ſeene in Cranes dirt, your Father was a Poulter, ha, ha, ha.

Can. Why laugh you?

Si. Becauſe you ſhould ſee my teeth.

Can. Alas poore wretch, I ſee now alſo thy folly, a faire foole is like a freſh weed, pleaſing leaues, and ſowre iuyce, I will not yet leaue her, ſhe may diſſemble. I cannot chuſe but loue thee.

Si. I had thought to aske you.

Can. Nay then farewell, either too proude to accept, or too ſimple to vnderſtand.

Si. You need not bee cruſtie, you are not ſo hard backt.

Can. Now I perceiue thy folly, who hath rackt together all the odde blinde phraſes,

phraſes, that helpe them that know not how to diſcourſe, but when they cannot anſwere wiſely, either with gybing couer their rudeneſſe, or by ſome new coyned by-word bewray their peeuiſhneſſe, I am glad of this, now ſhall I haue colour to refuſe the match, and my father reaſon to accept of *Liuia*: I will home, and repeat to my father our wiſe incounter, and hee ſhall perceiue there is nothing ſo fulſome as a ſhe foole.

Exit.

Liu. Good God, I thinke Gentlemen had neuer leſſe wit in a yeare. We maids are mad Wenches, wee gird them and flout them out of all ſcotch and notch, and they cannot ſee it, I will know of the old woman whether I be a Maide or no, and then, if I bee not, *I* muſt needs be a man. God be here.

Enter Mother Bombie.

Bom. Whoſe there?

Sil. One that would be a maide.

Bom. If thou be not, it is impoſſible thou ſhould be, and a ſhame thou art not.

Sil.

Sil. They ſay you are a Witch.

Bom. They lie, *I* am a cunning Woman.

Sil. Then tell me ſome thing.

Bom. Hold vp thy hand, not ſo high, thy father knowes thee not, thy Mother bare thee not, falſly bred, truely begot: choice of two husbands, but neuer tied in bands, becauſe of Loue and naturall bonds.

Si. I thanke you for nothing, becauſe I vnderſtand nothing: though you bee as old as you are, yet am I as young as I am, and becauſe that I am ſo faire, therefore are you ſo foule, and ſo farewell froſt, my fortune naught me coſt.

Exit.

Bom. Farewell faire foole, little doeſt thou know thy hard fortune, but in the end thou ſhalt, and that muſt bewray what none can diſcouer, in the meane ſeaſon I will profeſſe cunning for all commers.

Exit.

Actus

Actus secundus. Scæna quarta.

Dromio, Risio, Lucio, Halfepenie.

Dro. We are all taken tardie.

Ris. Our Masters will be ouertaken if they tarrie.

Half. Now must euery one by wit make an excuse, and euery excuse must be coozenage.

Lu. Let vs remember our complot.

Dromio. Wee will all plod on that, oh the Wine hath turn'de my wit to Vineger.

Ris. You meane tis sharpe.

Halfe. Sharpe: Ile warrant 't will serue for as good sauce to knauerie as.

Lu. As what?

Half. As thy knauerie 's meate for his wit.

Dro. We must all giue a reckoning for our dayes trauell.

Ris. Tush, I am glad we scapt the reckoning for our liquor. If you be examined how we met, sweare by chance, for so

ſo they met, and therefore will beleeue it: if how much wee drunke, let them anſwere themſelues, they know beſt becauſe they paid it.

Half. We muſt not tarrie, *abeundum eſt mihi*, I muſt goe and caſt this matter in a corner.

Ipreſequam, a bowle, and ile come after with a broome, euery one remember his que.

Riſ. I and his K. or elſe wee ſhall thriue ill.

Half. When ſhall we meet?

Riſ. To morrow freſh and faſting.

Dro. Faſt eating our meate, for wee haue drunke for to morrow, and to morrow we muſt eate for to day.

Half. Away, away, if our Maſters take vs here, the matter is mard.

Lu. Let vs euery one to his taske.

Exeunt.

Actus ſecundus, Scæna quinta.

Memphio, Stellio, Priſius, Sperantus.

Memp. How quickly wee met on a ſuddaine in a Tauerne, that drunke not together almoſt theſe thirtie yeares.

Stel. A Tauerne is the Randeuous, the Exchange, the ſtaple for good fellowes: I haue heard my great Grandfather tell how his great Grandfather ſhould ſay, that it was an olde Prouerbe, when his great Grandfather was a childe, that it was a good wind that blew a man to the Wine.

Pri. The olde time was a good time, Ale was an ancient drinke, and accounted of our Anceſtors authenticall, *Gaſcoyne* Wine was liquour for a Lord: Sacke, a medicine for the ſicke: and I may tell you, hee that had a cup of red Wine to his Oyſters, was hoyſted in the Queenes Subſidie booke.

Spe. I but now you ſee to what looſeneſſe this age is growne, our boyes carouſe

rouſe Sacke like double Beere, and ſay, that which doth an old man good, can doe a young man no harme: old men (ſay they) eat pap, why ſhould not yong men drinke Sacke, their white heads haue counted time out of minde our yong yeares.

Memp. Well, the World is wanton ſince I knew it firſt, our Boyes put as much Wine in their bellies in an houre, as would clothe their whole bodies in a yeere: and as I haue heard, it was as much as bought *Rufus*, ſome time King of this Land, a paire of hoſe.

Pri. Iſt poſſible?

Stel. Nay, tis true, they ſay Ale is out of requeſt, tis Hogs porredge, broath for beggers, a Caudle for Conſtables, Watchmens mouth glew, the better it is, the more like bird-lime it is, & neuer makes one ſtayed but in the ſtockes.

Memp. Ile teach my Wag-halter to know Grapes from Barley.

Pri. And I mine, to diſcerne a ſpigot from a faucet.

Spe. And I mine, to iudge the difference betweene a black bowle and a ſiluer gobler.

Actus ſecundus. Scæna quarta.

Dromio, Riſio, Lucio, Halfepenie.

Dro. We are all taken tardie.

Riſ. Our Maſters will be ouertaken if they tarrie.

Half. Now muſt euery one by wit make an excuſe, and euery excuſe muſt be coozenage.

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Half. Away, away, if our Maſters take vs here, the matter is mard.

Lu. Let vs euery one to his taske.

Exeunt.

Actus ſecundus, Scæna quinta.

Memphio, Stellio, Priſius, Sperantus.

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Pri. And I mine, to diſcerne a ſpigot from a faucet.

Spe. And I mine, to iudge the difference betweene a black bowle and a ſiluer gobler.

Stel. And mine ſhall learne the oddes betweene a Stand and a Hogſhead, yet *I* cannot chuſe but laugh to ſee how my Wag anſwered mee, when *I* ſtrooke him for drinking Sacke.

Pri. Why what ſaid he?

Stel. Maſter, it is the ſoueraigneſt drinke in the World, and the ſafeſt for all times and weathers, if it thunder, though all the Ale and Beere in the Towne turne, it will be conſtant; if it lighten, and that any fire come to it, it is the apteſt Wine to burne, and the moſt wholeſomeſt when it is burnt. So much for Summer. If it freeze, why it is ſo hot in operation, that no ice can congeale it: if it raine, why then he that cannot abide the heate of it, may put in water. So much for Winter. And ſo ranne his way, but ile ouertake him.

Spe. Who would thinke that my hop on my thumbe, *Halfepenie*, ſcarce ſo high as a pint pot, would reaſon the matter, but he learn'd his leere of my ſonne, his young Maſter, whom I haue brought vp at *Oxford*, and *I* thinke muſt learne here in *Kent* of *Aſhford*.

Memp.

Memp. Why what ſaid hee?

Spe. Hee boldly rapt it out, *Sine Cere & Baccho friget Venus*, without Wine and Sugar his Veines would waxe cold.

Memp. They were all in a pleaſant vaine, but *I* muſt be gone, and take account of my boyes buſineſſe, farewell neighbours, God knowes when wee ſhall meet againe, yet *I* haue diſcouered nothing, my Wine hath been my wits friend, *I* long to heare what *Domio* hath done.

Exit.

Stel. *I* cannot ſtay, but this good fellowſhip ſhall coſt mee the ſetting on at our next meeting. I am glad *I* blabd nothing of the mariage, now I hope to compaſſe it. *I* know my boy hath beene bungling about it. *Exit.*

Pri. Let vs all goe, for I muſt to my clothes that hang on the tenters, my boy ſhall hang with them, if hee anſwere mee not his daies worke.

Exit.

Spe. If all be gone, Ile not ſtaie. *Halfpenie* *I* am ſure hath done mee a pennie worth of good, elſe ile ſpend his body in buying a rod. *Exit.*

Actus tertius, Scæna prima.

Mæstius, Serena.

Mæst. SWeete ſiſter, I know not how it commeth to paſſe, but I find in my ſelfe paſſions more then brotherly.

Ser. And I deare brother finde my thoughts intangled with affections beyond nature, which ſo flame into my diſtempered head, that I can neither without modeſtie diſcloſe my furie.

Mæſt. Our Parents are poore, our loue vnnaturall, what can then happen to make vs happy?

Ser. Onely to bee content with our fathers meane eſtate, to combate againſt our owne intemperate deſires, and yeeld to the ſucceſſe of fortune, who though ſhee hath fram'de vs miſerable, cannot make vs monſtrous.

Mæſt. It is good counſell faire ſiſter, if the neceſſitie of Loue could be releeued by counſell, yet this is our comfort, that theſe

theſe vnnaturall heates haue ſtrretched themſelues no further than thoughts, vnhappie me that they ſhould ſtretch ſo.

Mæſt. So it is *Serena*, the neerer wee are in bloud, the further we muſt be from loue, and the greater the kindred is, the leſſe the kindneſſe muſt bee, ſo that betweene brothers and ſiſters, ſuperſtition hath made affection cold, betweene ſtrangers cuſtome hath bred Loue exquiſite.

Ser. They ſay there is hard by an olde cunning Woman, who can tell fortunes, expound dreames, tell of things that bee loſt, and diuine of accidents to come, ſhe is called the good woman, who yet neuer did hurt.

Mæſt. Nor any good I thinke *Serena*, yet to ſatisfie thy minde, we will ſee what ſhe can ſay.

Ser. Good brother let vs.

Mæſt. Who is within?

Enter Mother Bombie.

Bom. The Dame of the houſe.

Mæſt. Shee might haue ſaid the Beldam, for her face and yeeres, and attire.

Ser. Good mother tell vs, if by your cunning you can, what ſhall become of my brother and me?

Bom. Let me ſee your hands, and looke on me ſtedfaſtly with your eyes. You ſhall be married to morrow hand in hand, and by the Lawes of God, Nature, and the Land, your Parents ſhall be glad, and giue you their Land, you ſhall each of you diſplace a foole, and both together muſt releeue a foole. If this bee not true, then call me old foole.

Maſt. This is my ſiſter, marrie wee cannot: our Parents are poore, and haue no Land to giue vs: each of vs is a foole, to come for counſell to ſuch an old foole.

Ser. Theſe doggrell rimes and obſcure words, comming out of the mouth of ſuch a weather-beaten Witch, are thought Diuinations of ſome holy Spirit, being but Dreames of decayed braines: for mine owne part, I would thou mighteſt ſit on that ſtoole, till he and I marrie by Law.

Bom. I ſay Mother *Bombie* neuer ſpeakes but once, and yet neuer ſpake vntruth once.

Ser. Come brother, let vs to our poore

poore home, this is our comfort, to bewray our passions, since, we cannot enioy them.

Mæst. Content sweet sister, and learne of me hereafter, that these old sawes of such old Hagges, are but false fires to lead one out of a plaine path into a deepe pit.

Exeunt.

Actus tertius. Scæna tertia.

Dromio, Risio, Halfepenie, Lucio:

Dro. Ingenium quondam fuerat pretiosius auro, the time was wherein wit would worke like Waxe and crocke vp Gold like Honey.

Ri. At nunc barbarie est grandis habere nihil, but now wit and honestie buy nothing in the Market.

Dro. What *Risio*, how spedst thou after thy potting?

Ri. Nay my Master rung all in the Tauerne, and thrust all out in the house. But how spedst thou?

Dro. I, it were a dayes worke to discourse it, hee spake nothing but sen-

tences, but they were vengible long ones, for when one word was out, hee made pauſe of a quarter long, till he ſpake another.

Ri. Why what did he in all that time?

Dro. Breake Interiections like winde, as *eho*, *ho*, to.

Ri. And what thou?

Drom. Anſwere him in his owne language, as *euax*, *vah*, *hui*.

Ri. Theſe were Coniunctions rather than Interiections. But what of the plot?

Drom. As wee concluded, I told him that we vnderſtood that *Silena* was very wiſe, and could ſing exceedingly, that my deuice was, ſeeing *Accius* his ſonne a proper youth, and could alſo ſing ſweetly, that hee ſhould come in the nicke when ſhee was ſinging, and anſwere her.

Ri. Excellent.

Dro. Then hee asked how it ſhould be deuiſed that ſhee might come abroad, I told that was caſt alreadie by my meanes, then the Song being ended, and they ſeeing one another, noting the apparell, and thanking the perſonages,

nages, hee ſhould call in his ſonne for feare he ſhould ouer-reach his ſpeech.

Ri. Very good.

Drom. Then that I had gotten a young Gentleman, that reſembled his ſonne in yeares and fauour, that hauing *Accius* apparell ſhould court *Silena*, whom ſhee finding wiſe, would after that by ſmall intreatie bee wonne without my words, and ſo the mariage clapt vp by this coozenage, and his ſonne neuer ſpeake word for himſelfe.

Ri. Thou boy, ſo haue I done in euery point, for the Song, the calling her in, and the hoping that another ſhall woo *Accius*, and his Daughter wed him, I tolde him this wooing ſhould bee to night, and they early married in the morning, without any words ſauing to ſay after the Prieſt.

Drom. All this fadges well, now if *Halfepenie* and *Lucio* haue plaid their their parts, we ſhall haue excellent ſport, and here they come. How wrought the Wine my Lads?

Enter

Enter Halfepenie, Lucio.

Half. How? like Wine, for my bodie being the rundlet, and my mouth the vent, it wrought two dayes ouer, till I had thought the hoops of my head would haue flowne aſunder.

Lu. The beſt was our Maſters were as well whitled as wee, for yet they lie by it.

Ri. The better for vs, wee did but a little parboyle our liuers, they haue ſod theirs in Sacke theſe fortie yeares.

Half. That makes them ſpit white broath as they doe. But to the purpoſe. *Candius* and *Linia* will ſend their attires, you muſt ſend the apparell of *Accius* and *Silena*, they wonder wherefore, but commit the matter to our quadrapertite wit:

Lu. If you keepe promiſe to marrie them by your deuice, and your Parents conſent, you ſhall haue ten pounds a piece for your paines.

Dro. If wee doe it not we are vndone, for we haue broacht a coozenage already, and

and my maſter hath the tap in his hand, that it muſt needes runne out, let them be rulde, and bring hither their apparell, and we will determine, the reſt commit to our intricate conſiderations, depart.

Exeunt Halfepenie, Lucio.
Enter Accius and
Silena.

Dro. Here comes *Accius* tuning his Pipes, I perceiue my Maſters keepes touch.

Ri. And heere comes *Silena* with her wit of proofe, marrie it will ſcarce hold our queſtion ſhot, let vs in to inſtruct our maſters in the Q.

Dro. Come let vs bee iogging, but wert not a world to heare them woo one another.

Ri. That ſhall be heereafter to make vs ſport, but our maſters ſhall neuer knowe it.

Exeunt.

Memphio and Stellio ſinging.

Song.

Memp. O Cupid! *Monarch ouer Kings,*
Wherefore haſt thou ſeete and wings?
It is to ſhew how ſwift thou art,
When thou wound'ſt a tender heart,
Thy wings being clip'd, and ſeete hel'd ſtill,
Thy Bow ſo many could not kill.

Stel. *It is all one in* Venus *wanton ſchoole,*
Who higheſt ſits, the wiſeman or the foole:

Fooles in loues colledge
Haue farre more knowledge,
To Reade a woman ouer,
Than aneate prating louer.

Nay, tis confeſt,
That fooles pleaſe women beſt.

Actus

Actus tertius, Scæna tertia.

Memphio and Stellio.

Mem. *Accius* come in, and that quickly, what walking without leaue?

Stel. *Silena*, I pray you looke homeward, it is a cold aire, and you want a mufler.

Exeunt Accius and Silena.

Mem. This is pat, if the reſt proceed, *Stellio* is like to marrie his daughter to a foole, but a bargaine is a bargaine.

Stel. This frames to my wiſh, *Memphio* is like to marry a foole to his ſonne, *Accius* tongue ſhall tie all *Memphios* land to *Silenas* dowrie, let his fathers teeth vndoe them if hee can: but heere I ſee *Memphio*. I muſt ſeeme kinde for in kindneſſe lies coſenage.

Mem. Well, here is *Stellio*, Ile talke of other matters, and flie from the marke I ſhoot at, lapwing-like flying far from the place where I neſtle. *Stellio*, what make you abroad? I heard you were ſicke ſiuce our laſt drinking.

Stel.

Stel. You ſee reports are no truths, I heard the like of you, and wee are both well. I perceiue ſober men tell moſt lies, for in *vino veritas*, If they had drunke wine, they would haue tolde the truth.

Mem. Our boies will bee ſure then neuer to lie, for they are euer ſwilling of wine: but *Stellio* I muſt ſtraine curſie with you, I haue buſineſſe I cannot ſtay.

Stel. In good time *Memphio*, for I was about to craue your patience to depart, it ſtands me vpon. Perhaps moue his patience ere it be long.

Mem. Good ſilly *Stellio*, we muſt buckle ſhortly. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius, Scæna quarta.

Halfepenie, Lucio, Rixula, Dromio, Riſio.

Lu. Come *Rixula*, we haue made thee priuie to our whole packe, there lay downe the packe.

Rix. I beleeue vnleſſe it bee better handled, we ſhall out of doores.

Half.

Half. I care not, *Omnem ſolum forti patria*, I can liue in Chriſtendome as well as in *Kent*.

Lu. And Ile ſing *Patria vbicunque bene*, euery houſe is my home, where I may ſtanch hunger.

Rix. Nay if you ſet all on hazard, though I bee a poore wench *I* am as hardie as you both, *I* cannot ſpeake Latine but in plaine Engliſh, if any thing fall out croſſe, *Ile* runne away.

Half. He loues thee well that would runne after.

Rix. Why Halfepenie, theres no gooſe ſo gray in the lake, that cannot finde a gander for her make.

Lu. I loue a nut browne laſſe, tis good to recreate.

Half. Thou meaneſt, a browne nut is good to cracke.

Lu. Why would it not doe thee good to crack ſuch a nut?

Half. I feare ſhe is worme-eaten within, ſhe is ſo moth-eaten without.

Rix. If you take your pleaſure of me, Ile in and tell your practiſes againſt your Maſters.

Half.

Half. In faith ſoute hart, he that takes his pleaſure on thee, is very pleaſurable.

Rix. You meane knauiſhly, and yet I hope foule water will quench hot fire aſſoone as faire.

Half. Well then, let faire words coole that choler, which foule words hath kindled, and becauſe wee are all in this caſe, and hope all to haue good fortune, ſing a roundelay, and weele helpe, ſuch as thou waſt wont when thou beatedſt hempe.

Lu. It was crabs ſhe ſtampt, and ſtole away one to make her a face.

Rix. I agree, in hope that the hempe ſhall come to your wearing, a halfepenie halter may hang you both, that is, Halfepenie & you may hang in a halter.

Half. Well brought about.

Rix. 'Twill when tis about your necke.

Lu. Nay, now ſhees in, ſhee will neuer out.

Rix. Nor when your heades are in, as it is likely, they ſhould not come out. But harken to my ſoug. *Cantant.*

Song

Song.

Rix. *FVll hard I did ſweate,*
When hempe I did beate.
Then thought I of nothing but hanging,
The hempe being ſpun,
My beating was done,
Then I wiſh'd for a noyſe
Of crack-halter Boyes,
On Thoſe hempen ſtrings to be twanging.
Long lookt I about,
The City throughout,

4 Pag. *And fownd no ſuch fidling varlets.*

Rix. *Yes, at laſt comming hither,*
I ſaw foure together.

4. Pag. *May thy hempe choake ſuch ſinging harlots.*

Rix. *To whit to whoo, the Owle does cry,*
Phip, phip, the ſparrowes as they fly,
The gooſe does hiſſe, the duck cries quack,
A Rope the Parrot, that holds tack.

4. Pa. *The parrat and the rope be thine.*

Rix. *The hanging yours, but the hempe mine.*

Enter

Enter Dromio, Roſio.

Dro. Yonder ſtands the wags, *I* am come in good time.

Ri. All here before me, you make haſt.

Rix. I beleeue to hanging, for *I* thinke you haue all robbed your maſters, heeres euery man his baggage.

Half. That is, we are all with thee, for thou art a very baggage.

Ri. Hold thy peace, or of mine honeſty Ile buy an halfepeny purſe with thee.

Dr. Indeed thats big inough to put thy honeſtie in, but come, ſhall we go about the matter?

Lu. Now it is come to the pinch my heart pants.

Half. I for my part am reſolute, *in vtramque paratus*, ready to die or to run away.

Lu. But heare mee, *I* was troubled vvith a vile dreame, and therefore it is little time ſpent to let mother *Bombie* expound it, ſhee is cunning in all things.

Dro. Then will *I* knovv my fortune.

Rix. And Ile aske for a ſiluer ſpoone which vvas loſt laſt day, which *I* muſt pay for.

Rix.

Ri. And *I*le know vvhat vvill become of our deuiſes.

Half. And *I.*

Dro. Then let vs all goe quickly, we muſt not ſleep in this buſineſſe, our maſters are ſo watchfull about it.

Bom. Why doe you rap ſo hard at the doore?

Dro. Becauſe we would come in.

Bom. Nay my houſe is no *I*nne.

Hal. Croſſe your ſelues, looke how ſhe lookes.

Marke her not, ſheele turne vs all to Apes.

Bomb. What would you with me?

Ri. They ſay you are cunning, and are called the good woman of *Rocheſter.*

Bom. *I*f neuer to doe harme, be to doe good, *I* dare ſay *I* am not ill. But whats the matter?

Lu. *I* had an ill dreame, and deſire to know the ſignification.

Bo. Dreames my ſon haue their weight, though they bee of a troubled minde, yet are they ſignes of fortune. Say on.

Lu. *I*n the dawning of the day, for about that time by my ſtarting out of my ſleepe,

my ſleepe, I found it to bee, me thought I ſaw a ſtate'y peece of beefe, with a cape cloke of cabidge, imbroadered with pepper, hauing two honourable pages with hats of muſtarde on their heades, himſelfe in great pompe ſitting vpon a cuſhion of white Brewiſh, linde with browne bread, meethought being powdred, hee was much troubled with the ſalt rume, and therefore there ſtood by him two great flagons of wine and beere, the one to drie vp his rume, the other to quench his choler, I as one enuying his ambition, hungring and thirſting after his honour, beganne to pull his cuſhing from vnder him hoping by that meanes to giue him a fall, and with putting out my hand I awakt, and found nothing in all this dreame about me but the ſalt rume.

Dro. A dreame for a butcher.

Lu Soft let me end it, then I ſlumbred againe, and mee thought there came in a leg of mutton.

Dro. What all groſſe meat? a racke had beene dainty.

Lu. Thou foole, how could it come in, vnleſſe

vnleſſe it had bin a leg? me thought his hoſe were cut & drawne out with parſly, I thruſt my hand into my pocket for a knife, thinking to hox him, and ſo awakt.

Bom. belike thou wentſt ſupperleſſe to bed.

Lu. So I do euery night but Sundaies, *Priſius* hath a weake ſtomacke, and therfore we muſt ſtarue.

Bom. Well, take this for anſwere, though the dreame bee fantaſticall, they that in the morning ſleepe dreame of eating, are in danger of ſickneſſe, or of beating, or ſhall heare ot a wedding freſh a beating.

Lu. This may bee true.

Half. Nay then let me come in with a dreame, ſhort but ſweet, that my mouth waters euer ſince I wakt. Mee thought there ſate vpon a ſhelfe three damaske prunes in veluet caps, and preſt ſatten gownes like Iudges, and that there were a whole handful of currants to be arraigned of riot, becauſe they clunged together in ſuch cluſters, twelue raiſons of the ſunne were impannelled in a lewrie, and as a leafe of whole maſe

which

which was Bailiffe, was carrying the queſt to conſult, me thought there came an angrie cooke, and gelded the Iewrie of their ſtones, and ſwept both Iudges, Iurers, rebels & Bailiffe, into a porredg pot, wherat I being melancholy, fetcht a deepe ſigh, that wakt my ſelfe and my bedfellovv.

Dro. This was deuiſd not dreamt, and the more fooliſh being no dreame, for that dreames excuſe the fantaſtical-neſſe.

Half. Then aske my bed-fellovv, you knovv him, who dreamt that night that the king of *Diamonds* was ſicke.

Bom. But thy yeares and humours pretie childe, are ſubiect to ſuch fancies, which the more vincible they ſeeme, the more fantaſticall they are, therefore this dreame is eaſie. To children, this is giuen from the Gods to dream of milke, fruit, babies, and rods, they betoken nothing, but that wantons muſt haue rods.

Dro. Ten to one thy dreame is true, thou vvilt be ſvvinged.

Rix. Nay Grammer, I pray you tell

mee who ſtole my ſpoone out of the buttrie?

Bom. Thy ſpoone is not ſtolne but miſlaide, thou art an ill huſwife, though a good maide, looke for thy ſpoone where thou hadſt like to be no maide.

Rix. Body of mee let mee fetch the ſpoone, I remember the place.

Lu. Soft ſwift, the place if it be there now, will be there to morrow.

Rix. I but perchance the ſpoone will not.

Half. Wert thou once put to it?

Rix. No ſir boy, it was put to me.

Lu. How was it miſt?

Dro. Ile warrant for want of a miſt. But whats my fortune mother?

Bo. Thy father doth liue becauſe he doth die, thou haſt ſpent all thy thrift with a die, and ſo like a begger thou ſhalt die.

Ri. I, I would haue likt well if all the gerundes had beene there, *di*, *do*, and *dum*, but all in die, thats too deadly.

Dro. My father indeed is a *Dyar*, but I haue beene a dicer, but to die a beggar, giue me leaue not to beleeue mother *Bombie*, and yet it may bee. I haue no-

thing to liue by but knauerie and if the world grow honeſt, welcome beggerie. But what haſt thou to ſay *Riſo*?

Ri. Nothing, till I ſee whether all this bee true that ſhee hath ſaid.

Half. I, *Riſo* would faine ſee thee beg.

Ri. Nay mother tell vs this, what is all our fortunes, wee are about a matter of legerdemaine, how will it fadge?

Bom. You ſhall all thriue like cooſeners, that is, to be cooſened by coſeners: all ſhall end well, and you be found cooſeners.

Dr. Gramercie mother *Bombie*, we are all pleaſd, if you were for your paines.

Bom. I take no money, but good words, raile not if I tell true, if I doe not reuenge. Farewell. *Exit. Bom.*

Dro. Now haue we nothing to doe, but to go about this buſineſſe. *Accius* apparell let *Candius* put on, and I will array *Accius* with *Candius* cloathes.

Ri. Here is *Silenas* attire, *Lucio* put it vpon *Liuia*, and giue me *Liuias* for *Silena*: this done, let *Candius* and *Liuia* come forth, and let *Dromio* and me alone for the reſt.

Half.

Half. What ſhall become of *Accius* and *Silena?*

Dro. Tuſh, their turne ſhall be next, al muſt be done orderly, lets to it, for now it workes. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus, Scæna prima

Candius, Liuia, Dromio, Riſio. Sperantus, Priſius.

Liu. THis attire is verie fit. But how if this make me a foole, and *Silena* wiſe, you will then woe mee, and vved her.

Can. Thou knovveſt that *Accius* is alſo a foole, and his raiment fits me: ſo that if apparell be infectious, I am alſo like to bee a foole, and hee wiſt what would be the concluſion, I maruell.

Enter Dromio, Riſio.

Li. Here comes our Councellors.

Dro. Well ſaid, I perceiue Turtles flie in couples.

Ri. Elſe how ſhould they couple?

Lu. So do knaues go double, elſe how ſhould they be ſo cunning in doubling?

Can. Bona verba, Liuia.

Dro. I vnderſtand Latin, that is *Liuia* is a good word.

Can. No *I* bid her vſe good words.

Ri. And what deeds?

Can. None but a deede of gift.

Ri. What gift?

Can. Her heart.

Dro. Giue mee leaue to poſe you though you be a graduate, for *I* tell you, wee in *Rocheſter* ſpur ſo many hacknies, that we muſt needs ſpur ſchollers, for we take them for hackneys.

Liu. Why ſo ſir boy?

Dro. Becauſe *I* knew two hired for ten groates a peece to ſay ſeruice on Sunday, and thats no more then a poſt horſe from hence to *Canterburie.*

Ri. Hee knowes what he ſayes, for he once ſerued the Poſt-maſter.

Can. Indeed *I* thinke he ſerued ſome poaſt to his Maſter, but come *Dromio poſt me.*

Dr. You ſay you would haue her heart for a deed.

Can.

Can. Well.

Dro. If you take her heart for *cor*, that heart in her body, then know this: *Male eius leuibus, Cor enim inuiolabile telis:* A womans heart is thruſt through with a feather: if you meane ſhe ſhould giue a heart named *Cernus*, then are you worſe, for *cornua ceruus habet*, that is, to haue ones heart grow out at his head, which will make one ake at the heart in their body.

Enter Priſius, Sperantus.

Liu. I beſhrew your hearts, I heare one comming, I know it is my father by his comming.

Can. What muſt we doe?

Dro. Why as I tolde you, and let mee alone with the old men, fall you to your bridall.

Pri. Come neighbour, I perceiue the loue of our children waxeth cold.

Spe. I think it was neuer but luke warme.

Pri. Bauins will haue their flaſhes, and youth their fancies, the one aſſoone quenched as the other burnt, but who be theſe?

Can. Here I do plight my faith, taking thee for the ſtaffe of my age, and of my youth my ſolace.

Liu. And I vow to thee affection which nothing can diſſolue, neither the length of time, nor malice of fortune, nor diſtance of place. *Can.* But when ſhall we be married? *Li.* A good queſtion, for that one delay in wedding, bringeth an hundred dangers in the Church, wee will not bee askt, and a licence is too chargeable, and to tarrie till to morrow too tedious.

Dro. Theres a girle ſtands on prickes till ſhe be married.

Can. To auoid danger, charge and tediouſneſſe, let vs now conclude it in the next Church.

Liu. Agreed.

Pri. What bee theſe that haſten ſo to marrie?

Dro. Marrie ſir, *Accius* ſonne to *Memphio*, and *Silena Stellios* daughter.

Spe. I am ſorrie neighbour, for our purpoſes are diſappointed.

Pri. You ſee marriage is deſtinie, made in heauen, though conſummated on earth.

Ri.

Ri. How like you them, bee they not a prettie couple?

Pri. Yes God giue them ioy, seeing in spite of our hearts they must ioyne.

Dro. I am sure you are not angrie, seeing things past cannot bee recald, and being witnesses to their contract, will bee also well willers to the match.

Spe. For my part *I* vvish them well.

Pri. And *I*, and since there is no remedie, that *I* am glad of it.

Riu. But vvill you neuer hereafter take it in dugeon, but vse them as vvell as though your selues had made the marriage?

Pri. Not *I*.

Spe. Nor *I*.

Dro. Sir, heere tvvo oldemen are glad that your loues so long continued, is so happily concluded.

Can. Wee thanke them, and if they vvill come to *Memphios* house, they shall take part of a hard dinner. This cottons and vvorkes lik vvax in a sowes eare.

Exeunt Candius, Linia,

Pri. Well, ſeeing our purpoſes are preuented, wee muſt lay plots, for *Linia* ſhall not haue *Candius*.

Sp. Feare not, for *I* haue ſworne that *Candius* ſhall not haue *Linia*. But let not vs fall out becauſe our children fall in.

Pri. Wilt thou goe ſoone to *Memphios* houſe?

Spe. I, and if you will let vs, that we may ſee how the young couple bride it, and ſo we may teach our owne. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus, Scæna ſecunda.

Accius, Silena, Lincio, Halpenie.

Lin. By this time *I* am ſure the wagges haue plaide their parts, there reſts nothing now for vs, but to match *Accius* and *Silena*.

Half. It was too good to be true, for wee ſhould laugh heartily, and without laughing my ſpleene would ſplit, but whiſt, here comes the man.

Enter

Enter Accius.

And yonder the maide, let vs ſtand aſide.

Enter Silena.

Acc. What meanes my father to thruſt me forth in an other boies coate? Ile warrant tis to as much purpoſe as a hem in the forehead.

Half. There was an ancient Prouerb knockt in the head.

Ac. I am almoſt come into my nonage, and yet *I* neuer was ſo farre as the prouerbes of this citie.

Liu. Theres a quip for the ſuburbes of *Rocheſter.*

Half. Excellently applied.

Sil. Well, though this furniture make mee a ſullen dame, yet *I* hope in mine owne *I* am no ſaint.

Half. A braue fight is like to bee betweene a cocke with a long combe, and a hen with a long legge.

Siu. Nay her wits are ſhortet then her legges.

Half. And his combe longer then his wit.

Acc. I haue yonder vncouered a faire girle, Ile bee ſo bold as ſpur her, what might a body call her name?

Sil. I cannot help you at this time, I pray you come againe to morrow.

Half. I marry ſir.

Acc. You neede not bee ſo luſtie, you are not ſo honeſt.

Sil. I crie you mercy, I tooke you for a ioynt ſtoole.

Liu. Heeres courting for a conduit or a bakehouſe.

Sil. But what are you for a man? me thinkes you looke as pleaſeth God.

Acc. What do you giue me the bootes?

Half. Whether will they, here be right coblers cuts.

Ac. I am taken with a fit of loue: haue you any minde of marriage?

Sil. I had thought to haue askt you.

Ac. Vpon what acquaintance?

Sil. Who would haue thought it?

Ac. Much in my gaſcoines, more in my round houſe, all my fathers are as white as daiſies, as an egge full of meate.

Sil. And all my fathers plate is made of Crimſon veluet.

Ac.

Ac. Thats braue with bread.

Half. Theſe three had wiſe men to their fathers.

Liu. Why?

Half. Becauſe when their bodies were at worke about houſhold-ſtuffe, their mindes were buſied about common-wealth matters.

Ac. This is pure lawne: What call you this, a prettie face to your haire?

Sil. Wiſely you haue pickt a raiſon out of a fraile of figges.

Ac. Take it as you liſt, you are in your owne cloathes.

Sil. Sauing a reuerence thats a lie, my cloathes are better, my father borrowed theſe.

Acc. Long may he ſo doe, I could tell that theſe are not mine, if I would blab it like a woman.

Si. I had as leaue you ſhould tell them it ſnowd.

Lu. Come let vs take them off, for we haue had the creame of them.

Half. Ile warrant if this be the creame, the milke is very flat, let vs ioyne iſſue with them.

Liu.

Lu. To haue ſuch iſſue of our bodies, is worſe then haue an iſſue in the body. God ſaue you pretty mouſe.

Si. You may command and goe without.

Half. Theres glicke for you, let mee haue my girde, on thy conſcience tell me what it is a clocke?

Sil. I crie you mercy, I haue kild your cuſhion?

Half. I am paid and ſtrooke dead in the neaſt, I am ſure this ſoft youth, who is not halfe ſo wiſe as you are faire, nor you altogether ſo faire as hee is fooliſh, will not be ſo captious.

Ac. Your eloquence paſſes my recognoſcence.

Enter Memphio, Stellio.

Lu. I neuer heard that before, but ſhall wee two make a match betweene you?

Sil. Ile know firſt who was his father.

Ac. My father, what need you to care, I hope hee was none of yours.

Half. A hard queſtion, for it is oddes but one begat them both, he that cut out the

the vpper Leather, cut out the inner, and ſo with one Awle ſtitcht two ſoles together.

Memp. What is ſhe?

Half. Tis *Priſius* daughter.

Memp. In good time it fadges.

Stel. What is he?

Liu. *Sperantus* ſonne.

Stel. So twill cotten.

Ac. Damzell, I pray you how olde are you?

Memp. My ſonne would ſcarce haue askt ſuch a fooliſh queſtion.

Sil. I ſhall bee eighteene next Bearebayting.

Stel. My daughter would haue made a wiſer anſwere.

Half. O how fitly this comes off!

Accius. My father is a ſcolde, whats yours?

Memp. My heart throbs, I looke him in the face, and yonder I eſpie *Stellio.*

Stel. My minde miſgiues me, but whiſt, yonder is *Memphio.*

Ac. In faith I perceiue an old ſaw, and a ruſtie, no foole to the old foole. I pray you wherfore was I thruſt out like a ſcarcrow in this ſimilitude? *Memp.*

Memp. My ſonne and I aſham'd, *Dromio* ſhall die.

Sil. Father are you ſneaking behinde, I pray you what muſt I doe next?

Stel. My daughter, *Riſo* thou haſt coozened me.

Liu. Now begins the game.

Memp. How came you hither?

Ac. Marrie by the way from your houſe hither.

Memp. How chance in this attire?

Ac. How chance *Dromio* bid me?

Memp. Ah thy ſonne will be beg'd for a conceal'd foole.

Ac. Will I, I faith ſir no.

Stel. Wherefore came you hither *Silena* without leaue?

Sil. Becauſe I did, and I am heere becauſe I came.

Stel. Poore Wench, thy wit is improued to the vttermoſt.

Half. I, tis an hard matter to haue a wit of the old rent, euery one rackes his Commons ſo high.

Memp. *Dromio* told mee that one ſhould meete *Stellios* daughter, and court her in perſon of my ſonne, and plead

in

in place of my Daughter.

Memp. But alasse I see that my sonne hath met with *Silena* himselfe, and bewraide his folly.

Stel. But I see my Daughter hath prattled with *Accius*, and discouered her simplicitie.

Liu. A braue cry to heare the two old Mules to weepe ouer the young fooles.

Memp. *Accius*, how likest thou *Silena*?

Ac. I take her to be repugnant.

Sil. Truly his talke is very personable.

Stel. Come in Girle, this geere must be fetcht about.

Memp. Come *Accius* let vs goe in.

Liu. Nay sir, there is no harme done, they haue neither bought nor sold, they may be twins for their wits and yeeres.

Memp. But why didst thou tell mee it was *Prisius* sonne?

Half. Because I thought thee a foole, to aske who thine owne sonne was.

Liu. And so sir for your Daughter, education hath done much, otherwise they are by nature soft wittied enough.

Memp. Alasse, their ioynts are not

yet

yet tied, they are not yet come to yeares and diſcretion.

Ac. Father, if my hands be tied, ſhall I grow wiſe?

Half. I and *Silena* too, if you tie them faſt to your tongues.

Sil. You may take your pleaſure of my tongue, for it is no mans Wife.

Memp. Come in *Accius.*

Stel. Come in *Silena*, I will talke with *Memphio's* ſonne, but as for *Riſio.*

Memp. As for *Dromio.* *Exeunt Memphio, Accius, Stellio, Silena.*

Half. Aſſe for you all foure.

Enter Dromio, Riſio.

Dro. How goes the World, now wee haue made all ſure, *Candius* and *Linia* are married, their fathers conſenting, yet not knowing.

Liu. We haue flat marde all, *Accius* and *Silena* courted one another, their fathers tooke them napping, both are aſhamed, and you both ſhall be ſwinged.

Ri. Tuſh, let vs alone, wee will perſwade them that all fals out for the beſt,

for

for if I vnderſtand this match had beene concluded, they both had beene coozened, and now ſeeing they finde both to bee fooles, they may bee both better aduiſed. But why is *Halfepenie* ſo ſad?

Enter Hackneyman, Sergeant.

Half. Becauſe I am ſure I ſhall neuer be a peny.

Ri. Rather pray there bee no fall of money, for thou wilt then goe for a que.

Dro. But did not the two fooles currantly court one another.

Liu. Very good words fitly applied, brought in the nicke.

Serg. I arreſt you.

Dro. Mee ſir, why then didſt not bring a ſtoole with thee, that I might ſit downe?

Hack. Hee arreſts you at my ſuite for a horſe.

Ri. The more Aſſe hee, if hee had arreſted a Mare in ſtead of an Horſe, it had beene a ſlight ouerſight, but to arreſt a man that hath no likeneſſe of a horſe, is flat lunaſie or alecie.

Dro. Then hee is as good as euer hee was, ile warrant heele doe nothing but lie downe.

Hack. I lent him thee gently.

Dro. And I reſtored him ſo gently, that he neither would cry wyhie, nor wag the taile.

Hack. But why didſt thou boare him through the eares?

Liu. It may be he was ſet on the pilloric, becauſe he had not a true pace.

Half. No, it was for tiring.

Hack. He would neuer tire, it may be he would be ſo weary, hee would goe no further, or ſo.

Dro. Yes hee was a notable horſe for ſeruice, he would tire, and retire.

Hack. Doe you thinke ile be ieſted out of my horſe? Sergeant wreake thine office on him.

Ri. Nay, let him be bailde.

Hack. So he ſhall when I make him a bargaine.

Dro. It was a very good horſe I muſt needs confeſſe, and now harken of his qualities, and haue patience to heare them, ſince I muſt pay for him. He would ſtum-

ble

Hack. Tuſh, I hired him a horſe.

Dromio. I ſweare then hee was well ridden.

Hack. I thinke in two dayes hee was neuer baited.

Half, Why was it a Beare thou ridſt on?

Hack. I meane hee neuer gaue him baite.

Liu. Why he tooke him for no fiſh.

Hack. I miſtake none of you when I take you for fooles, I ſay thou neuer gaueſt my horſe meate.

Dro. Yes, in foure and fortie houres I am ſure hee had a bottle of hay as big as his belly.

Serg. Nothing elſe, thou ſhould'ſt haue giuen him prouender.

Ri. Why he neuer askt any.

Hack. Why, doeſt thou thinke an horſe can ſpeake?

Dro. No, for I ſpur'd him till my heeles ak't and he ſaid neuer a word.

Hack. Well, thou ſhalt pay ſweetly for ſpoyling him, it was as luſtie a Nag as any in *Rocheſter*, and one that would ſtand vpon no ground.

Dro.

ble three houres in one mile, I had thought I had rode vpon addices between this and *Canterbury:* if one gaue him water, why hee woud lie downe and bathe himselfe like a Hauke: if one ranne him, he would simper and mumpe, as though hee had gone a wooing to a Malt-mare at *Rochester:* hee trotted before and ambled behind, and was so obedient, that hee would doe dutie euery minute on his knees, as though euery stone had beene his father.

Hack. I am sure he had no diseases.

Dro. A little rheume or pose, he lackt nothing but an handkercher.

Serg. Come, what a tale of a horse haue wee here, *I* cannot stay, thou must vvith me to prison.

Li. If thou be a good Hackneyman, take all our foure bonds for the payment, thou vve are Tovvne-borne children, and vvill not shrinke the Citie for a pelting jade.

Half. Ile enter into a Statute Marchant to see it answered. But if thou wilt haue bonds, thou shalt haue a bushell full.

Hack. Alas poore Ant, thou bound in a Statute Marchant: a browne threed will binde

binde thee faſt enough: but if you will be content all foure ioyntly to enter into a bond, *I* vvill withdravv the Action.

Dro. Yes ile warrant they vvill. Hovv ſay you?

Half. *I* yeeld.

Ri. And *I.*

Liu. And *I.*

Hack. Well, call the Scriuener.

Serg. Here's one hard by, ile call him.

Ri. A Scriueners ſhop hangs to a Sergeants Mace, like a burre to a freeze coat.

Scri. What's the matter?

Hack. You muſt take a note of a bond.

Dro. Nay, a pint of courteſie puls on a pot of Wine, in this Tauerne vveele diſpatch.

Hack. Agreed.

Exeunt.

Ri. Novv if our vvits bee not in the vvaine, our knauerie ſhall bee at the full, they vvill ride them vvorſe then *Dromio* rid his horſe, for if the Wine maſter their vvits, you ſhall ſee them bleed their follies.

Exit.

Actus

Actus quintus. Scæna prima.

Dromio, Risio, Linceo, Halfepenie.

Dro. EVery Foxe to his hole, the hounds are at hand.

Ri. The Sergeants Mace lies at pawne for the reckoning, and he vnder the boord to cast it vp.

Liu. The Scriuener cannot keepe his pen out of the pot, euery goblet is an ink-horne.

Half. The Hackneyman hee whiskes with his Wand, as if the Tauerne were his Stable, and all the seruants his horses, iost there vp, bay *Richard*, and White Loaues are horse-bread in his eyes.

Dro. It is well I haue my acquaintance, and he such bonds as shall doe him no more good then the bond of a faggot, our knaueries are now come to the push, and we must cunningly dispatch all: wee two wil goe see how we may appeale our Masters, you two how you may conceale your late marriage, if all fall out amisse, the worst is beating, if to the best the worst is libertie.

Ri.

Ri. Then lets about it ſpeedily, for ſo many irons in the fire together require a diligent Plummer.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus. Scæna ſecunda.

Vicina, Bombie.

Vic. My heart throbs, my eares tingle, my minde miſgiues me, ſince I heare ſome muttering of Marriages in *Rocheſter*, my conſcience which theſe eighteene yeares haue bin frozen with this congealed guiltines, begins now to thaw in open griefe, but I will not accuſe my ſelfe till I ſee more danger, the good old Woman Mother *Bombie* ſhall try her cunning vpon mee, and if I perceiue my caſe is deſperate by her, then will I rather preuent, although with ſhame, then report too late, and be inexcuſable. God ſpeed good Mother.

Bom. Welcome ſiſter.

Vic. I am troubled in the night with dreames, and in the day with feares, mine eſtate bare, which I cannot well beare, but

but my practices deuilliſh, vvhich *I* cannot recall, if therefore in theſe ſame yeares there be any deepe skill tell me vvhat my fortune ſhall be, and vvhat my fault is.

Bom. In ſtudying to be ouer naturall, thou art like to be vnnaturall, and all about naturall: thou ſhalt bee eaſed of a charge, ſf thou thy conſcience diſcharge, and this *I* commit to thy charge.

Vic. Thou haſt toucht mee to the quicke mother, I vnderſtand thy meaning, and thou wel knoweſt my practice, I will follow thy counſell. But what will be the end?

Bom. Thou ſhalt know before this day end. Farewell.

Exit. Bomb.

Vic. Now I perceiue I muſt either bewray a miſchiefe, or ſuffer a continuall inconuenience, I muſt haſte homewards, and reſolue to make all whole, better a little ſhame, than an infinite griefe, the ſtrangeneſſe will abate the fault, and the bewraying wipe it cleane away.

Exit.

Actus

Actus quintus. Scæna tertia.

Three Fidlers, Synis, Nasutus, Bedunenus.

Syn. Come fellowes, tis almoſt day, let vs haue a fit of mirth at *Sperantus* doore, and giue a Song to the Bride.

Naſ. I beleeue they are aſleepe, it were pittie to awake them.

Bed. Twere a ſhame they ſhould ſleepe the firſt night.

Syn. But who can tell at which houſe they lie, at *Priſius* it may be, weele try both.

Na. Come lets draw like men.

Syn. Now, tune, tune I ſay, that boy, I thinke, will neuer profit in his facultie, he looſes his Rozen, that his Fiddle goes cuſh, cuſh, like as one ſhould goe wet-ſhod, and his mouth ſo dry, that hee hath not ſpittle for his pin as I haue.

Bed. Marrie ſir you ſee I goe wet-ſhod and dry mouth'd, for yet could I neuer get new ſhooes or good drinke, rather than ile lead this life, ile throw

Actus quintus. Scæna prima.

Dromio, Risio, Linceo, Halfepenie.

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Dro. It is well I haue my acquaintance, and he such bonds as shall doe him no more good then the bond of a faggot, our knaueries are now come to the push, and we must cunningly dispatch all: wee two wil goe see how we may appeale our Masters, you two how you may conceale your late marriage, if all fall out amisse, the worst is beating, if to the best the worst is libertie.

Ri.

Ri. Then lets about it ſpeedily, for ſo many irons in the fire together require a diligent Plummer.

Exeunt.

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Vic. Now I perceiue I muſt either bewray a miſchiefe, or ſuffer a continuall inconuenience, I muſt haſte homewards, and reſolue to make all whole, better a little ſhame, than an infinite griefe, the ſtrangeneſſe will abate the fault, and the bewraying wipe it cleane away.

Exit.

Actus

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Three Fidlers, Synis, Nasutus, Bedunenus.

Syn. Come fellowes, tis almost day, let vs haue a fit of mirth at *Sperantus* doore, and giue a Song to the Bride.

Nas. I beleeue they are asleepe, it were pittie to awake them.

Bed. Twere a shame they should sleepe the first night.

Syn. But who can tell at which house they lie, at *Prisius* it may be, weele try both.

Na. Come lets draw like men.

Syn. Now, tune, tune I say, that boy, I thinke, will neuer profit in his facultie, he looses his Rozen, that his Fiddle goes cush, cush, like as one should goe wet-shod, and his mouth so dry, that hee hath not spittle for his pin as I haue.

Bed. Marrie sir you see I goe wet-shod and dry mouth'd, for yet could I neuer get new shooes or good drinke, rather than ile lead this life, ile throw

my Fiddle into the Leads for a Hobler.

Syn. Boy, no more wordes, there is time for all things, though I ſay it, that ſhould not, I haue beene a Minſtrell theſe thirtie yeares, and tickled more ſtrings than thou haſt haires, but yet was neuer ſo miſuſed.

Naſ. Let vs not brabble but play, to morrow is a new day.

Bed. I am ſorrie I ſpeake in your caſt, what ſhall we ſing?

Syn. The Loue knot, for thats beſt for a Bridall. Sing. Good morrow faire Bride, and ſend you ioy of your Bridall.

Sperantus lookes out.

Spe. What a miſchiefe make the twangers here? we haue no trenchers to ſcrape, it makes my teeth on edge to heare ſuch grating. Get you packing, or ile make you weare double ſtockes, and yet you ſhall be neuer the warmer.

Syn. Wee come for good will, to bid the Bride & Bridegroome God giue them ioy.

Spe. Here's no wedding.

Syn.

Syn. Yes your ſonne and *Priſius* daughter were married, though you ſeeme ſtrange, yet they repent it not I am ſure.

Spe. My ſonne villaine! I had rather he were fairely hanged.

Naſ. So hee is ſir, you haue your wiſh.

Enter Candius.

Can. Here fidlers take this, and not a word, here is no wedding, it was at *Memphio's* houſe, yet gramercie, your Muſicke, though it miſt the houſe, hit the minde, we were a preparing our wedding geare.

Syn. I cry you mercy ſir, I thinke it was *Memphio's* ſonne that was married.

Spe. O ho, the caſe is altered, goe thither then, and be haltered for me.

Naſ. What's the almes?

Syn. An Angell.

Bed. Ile warrant there's ſome worke towards, ten ſhillings is money in maſter *Maiors* purſe.

Syn. Let vs to *Memphio's* and ſhare equally, when we haue done all, thou ſhalt haue new ſhooes.

Bed. I, ſuch as they cry at the Sizes,

a marke in iſſues, marke in iſſues, and yet I neuer ſaw ſo much Leather as would piece my ſhooes.

Syn. No more, there's the money.

Bed. A good handſell, and I thinke the Maiden-head of your liberalitie.

Naſ. Come here's the houſe, what ſhall we ſing?

Lyn. You know *Memphio* is very rich and wiſe, and therefore let vs ſtrike the gentle ſtroke, and ſing a Catch, ſing.

Song.

All 3. *THe Bride this Night can catch no cold,*
No cold, the Bridegroome's yong, not old,
Like Iuie he her faſt does hold,

1. Fid. *And clips her.*

2. *And lips her.*

3. *And ſlips her too.*

All 3. *Then let them alone, They know what they doe.*

1. *At laugh and lie downe, if they play,*

2. *What Aſſe againſt the ſport can bray?*

3. *Such*

3. *Such Tick-tacke has held many a day,*
1. *And longer.*
2. *And ſtronger.*
3. *It ſtill holds too.*
All 3. *Then let them alone, They know what they doe,*

This Night,
In delight
Does thump away ſorrow.
Of billing
Take your ſilling,
So good morrow, good morrow.

Naſ. Good morrow Miſtris Bride, and ſend you a huddle.

Memp. What crouding Knaues haue wee there, caſe vp your Fiddles, or the Conſtable ſhall cage you vp. What Bride talke you of?

Syn. Here's a wedding in *Rocheſter*, and 'twas told mee firſt, that *Sperantus* ſonne had married *Priſius* daughter, we were there, and they ſent vs to your Worſhip: ſaying, your ſonne was matched with *Stellios* daughter.

Memp. Hath *Sperantus* that Churle

nothing to doe but mock with his Neighbours, ile be euen with him, and get you gone, or I ſweare by the Roods body, ile lay you by the heeles.

Naſ. Sing a catch, here's a faire catch indeed, ſing till we catch cold on our feet, and be cald knaue till our eares glow on our heads, your Worſhip is wiſe ſir.

Memp. Dromio ſhake off a whole kennell of Officers, to puniſh theſe iarring tongues, ile teach them to ſtretch their dried ſheepes guts at my doore, and to mocke one that ſtands to be *Maior*.

Dro. I had thought they had bin ſticking of Pigges, I heard ſuch a ſqueaking, I goe ſir.

Syn. Let vs be packing.

Naſ. Where is my ſcabbard, euery one ſheath his ſcience.

Bed. Abots on the ſhoomaker that made this boote for my Fiddle, tis too ſtraight.

Syn. No more words, twill be thought they were the foure Waites, and let them wring, as for the Wagges that ſet vs on worke, weele talke with them.

Exeunt.

Memp.

Memphio, Dromio.

Dro. They be gone ſir.

Memp. If they had ſtayed, the ſtockes ſhould haue ſtayed them. But ſirrha, what ſhall we now doe?

Dro. As I aduiſe you make a match, for better one houſe bee cumbred with two fooles then two.

Memp. Tis true, for it being b:uted that each of vs haue a foole, who will tender marriage to any of them that is wiſe, beſides, fooles are fortunate, fooles are faire, fooles are honeſt.

Dro. I ſir, and more then that, fooles are not wiſe: a wiſeman is melancholy for Moone-ſhine in the water, carefull building Caſtles in the aire, and commonly hath a foole to his heire.

Memp. But what ſayeſt thou to thy Dames chafing?

Dro. Nothing but all her diſhes are chafing-diſhes.

Memp. I would her tongue were in thy belly.

Dro. I had as liefe haue a raw Neats tongue in my ſtomacke.

Memp. Why?

Dro. Marrie if the clapper hang within an inch of my heart, that makes mine eares burne a quarter of a mile off. Doe you not thinke it would beate my heart blacke and blew?

Memp. Well patience is a vertue, but pinching is worſe than any vice, I will breake this matter to *Stellio*, and if he be willing, this day ſhall be their wedding.

Dromio. Then this day ſhall be my libertie.

Memp. I if *Stellio's* Daughter had beene wiſe, and by thy meanes coozened of a foole.

Dro. Then ſir ile reuolt, and daſh out the braines of your deuices.

Memp. Rather thou ſhalt be free.

Exeunt.

Sperantus, Halfepenie, Priſius, Lincio.

Spe. Boy, this ſmoake is token of ſome fire, I like not the lucke of it. Wherefore ſhould theſe Minſtrels dreame of a marriage?

Half.

Half. Alas ſir, they ruſtle into euery place, giue credit to no ſuch words.

Spe. I wil to *Priſius*, I cannot be quiet, and in good time I meet him. God morrow Neighbour.

Pri. I caſt the morrow in thy face, and bid good night to all Neighbourhood.

Spe. This is your old tricke, to picke ones purſe, and then to picke quarrels: I tell thee, I had rather thou ſhouldſt rob my cheſt, than imbeaſell my ſonne.

Pri. Thy ſonne, my daughter is ſeduced, for I heare ſay ſhee is married, and our boyes can tell. How ſayeſt thou, tell the truth or ile grinde thee to powder in my Mill, Be they married?

Lin. True it is they were both in a Church.

Pri. That's no fault, the place is holy.

Half. And there was with them a Prieſt.

Spe. Why what place fitter for a Prieſt than a Church?

Lin. And they tooke one another by the hand

Pri. Tuſh, that's but common courteſie.

Half. And the Prieſt ſpake many kind words.

Spe. That ſhewed hee was no dumbe Miniſter. But what ſaid they, didſt thou heare any words betweene them?

Liu. Faith there was a bargaine during life, and the clocke cried, God giue them ioy.

Pri. Villaine, they be married.

Half. Nay, I thinke not ſo.

Spe. Yes, yes, God giue you ioy is a binder, ile quickly be reſolued. *Candius* come forth.

Enter Candius.

Pri. And ile be put out of doubt. *Liuia* come forth.

Liuia.

Spe. The Micher hangs downe his head.

Pri. The baggage begins to bluſh.

Half. Now begins the game.

Liu.

Liu. I beleeue it will be no game for vs.

Spe. Are you married yong Maſter?

Can. I cannot denie it, it was done ſo lately.

Spe. But thou ſhalt repent, it was done ſo ſoone.

Pri. Then 'tis bootleſſe to aske you *Liuia.*

Liu. I, and needleſſe to be angry.

Pri. It ſhall paſſe anger, thou ſhalt find it rage.

Liu. You gaue your conſent.

Pri. Impudent Giglot, was it not enough to abuſe me, but alſo to belie me?

Can. You ſir agreed to this match.

Spe. Thou brazen face boy, thinkeſt thou by learning to perſwade me to that which thou ſpeakeſt. Where did I conſent, when, what witneſſe?

Can. In this place yeſterday before *Dromio* and *Riſio.*

Pri. I remember wee heard a contract betweene *Memphio's* ſonne and *Stellio's* daughter: and that our good wils being asked which needed not, wee gaue them, which booted not.

Can.

Can. Twas but the apparell of *Accius* and *Silena*, we were the persons.

Pri. O villanie not to be borne, Wast thou priuie to this practice?

Liu. In a manner.

Pri. Ile pray thee after a manner.

Spe. And you Oatmeale groat, you were acquainted with this plot.

Half. Accessary as it were.

Spe. Thou shalt be punished as principall: here comes *Memphio* and *Stellio*, they belike were priuie, and all their heads were laid together to grieue our hearts.

Enter Memphio, Stellio.

Memp. Come *Stellio*, the assurance may be made to morrow, and our children assured to day.

Stel. Let the Conueyance run as wee agreed.

Pri. You conuey cleanly indeed, if coozenage be cleane dealing, for in the apparell of your children you haue conuaid a match between ours, which grieues vs not a little.

Memp.

Mem. Nay in the apparell of your children, you haue diſcouered the folly of ours, which ſhames vs ouer much.

Stel. But 'tis no matter, though they bee fooles they are no beggers.

Spe. And though ours be diſobedient, they be no fooles.

Dro. So now they tune their pipes.

Ri. You ſhall heare ſweete muſicke betweene a hoarſe rauen and a ſchritch owle.

Mem. Neighbours let vs not vary, our boies haue plaid their chearing parts. I ſuſpected no leſſe at the Tauerne, where our foure knaues met together.

Ri. If it were knauery for foure to to meete in a Tauerne, your wor. wot well there were other foure.

Stel. This villaine cals vs knaues by craft.

Lin. Nay truely, I dare ſweare he vſed no craft, but means plainly.

Spe. This is worſe, come *Halfepenie* tell truth and ſcape the rod.

Hal. As good confeſſe here being truſt, as at home with my hoſe about my heeles.

Dro.

Dro. Nay Ile tell thee, for twill neuer become thee to vtter it.

Mem. Wel out with it.

Dro. *Memphio* had a foole to his ſonne, which *Stellio* knew not, *Stellio* a foole to his daughter, vnknowne to *Memphio*, to cooſen each other, they dealt with their boies for a match, wee met with *Lincio* & *Halfepenie* who told the loue betweene their maſters children, their youth deeply in loue, the fathers vnvvitting to conſent.

Ri. Ile take the tale by the end, then wee foure met which argued wee were no mountaines, and in a Tauerne wee met, which argued vve vvere mortall, and euerie one in his wine told his dayes worke, vvhich vvas a ſigne wee forgot not our buſineſſe, and ſeeing all our maſters troubled with deuiſes, we determined a litle to trouble the water before they drunke, ſo that in the attire of your children, our maſters wiſe children bewrayed their good natures, and in the garments of our maſters children yours made a marriage, this all ſtood vpon vs poore children, and your

young

young children, to ſhew that old folkes may be ouertaken by children.

Pri. Heres children indeed, Ile neuer forget it.

Mem. I will, *Accius* come forth.

Stel. I forgiue all, *Silena* come forth.

Spe. Neighbor, theſe things cannot be recald, therefore as good conſent, ſeeing in all our purpoſes alſo we miſt the marke, for they two will match their children.

Pri. Well of that more anone, not ſo ſuddenly, leſt our vngracious youths thinke we dare do no other, but in truth their loues ſtirs vp nature in me.

Mem. Come *Accius*, thou muſt be married to *Silena*. How art thou minded?

Acc. What for euer and euer?

Mem. I *Accius*, what elſe?

Ac. I ſhall neuer be able to abide it, it will be ſo tedious.

Stel. *Silena* thou muſt be betrothed to *Accius*, and loue him for thy huſband.

Sil. I had as liefe haue one of clouts.

Stel. Why *Silena*?

Si. Why looke how he looks.

Ac.

Ac. If you will not, another will.

Sil. I thanke you for mine old cap.

Acc. And if you be so lusty, lend me two shillings.

Pri. Wee are happy, we mist the foolish match.

Mem. Come, you shall presently be contracted.

Dro. Contract their wits no more, they be shrunke close alreadie.

Acc. Wel father heeres my hand, strike the bargaine.

Si. Must he lie with mee?

Stel. No *Silena*, lie by thee.

Acc. I shall giue her the humble-bees kisse.

Enter Vicina.

Vici. I forbid the banes.

Ri. What doest thou thinke them rattes, and feareſt they shall bee poysoned?

Mem. You *Vicina*, wherefore?

Vic. Harken, about eighteene yeares ago, I nurst thee a sonne *Memphio*, and thee a daughter *Stellio*.

Stel. True.

Mem. True.

Vic. I had at that time two children of mine owne, and being poore, thought it better to chaunge them then kill them, I imagined if by deuice I could thruſt my children into your houſes, they would bee well brought vp in their youth, and wiſely prouided for in their age, nature wrought with me, and when they were weaned, I ſent home mine in ſtead of yours, which hitherto you haue kept tenderly as yours: growing in yeares I found the children *I* kept at home to loue dearely, at firſt like brother and ſiſter, which *I* reioyced at, but at length too forward in affection, which although inwardly *I* could not miſlike, yet openly *I* ſeemed to diſallow: they increaſed in their louing humors, *I* ceaſed not to chaſtiſe them for their looſe demeanors, at laſt it came to my eares, that my ſonne that was out with *Memphio* was a foole, that my daughter with *Stellio* was alſo vnwiſe, and yet being brother and ſiſter, there was a match in hammering betwixt them.

Mem. What monſtrous tale is this?

Stel. And *I* am ſure incredible.

Spe.

Spe. Let her end her diſcourſe.

Acc. Ile neuer beleeue it.

Mem. Hold thy peace.

Vic. My very bowels earned within mee, that I ſhould be author of ſuch vile inceſt, an hinderance to lawfull loue, I went to the gold womā *Mother Bomby*, to know the euent of this practiſe, who told mee, this day I might preuent the danger, and vpon ſubmiſſion eſcape the puniſhment: hither I am come to claime my children, though both fooles, and to deliuer yours both liuing.

Mem. Is this poſſible, how ſhall wee beleeue it?

Stel. It cannot ſinke into my head.

Vic. This tryall cannot faile, your ſon *Memphio* had a mole vnder his eare, I framed one vnder my childes eare by Art, you ſhall ſee it taken away with the iuyce of mandrage, behold now for your ſonnes, no hearbe can vndoe that nature hath don. Your daughter *Stellio* hath on her wriſt a moale, which I counterfeited on my daughters arme, and that ſhall you ſee taken away as the other. Thus you ſee I doe not diſſemble, hoping you

will

vvill pardon me, as I haue pittied them.

Mem. This is my ſonne. O fortunate *Memphio*!

St. This is my daughter, more then thrice happie *Stellio*!

Maſt. How happy is *Maſtius* thou bleſſed *Serena*, that being neither children to poore parents, nor brother and ſiſter by nature, may enioy their loue by conſent of parents and nature.

Ac. Soft, I let ſwap my father for all this.

Si. What doe you thinke Ile bee coſned of my father, mee thinkes I ſhould not, *Mother Bombie* told mee my father knew me not, my mother bore me not, falſly bred, truly begot, a bots on *Mother Bombie.*

Dr. *Mother Bombie* told vs we ſhould be found cooſners, and in the end be cooſned by cooſners: welfare *Mother Bom.*

Ri. I heard *Mother Bombie* ſay, that thou ſhalt die a beggar, beware of *Mother Bombie.*

Pri. Why haue you all beene with *Mother Bombie*?

Lin. All, & as far as I can ſee foretold all.

Mem.

Mem. Indeed she is cunning and wise, neuer doing harme, but still practising good, seeing these things fall out thus, are you content *Stellio* the match go forward?

Stel. I, with double ioy, hauing found for a foole a wise maide, and finding betweene them both exceeding loue.

Pri. Then to ende all iarres, our childrens matches shall stand with our good liking, *Liuia* enioy *Candius*.

Spe. Candius enioy *Liuia*.

Can. How shall wee recompense fortune, that to our loues hath added our parents good wills?

Mest. How shall wee requite fortune, that to our loues hath added lawfulnesse, and to our poore estate competent liuing?

Mem. Vicina thy fact is pardoned, though the law would see it punisht, we bee content to keepe *Silena* in the house with the new married couple.

Stel. And *I* do maintaine *Accius* in our house.

Vici. Come my children, though fortune hath not prouided you lands, yet you

you see you are not destitute of frends, I shall be eased of a charge both in purse and conscience, in conscience, haue reuealed my lewde practise: in purse, hauing you kept of almes.

Ac. Come, if you bee my sister, 'tis the better for you.

Sil. Come brother, mee thinkes 'tis better then it was, I should haue beene but a balde bride, Ile eate as much pie as if I had beene married.

Mem. Lets also forgiue the knauerie of our boyes, since all turnes to our good haps.

Stel. Agreed, all are pleased now the boyes are vnpunisht.

Enter Hackneyman, Sergeant, Scriuener.

Hack. Nay soft, take vs with you, and seeke redresse for our wrongs, or weele complaine to the Maior.

Pri. Whats the matter?

Hack. I arrested *Memphios* boy for an horse after much mocking, at the request of his fellow wagges, I was content to take a bond ioyntly of them all, they had mee into a Tauerne, there they made

made me, the Scriuener, and the Sergeant, drunk, pawnde his mase for his wine, and seald mee an obligation nothing to the purpose, I pray you reade it.

Memp. What wags be these? Why by this bond you can demand nothing, and things done in drinke, may be repented in soberuesse, but not remedied.

Dro. Sir, *I* haue his acquaittance, let him sue his bond.

Hack. Ile crie quitance with thee.

Ser. And I, or it shall cost me the laying on freely of my mase.

Scri. And Ile giue thee such a dash with a pen as shall cost thee many a pound, with such a *Nouerint* as cheap side can shew none such.

Half. Doe your worst, our knaueries will reuenge it vpon your childrens children.

Mem. Thou boy, wee will pay the hire of the horse, be not angrie, the boies, haue beene in a merrie cousening vaine, for they haue serued their masters of the same sort, but all must be forgotten, now all are content but the poore fidlers, they shall bee sent for to the

the marriage and haue double fees.

Dro. You neede no more send for a fidler to a feast, than a begger to a faire.

St. This day we will feast at my house.

Mem. To morrow at mine.

Pri. The next day at mine.

Spe. Then at mine the last, and euen so spend this weeke in good cheere.

Dro. Then wee were best be going whilest euery one is pleased, and yet these couples are not fully pleasd, till the priest haue done his worst.

Ri. Come *Sergeant*, weele tosse it this weeke, and make thy mase arrest a boild capon.

Ser. No more words at the wedding: if the Maior should know it, I were danger of mine office.

Ri. Then take heede how on such are, you shew a cast of your office.

Half. If you mace vs, weele pepper you.

Ac. Come sister, the best is, we shall haue good cheere these foure daies.

Liu. And be fooles for euer.

Si. Thats none of our vpseekings.

FINIS.

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